Outdoor America

MARCH
1930

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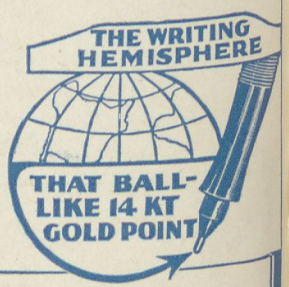

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Your Inkograph is a delightful surprise. The touch is velvety, the flow smooth and its performance altogether satisfactory—*Sidney Adams, Rock Hill, South Carolina.*

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price, I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blotch or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention.—
H. L. Orley, Albano, Va.

Am a bank teller. Can pick up Inkograph any time in any position it writes immediately all words and numbers the same. Try and do it with any other pen. Can honestly say I never found a pen so easy and tireless to write with.—
C. R. Morely, Allentown, Pa.

Am tickled skinny. It's a darling, can make carbon copies of orders and send original in ink to factory instead of penciled sheet.—
A. Watson, Elgin, Ill.

I am determined to use no other pen in my work. If they only knew the comfort of writing with this pen, every author in the world would, I am sure, get one. "Cheerio."—*Count Louis Hamon, London, England.*

Eight years or more ago, I purchased an Inkograph, which has been in almost constant use during that time. This is rather remarkable, inasmuch as I had many fountain pens from cheap to expensive, but none compares with the Inkograph which is as good and ready to serve as when I purchased it.—
Harrie Baxter, Great Neck, L. I.

Writes smoothly, like point was greased. Makes no difference what kind of paper. Fine for shipping tags.—
E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

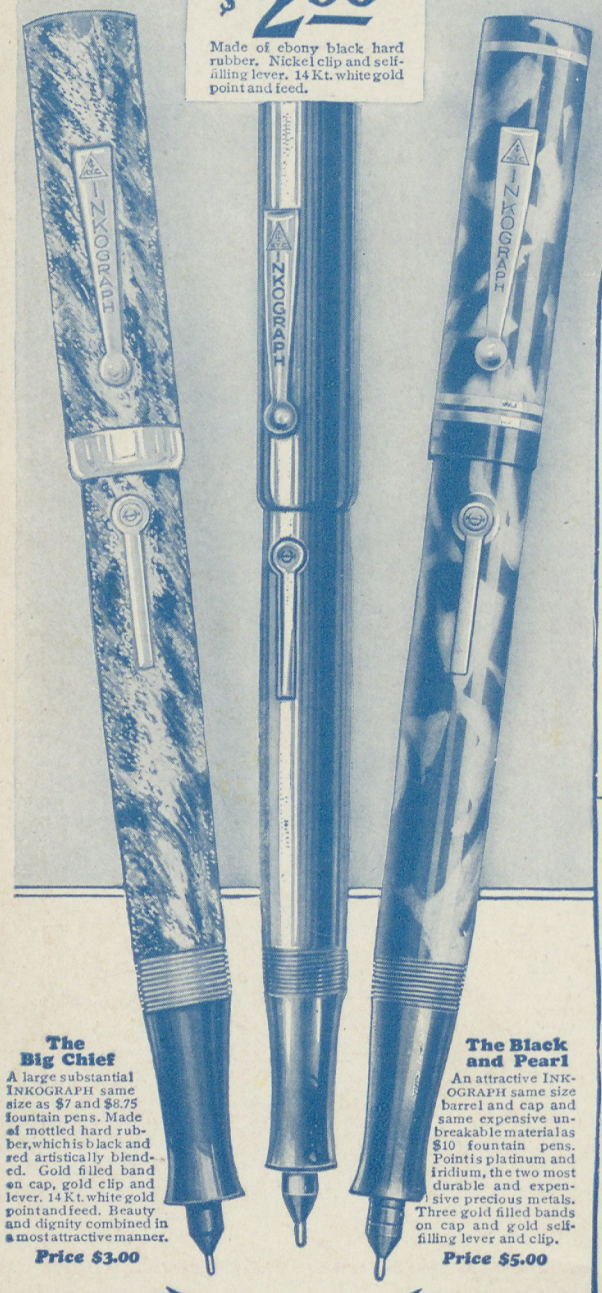
I must write and express my appreciation to thank you for giving the public the opportunity to use so wonderful a writing instrument. In my own work, inventing, I must jot down my thoughts and Inkograph my first aid, which never fails.—*B. L. Henry (Lola Edison), New York.*

Have improved 50% in my hand writing since using your Inkograph.—
J. R. Reed, Louisville, Ky.

You can see the point in it for insurance men—for you can spread this news but not that point.—*George E. Miller, West Philadelphia, Pa.*

In my opinion there isn't a better pen on the market regardless of price.—
D. J. Bergeron, Lafayette, La.

We intend to use the Inkograph generally in the office. It makes a splendid carbon on 20 lb. paper.—*Bernard Gloekler Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.*



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A large substantial INKOGRAPH same size as $7 and $8.75 fountain pens. Made of mottled hard rubber, which is black and red artistically blended. Gold filled band on cap, gold clip and lever. 14 Kt. white gold point and feed. Beauty and dignity combined in a most attractive manner.
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Illustrations Actual Size

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Pflueger PIPPIN Wobbler

Pat. Pending

Size 3 inches, six finishes

Price 90c each

Hooks are detachable, and Weed Guard has Buckle Loops for attaching Pork Rind, Bucktail or Squirrel Tail if desired. Weighted to travel under water.

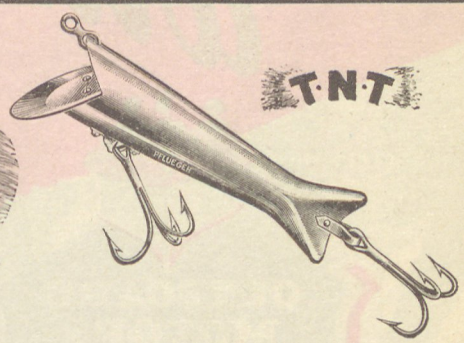
Pflueger WHOOPEE Spinner

Pat. Pending

One size, six patterns

Price 90c each

Has special device for holding Pork Rind. Hook rides point up, practically weedless. Has snappy wiggle.



Pflueger T. N. T. Minnow

Pat. Nos. 1418326—468361

All Metal Body, size 3¼ in.

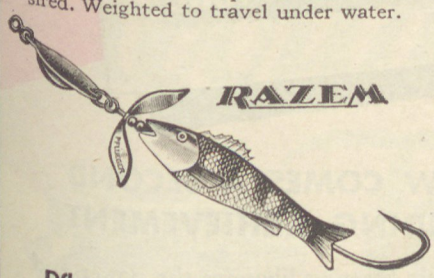
Six finishes

Price $1.00 each

Floats, Dives, Wiggles and Wobbles.

Especially designed for bass, muskallunge, lake trout, pike, pickerel, etc. Backed by the experience of Three Generations in the building of Fine Fishing Tackle.

Ask the leading sporting goods dealer in your town for Pflueger Tackle. Pflueger makes reels and baits for every kind of fresh or salt water fishing.



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Pat. Pending

In three sizes, 2, 2½, 3 in.—three popular finishes

Prices 50c to 75c each

The attachment at head of the bait is so constructed that hook will ride point up.

Pflueger PAKRON Minnow

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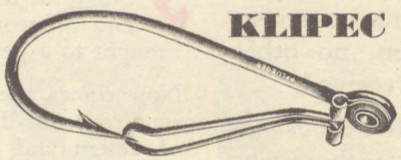
Size 3½ in. Three popular finishes

Price $1.00 each

An under water bait designed particularly for salt water. The solid metal head gives sufficient weight to carry this minnow to the proper depth.



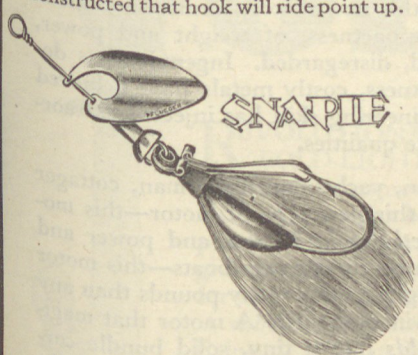
Pflueger KLIPEC Weedless Hook

Pat. Nos. 1573553—1617318—1730383

One size—5/0. Tin plated

Price 15c each

Rides easily over weeds without becoming snagged, yet offers no resistance to the strike.



Pflueger SNAPIE Spinner

Pat. Nos. 1573553—1617318—1730383

One size and three patterns

Price 75c each

The hook rides with point up and is equipped with a practical weed guard. The spiral spinner is so constructed as to impart a decided kick to the bait.

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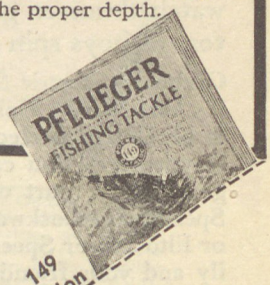

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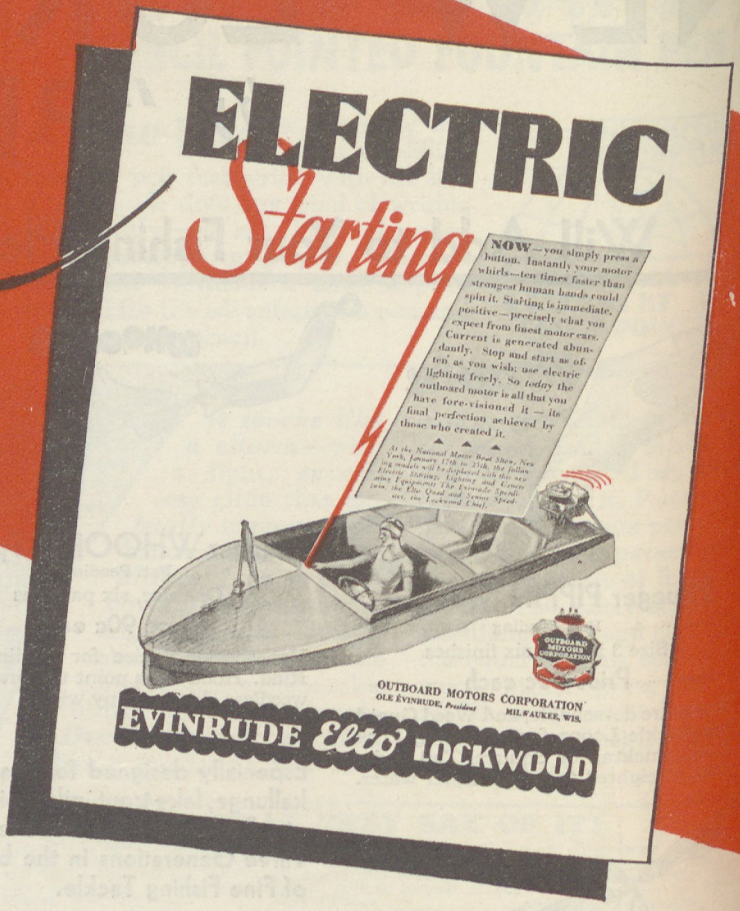

NOW—you simply press a button. Instantly your motor whirls—ten times faster than strongest human hands could spin it. Starting is immediate, positive—precisely what you expect from finest motor cars. Current is generated abundantly. Stop and start as often as you wish; use electric lighting freely. So today the outboard motor is all that you have fore-visioned it—its final perfection achieved by those who created it.
OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
OLE EVINRUDE, President
MILWAUKEE, WIS.
EVINRUDE Elto LOCKWOOD

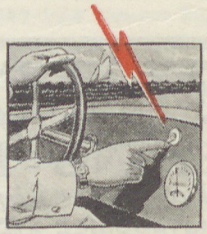
OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION

"SIMPLY touch a switch. Instantly your motor whirls . . ."

Thus two months ago, we who are associated with Ole Evinrude, first released the news of Electric Starting. In all the history of outboard pioneering no other announcement has created so great a sensation, no other achievement has been so joyfully received.

Almost too good to be true! But the thousands who since have seen the actuality—those who have themselves "touched the switch" and watched unseen giant fingers spin powerful motors as boys spin tops — they *know* it is true!

Outboard Electric Starting, Lighting, Generating — it's *here* NOW! Unhurriedly developed, it is absolutely perfected. It is simple and inexpensive. You can have it as an integral, inbuilt part of your new Evinrude Speeditwin, Lockwood Chief, Elto Quad or Elto Senior Speedster. You, your family and your friends can depend on it as confidently as you depend on the starting system of your motor car.



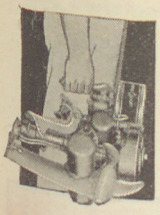
AND NOW COMES A SECOND OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

JUST as Electric Starting liberates the power and capability of largest outboards to entirely new ranges of usefulness — so now is the portability and all-around convenience of smaller motors brought to a perfection never dreamed before!

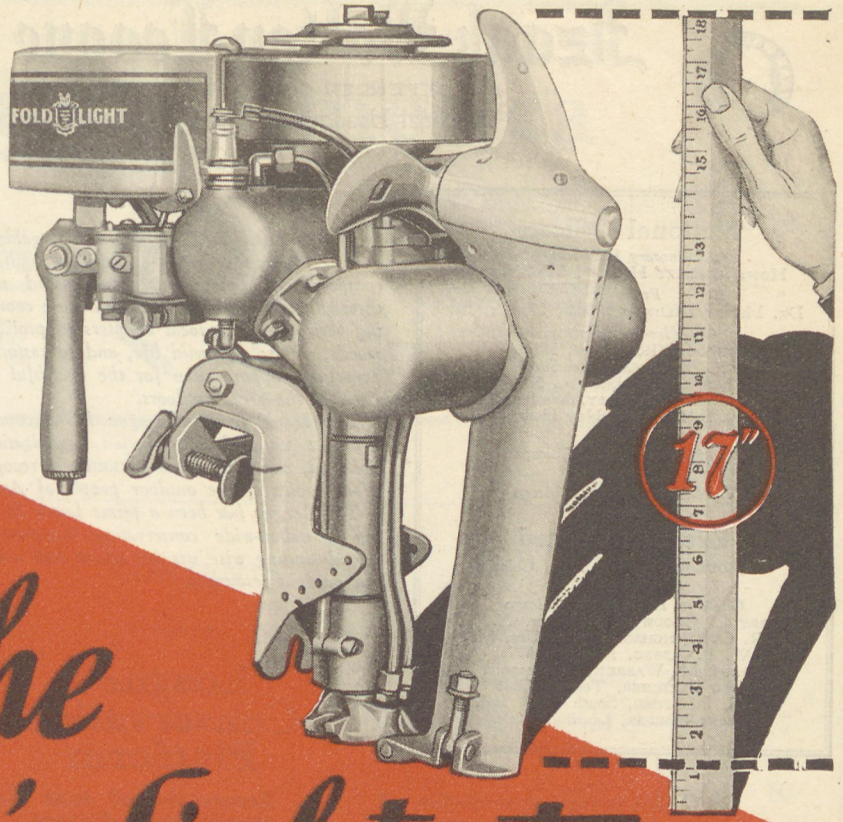
Now comes the FOLD-LIGHT, *world's lightest, smallest twin!* In this new motor, former limitations of design and compactness, of weight and power, have been rejected, disregarded. Ingenuity has devised new compactness, costly metals have achieved new lightness, engineering skill has injected extraordinary performance qualities.

Now the sportsman, yachtsman, fisherman, cottager turn to this new *type* of motor—this motor *exactly right* in size and power and staunchness for average boats—this motor that weighs less by many pounds than any other twin outboard. A motor that magically *folds* into a tiny, solid bundle carried as snugly as a fishing kit! A motor that is obviously supreme in its field — the new FOLD-LIGHT!

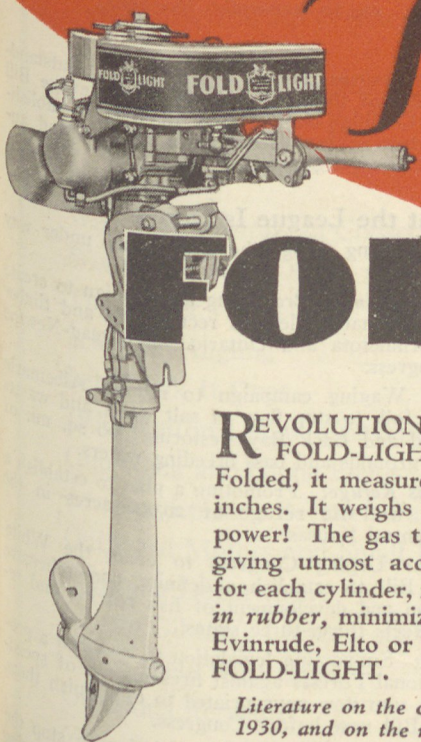
EVINRUDE · Elto · LOCKWOOD



Nothing awkward or stubborn mars the folding feature. Just loosen two lock-nuts. Then the hinged lower section folds quickly to place between the silencers, latching firmly there. At another touch, the steering handle clicks down, becoming the hand-grip for lifting — smooth, substantial and *exactly* balancing the load for easiest carrying. The handle, besides this double use, carries at its end the handy button for quick cut out of ignition.



...and NOW the World's Lightest Twin Outboard



FOLD-LIGHT

REVOLUTIONARY — the new features that FOLD-LIGHT brings to outboard motoring. Folded, it measures only 17 inches by 13¾ inches by 11¼ inches. It weighs but 29 pounds! — yet develops 2¾ horsepower! The gas tank is mounted on the front of the motor, giving utmost accessibility for filling. Twin silencers, one for each cylinder, insure quiet. The Power Head is *cushioned in rubber*, minimizing vibration. The price is $145.00. Any Evinrude, Elto or Lockwood dealer will gladly show you the FOLD-LIGHT.

Literature on the complete Evinrude, Elto or Lockwood Line for 1930, and on the new FOLD-LIGHT, will be mailed on request.

Though each Outboard Motors Corporation Division, its distributors and dealers, are emphatically competitive, all have elected to share in the handling of this motor — the FOLD-LIGHT. You can see the FOLD-LIGHT at any Evinrude, Elto or Lockwood Dealer's.

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION

OLE EVINRUDE, *President* · · · · · MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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A NATIONAL non-profit organization, without religious or political affiliations, composed of public-spirited men and women throughout the United States who are coordinating their efforts in local chapters to protect our woods, waters and wild life, and to restore and perpetuate opportunities for the healthful enjoyment of the great outdoors.

The Izaak Walton League has become the strongest national conservation organization in the land, and OUTDOOR AMERICA *is recognized as the voice of the outdoor people of America.*

The League has been a prime factor in molding a nation-wide conservation sentiment and in substituting wise use for abuse and waste of our outdoor resources.

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League's Conservation Platform

1. Encourage appreciation of America's outdoor resources.
2. More outdoor recreation to develop better Americans.
3. Eradicate pollution to safeguard health and aquatic life.
4. Protect and extend our forests and replant idle lands.
5. Restore drained areas and prevent unwise drainage.
6. Better protection for wild life and more refuges.
7. More fish and game farms to perpetuate the supply.
8. More trained workers to direct conservation affairs.
9. Stop the sale of all wild game and game fishes.
10. Enforce conservation laws and respect private property.
11. Mold public sentiment and teach conservation in schools.
12. Cooperate with others striving to accomplish like aims.

What the League Has Done

The far-reaching benefits and accomplishments of the Izaak Walton League of America will, in a large measure, always be those local achievements which because of their very number will not attract wide publicity. A few outstanding projects are:

1. Upper Mississippi Refuge: Started campaign in 1923 resulting in setting aside the Upper Mississippi Wild-Life and Fish Refuge containing 300,000 acres devoted to the preservation of wild life and to recreation.

2. Elk Refuge: Started campaign early in 1925 to save the Jackson Hole elk herd. Raised $40,000, purchased 2,000 acres of haylands, and focused public attention upon the needs of these animals. Refuge presented to government in 1927.

3. Bass Law: Sponsored the enactment of the Hawes law, approved by President Coolidge May 20, 1926, to stop the marketing of black bass throughout the United States.

4. Superior Forest: Saved the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota as a wilderness area.

5. Pollution Campaign: In 1927 inaugurated the first real nationwide anti-pollution campaign, resulting in a program of water purification far greater than ever before attempted.

6. Horicon Marsh: In 1924 started a campaign to restore the Horicon Marsh, Wisconsin, containing approximately 40,000 acres, as a wild-life and fish refuge. Set aside as a wild-life refuge in 1928.

7. Western Ducks: Promoted a "Save the Western Ducks Campaign" in 1927. Legislation approved by President Coolidge, April 24, 1928, to appropriate $350,000 for flooding almost 100,000 acres of the Bear River Marshes.

8. National Forests: Took a prominent part in securing legislation in 1928 establishing a definite program of national forest purchases in the Lake States, the South and the East.

9. Royal Gorge: Through the efforts of the League, and cooperating groups, the destruction of the beauty of the Royal Gorge in Colorado by power interests was averted in 1928.

10. National Refuge System: The League played an outstanding part in the passage of the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Bill (signed by President Coolidge on February 18, 1929), establishing a nationwide system of inviolate federal refuges, and authorizing the expenditure of $8,000,000.

What the League Is Doing

A few of the outstanding things the League has under way nationally are:

1. International Playground: Promoting a campaign to create and develop an international wilderness recreational and timber producing area in Minnesota and Ontario. Shipstead-Newton Bill pending in Congress.

2. Albemarle Lock: Waging campaign to rebuild Albemarle Canal Lock near Norfolk to stop flow of salt water and wastes into Currituck Sound and Back Bay, restoring 300 sq. mi. of waterfowl wintering grounds and bass breeding waters.

3. Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge: Promoting a plan to establish a permanent lake and wild-life refuge of 20,000 acres in the Cheyenne Bottoms, central Kansas.

4. Fisheries Program: Urging Congress to enact the White Five-Year Fisheries Bill to establish a definite, comprehensive program of expansion and development of fish rearing and research activities. Affects thirty-three states.

5. Forest Protection: Supporting legislation to establish a program to protect National Forests against fires instead of spending several times the sum now appropriated to extinguish them. Englebright-Cutting Bill now before Congress.

6. Bass Law Enforcement: Sponsoring legislation to stop the sale of black bass in the few remaining states, and endeavoring to secure funds from Congress for the enforcement of the Hawes Act. Hawes Enforcement Bill pending in Congress.

7. Scenic Assets: Vigorously opposing the destruction of such outstanding scenic assets as the Great Falls of the Potomac near our National Capitol and the Cumberland Falls in Kentucky.

8. Pollution: Continuing a nationwide campaign to clean up all inland and coastal waters.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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From drawing by Don Nelson

A Woodland Drama

Rivers—

By
Frederic F. Van de Water
DRAWINGS BY ULDENE TRIPPE

THE Creator, I call Genesis to witness, set four rivers in Eden and only two human beings. Better theologians may interpret this scriptural fact as they please. To me, its meaning seems obvious. Bliss, Divinity knew, was impossible far from running water and two streams per person, He judged, was the best possible proportion for insuring mortal happiness.

There is, of course, the more mordant possibility that by establishing the two to one ratio in the Garden, God made clear that he considered rivers twice as important as man. I should prefer not to believe this. Were it so, the things we human beings have done to rivers would make Judgment Day an additionally unpleasant ordeal.

No doubt it was this intimate companionship of the first man and the first streams that makes clean swift water so vital a part of any formula for human contentment. Since the lamentable affair of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil and the subsequent banishment of the race from Eden, man has striven, unconsciously but persistently, to find his way back into that earthly paradise.

Four rivers ran out of the Garden. Thus, there is always the possibility that, if one follows a stream toward its source, it may lead him into Eden once more. Or, at least, while he moves from pool to pool with rod in hand, man may taste a diluted yet still authentic flavor of that long-lost, original delight.

One of the troubles with a population-saturated world is that there are not more streams. Another and more crying evil is the fashion in which humanity has maltreated those rivers committed to its keeping.

Next to cruelty to children or animals, we river lovers know of no more grievous offense than the deliberate defamation and pollution of running water. Such crime is the more unendurable because retribution is so slow. Punishment comes swiftly to him who inflicts unwarranted pain on baby or beast. The individual or corporation who befouls a river is corrected tardily, if at all. Usually, he is immune and the suffering for his iniquity is borne, with quaint miscarriage of justice, by those of us who consider a stream as something dearer and higher and more sacred than a trough for the removal of by-products or filth.

Under the Creator, who made them, rivers in general are the public property of all men. Some of us hold them the most precious of our inanimate possessions. Nothing else among the insensate things of earth is so intimate and alive. There is, or so it seems to us, a mystical kinship between flowing water and circulating blood.

Hills may exalt the spirit; forests awe and pacify the heart; ponds and lakes breathe serenity into troubled minds. Rivers alone become intimate with men. Mountains in general vary only as to size. Each of us knows dozens that are practically identical. And apart from this, mountains are too big to suffer the warmth of friendship with microscopic humanity. So also are forests and plains and seashores. Lakes and ponds and even ocean itself are torpid, deliberate things with a dignity that forever keeps mankind at a distance spiritually.

Rivers are different. Rivers are vital, quick, impatient creations. Rivers have character and personality and, some of us think, the ability to reciprocate affection.

One acre of forest is pretty much like another. All seas have the same general characteristics and there are dozens of approximately identical lakes and ponds. No one ever saw any two streams that were alike for a single hundred yards. No one ever will.

Thus it is that we who love rivers feel, somehow, that our devotion is returned. Streams stir loyalties that no other aspect of the out-of-doors can quicken. Once you have known a river, you find yourself defending it as though it were your own kin.

I fished for salmon last summer on a little leased—not by me—stream in Gaspé. It was my initiation into this particular degree in the Brotherhood of Peter and I endured the suffering of all initiates. There were moments when the things I called the Malbaie River gave it every right in the world to rise and drown me. I caught few salmon and went home still defaming the meek little stream.

Yet since then, when, as always happens when two or three fishermen are gathered together, talk of fish and the places to get them shuttles to and fro, I have heard myself upholding the perfections of the Malbaie and exalting it beyond the Restigouche or the Margaree. My praise assays some 40 per cent fiction, but I have no qualms. I know the Malbaie and I am standing up for my friend.

I have precedent for my attitude. One can trace this loyalty of river lovers for their streams back quite as far as Kings II and possibly further.

Naaman, the Syrian captain, sought Elisha, the worker of wonders. Naaman was desperate for he was leprosy-smitten and the physicians of his own land could not heal him. He would have undergone any ordeal, made any sacrifice at Elisha's direction, but when the prophet told him to go bathe in the River Jordan, Naaman fumed and sputtered.

"Jordan," he said in effect. "That little sweat-trickle? Elisha, I know rivers that have got that stopped, and how! Ever hear of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus? Those are streams that are streams."

The mystical quality of running water sustains and invigorates the spirit of man as surely as the actual current quickens the soil past which it flows. Considering the human love of streams, the strange, possessive affection each of us bears for the rivers he knows, it is small wonder that certain of the watercourses of the world have been made holy, have been caught up and embodied in religion—Jordan, Ganges, Nile in this world and Lethe and Styx in the next.

Thought of possible exclusion from the Christian Heaven is robbed of part of its terror for me by the reflection that, as far as Scripture tells us, that region is not renowned for its streams. There is the Glassy Sea to be sure, yet there is no mention of trout brooks or bass and salmon rivers. On the other hand, however, Peter dwells in that Abode of the Blessed and Peter was a fisherman. It is doubtful whether he ever could be completely happy far removed from his ancient craft. There must be rivers in Heaven and I strive to be found worthy of them.

Most rivers belong to all mankind and the love of the vast majority of humanity therefor is instinctive. I believe this to be fact and yet, even while conceding it, I cannot reconcile man's passion for running water with his shameless and brutal neglect thereof. We mortals permit streams to be misused with a callousness we should not display were the hand of the despoiler laid upon any other part of the public domain.

Can you imagine the electorate sitting meekly and abjectly while private enterprise laid hold of a hill—Mount Greylock in Massachusetts or Monadnock in New Hampshire or Hood in Oregon—and blasted it away for its own selfish commercial purposes? Can you picture the men of any state submitting patiently while some corporation hewed down a state forest or burned over a game refuge so that its shareholders might enjoy larger dividends? You can't and neither can I. Yet each of us can name, with scarcely a moment's thought, a half dozen rivers that have been used more foully; poisoned by factory waste, defamed by sewage, slaughtered by dyestuffs and oil, strangled by power dams.

To whom do these rivers belong? Not to the commercial enterprises that debauch them, nor even to the cities that spew filth into them. They belong to the electorate, to the public, to mankind. And what does mankind do to protect its property from private exploitation? In the West, I am told, a belated crusade to recover the watercourses is organizing under the banner of the Izaak Walton League. Here in the East, where corporations are, perhaps, more firmly entrenched, matters progress more slowly and timidly.

Through the hills of northwest New England winds the Deerfield River, a broad, strong stream marching under the fluttering white pennons of rapids from pool to pool. I have seen nowhere fairer trout water. Six days in the week, it is clear, cool, sparkling. The seventh—sometimes only the second or third seventh—it is a muddy-white, glutinous travesty of a river, stifled by the sticky wastage dumped therein from a factory. This industry does not own the Deerfield. The people of Massachusetts and Vermont are its proprietors. Some of them, in particular the Shelburne Falls Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, have gone to great trouble and considerable expense to stock the Deerfield River. Trout that live through the muck poured into that stream by an enterprise that does not own it must have an enormous hardihood. Yet efforts to protect them have been uniformly unsuccessful so far.

Nor is this all. A power company, not content with the several dams already erected on the Deerfield, has still another under way. Behind it, much naturally gorgeous trout water will be drowned. Before it, for a mile or more, the stream bids fair to perish entirely, for the company plans to deflect the current and shunt it through a hill by tunnel, thus leaving a long and now lovely segment of the river's age long bed entirely dry. And yet, that concern does not own the Deerfield, as I understand civil law. Certainly, as far as divine statute is concerned, no river was created to furnish white fuel for an electric company or to serve as a sewer for factory filth.

I should be a little more patient with man's smug theory that God made the world for humanity, if mortals were somewhat more appreciative of the gift. One of the most disastrous doctrines we have absorbed is that we are Lords of Creation and that the earth belongs to us. I cannot help feeling that the title should have been left with the Inventor and that we should consider ourselves no more than tenants, permitted to remain in charge only so long as we take good care of things. The world would look considerably less dishevelled if this were part of every man's creed.

The despoliation of the Deerfield is a typical and comparatively mild instance of what men, unhampered by awe or foresight, do to beauty committed to their care. I expect no one to get particularly excited over it. I employ it only as one of many such instances. Men are so used to seeing their rivers ruined that they have come to take it as a matter of course, as an unavoidable part of civilization. Only occasionally does such destruction shock anyone, yet there is, I think, a genuine anguish in the discovery that streams you once knew and loved have vanished, or, even worse, have been debauched.

There are certain Holy Places, sacred to each spirit. The ancients, I have been told, built small altars to Pan in woodland or by streamside where great joy had come to them. My paganism has never gone quite so far and yet a certain brook in the highlands of New Jersey has been passing dear to me ever since that day, almost thirty years ago now, when I yanked from its waters the first trout I ever caught.

It was a sweet brook, as certain more animate things of this world are tender and endearing. Born in a marsh where blackbirds nested, it spent its adolescence in quiet woodland and, growing stronger, came down with a joyous clamor of free water through a glen it had taken a million years to carve. Lichened brown walls rose on either side, hemlock crowned. Thrushes sang against the steady voice of its rapids and there were sandpipers who bobbed and

"It was a sweet brook, as certain more animate things in this world are tender and endearing."

scrambled about among its flat stones. One visited it, on returning to his birthplace, as naturally and as necessarily as he sought out the human folk he had loved as a child.

The brook is dead. Across the glen today is a brand new concrete dam which backs up the mild little water into a murky pond about which bungalows are rising. So wide is the flat the tiny stream is expected to flood that evaporation and seepage drain it away. It does not flow over the dam and in the pool where trout once lived are only bare white rocks and a mass of last year's leaves.

Death of a dearly loved stream is bad enough. More bitter still is it to seek a river you once knew intimately and find it degraded and horrible. There is such a watercourse from which, years ago, I used to take bass and in which, incidentally, I barely escaped drowning when a big fish declined to be hauled out and the bank caved away beneath me as we struggled. I lost him and my tackle and, if I remember correctly, was spanked into the bargain when I went home, sopping and inconsolable.

The little river that brawled over boulders and about the roots of leaning sycamores is a fetid and abject stream today, choked by the wastage from a paper mill, darkened by oil and dye from a silk factory. Its presence is harder to endure than the absence of my trout brook, as a friend in the gutter is more terrible than a loved one in his grave.

Each river that is destroyed by death or pollution subtracts something infinitely precious, immensely necessary from life. Men only now are beginning to appreciate this. The steady decrease of clear, untainted running water is bringing some of us—most of us—to the verge of an inexplicable yet actual starvation. Men, it is my belief, need rivers as surely as they require human friends. There is something vital and assuaging in quick, clean streams. Those who do not know them and love them have missed something exquisitely intimate and essential, have passed by without reading one of the gentlest and most stirring chapters of existence.

Clumsily, gropingly, we are beginning to appreciate this. None of us who love rivers dare talk of their sacredness and mystic, healing quality. We should be abashed to attempt it, as men always are when they try to put into words their deepest emotions, and besides, conservation commissioners and legislators would not understand.

Thus, instead of stumbling about toward admission of our mysticism, we hide it under a bushel of opportunism and plead eloquently for the right to fish which the steady growth of pollution is taking from us. For most of us, this fish talk is semi-subterfuge, but it serves. Yet it is, at best, only half candor. Men want their rivers back again, but not alone for fishing.

The truth of the matter is that all fishermen worthy of that high and ancient title are mystics, dreamers of dreams, seers of visions. Those who first took fire from the flame of Christ's message, those who laid down the long established affairs of life first to follow Him, were fishermen. They were already half prepared. In following their craft they had glimpsed things unutterable.

We want our rivers; we want fish in them because no stream is complete otherwise. Yet, though we base our campaign for recovery solely upon the need of fish, that is not even half the true and entire story.

Fish in a river are like charm and wit in a companion. They point and stress spiritual beauty. Fish encourage and emphasize the delight of intimacy with running water and lead men to the mystic ablution and rejuvenation which rivers alone afford.

Nothing can ignore the years so completely as a stream. As long as it flows, untainted and unhampered, water is the sole thing to which a man can return no older, despite many years of parting. I wonder sometimes if primitive man did not first glimpse the tremendous possibility of immortality beside some quick, bright river. I know that though other matters, once exciting, become routine; though many affairs, once thrilling and exalting, grow wearisome as the years go by, rivers and their possibilities and their calm

(Continued on page 56)

"It is a bitter experience to seek a river you once knew intimately and find it degraded and horrible."

Some of the Pleasant Things

By Senator Harry B. Hawes

The Noon Hour

Sketches by Charles H. Ketchum

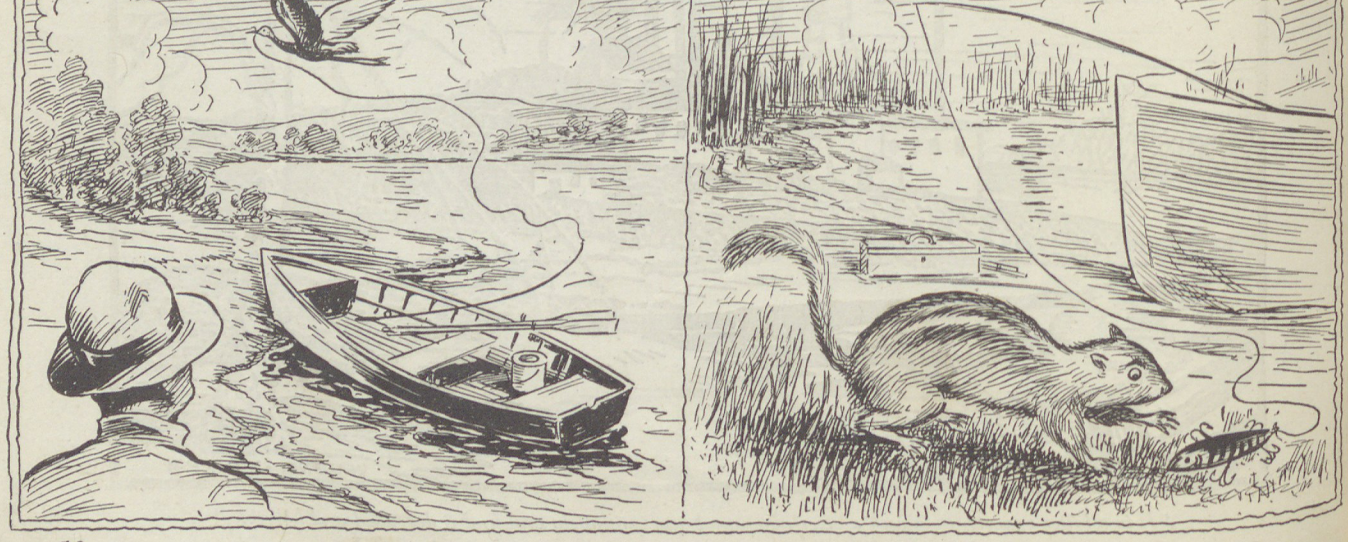
AT THE noon rest, the meal, a dry spot, and good drinking water are the essential considerations. Be careful where you put your rod and outfit. The rod may be broken or bent or—as mine once was—carried away. I had been casting with a brilliant fly. Growing tired, I laid the rod in the boat with the tip extending over the back and the red ibis floating in the water. We went ashore and were busy with the fire. I heard a splash and flutter in the vicinity of the boat, and ran down just in time to see a large crane rise. It was well hooked to the red ibis, and the line was running out freely from the reel. I certainly had a strike this time! Up in the air he went, the line playing out in a streak. He unwound it down to the spindle, and then there was a struggle for possession. High in the air, with flapping wings, the big bird tugged and strained. I was unwilling to let him go with the hook in his mouth because I feared it would kill him. I summoned the boatman. With his assistance I tried to free the poor bird. But no. The guide, holding the line, waded into the water and drew him down. Even then we had trouble detaching him. Fishing is fraught with adventure!

Turtles and snakes have made away with fishermen's flies during the noon hour. They are not the only intruders, either. I have spent many a pleasant half-hour watching a chipmunk examine a plug of bright color. I was at first afraid he might hook on the gang, but he was so cunning and so careful that I let him alone. He turned it over with his little paws, exhibiting a curiosity almost equalling that of a monkey. Finally, we had to decamp and, when I stood up, the charming little fellow ran away.

Did you ever hook a cow? It can be done. I have done it myself with a long cast. It happened thus: Three cows were standing in the water. As I cast, one of them dropped her tail over the line. I waited for her to release it. This she failed to do. Instead she started up the bank. You can imagine the result: I cut the line.

Harking back to chipmunks. They are the most delightful little companions in the woods; with an excess both of nerve and curiosity. A young fellow and his brother captured an even dozen of them one year and kept them in a cage. It was rather distressing, but the boys wanted to take them home and undertake to breed them. Our respective vacations terminated at the same time and we took the same train and sleeper. We got on about 10 o'clock in the evening, and the berths were made up. One of the youths covered his cage with a coat, slipped it into the car, and put it in the upper berth. About two hours later, there was a wild scream, then another. The chipmunks had escaped and were investigating the berths. Soon the aisle was filled with partly dressed men, women and children. The conductor, the porter and the brakeman all took part in the chase. The young fellow was interrogated and admitted that he had had twelve in his cage. Seven of them were recovered. What became of the other five nobody knew. But one thing was certain: There were a number of people that never slept that night. Most of them left their berths, lights burning, and five of them sat up. It was a melodrama that might be called "The Chipmunk's Revenge."

(Continued on page 33)



Drawings by Frank Hoban

The Vanished People

By

Edison Marshall

Those among our readers who have not made a study of anthropology will be interested to know that the tribes of men and animals appearing in this serial truly existed at one time upon the earth. Many facts are known about them; the author's imagination has supplied the unknown. —EDITOR.

DIAN smiled dimly into Adam's face, and bent her head slightly in greeting. "Who are you, who come from beyond the Ice?" she asked, in Adam's own tongue. As yet she did not even glance at Belgrade.

Naturally she would talk English. She had learned it in earliest childhood from her father's lips. But it was not easy to explain her stately, almost classical expression, and the purity of her forms. It must be that Morrison had tried to do well by his pagan daughter. Keenly conscious of her dignity as princess and priestess, he had taught her the best English that he knew. The rest was the influence of her mother tongue, imposed on her English speech, and of her own proud conception of her position. She was the Daughter of the Sun and the Moon.

On the lips of Dian, the words did not sound in the least stilted or strained. Adam could not imagine her speaking any other way. Her voice was a pleasant contralto, rich and deep.

"Adam Weismann," he told her.

"Adam? Wasn't he the first man? My father, Morrison Chief, told me about him. But he never told me what Weismann means."

"It means 'wise man.'" Then, with a frank sincerity she could not resent: "I'd like to know what Dian means, too."

"It is our word for queen. My mother and my grandmother, and all the others who stood in this place, beside the First Fire—back to our first mother the Moon—were called Dian. We have our own names too—mine is Chulee." She paused, and looked at him curiously. "How did you come here, Adam? How did you get through the ice to find us? Did Hull bring you?"

He told her briefly of the journey, omitting, of course, its real purpose. Hull was dead, he said.

"It is no matter," was the seemingly-calloused answer. "He would have been driven to the Ice, or taken to *Maun ig Mere*, if Morrison Chief had not defended him. But he was allowed to stay, and became the father of two of the *Ug Paddrin*. But Morrison Chief, he was the father of Dian. He was tall like you, and his hair was yellow and his eyes blue like yours." Now she turned to Belgrade and her manner was less free. "Are you his servant?"

"His servant? Dian, I am Karl Belgrade, the anthropologist. But of course that means nothing to you."

"You are tall and strong, but so dark. Your eyes are black as our winter night, when neither my Father nor my Mother is in the sky, and my power declines. You may both go to the Rest-House, where the hunters from other villages stay when they come for the summer prayers to Dian. I will tell the people who you are, and of the ship on the sea."

She turned to her people and raised her hand. Instantly they rose to their feet; the braves held their lamps high. She spoke to them briefly in their own tongue. Then she gave her hand to each of her guests in turn.

Adam shook it warmly, in the American fashion. Belgrade, of the European tradition, of course bowed and touched the cool fingers to his lips. She seemed somewhat taken aback—this was evidently a form of homage new to her—and turned questioning eyes into Adam's face. "You did not do so. Why is your friendship sign different from his? You clasped my hand like a chief." But at once her face brightened as she drew her own conclusions. "Dian understands. You are a chief in your own land. He is *Ug Paddrin*."

"*Ug Paddrin*, Dian?" Belgrade echoed, puzzled.

"It is your caste with us," was the grave answer. "Your skin is too dark. Perhaps it does not matter beyond the Ice—so Morrison Chief told—but we have our own ways here."

A moment later Gort-Chil escorted the visitors out of the temple, and into a fifty-foot tunnel near by. Adam crawled through a round aperture, curtained by a thick pelt, and found himself in a circular room, evidently the "Guest House" of the village. Dazed by the revelations of the last hour, at first he paid little attention to his surroundings.

But when he and Belgrade were left alone, his senses sharpened. He noticed first that the inner walls of the turf-house had been plastered with clay, hard as rock, and were bare save for a number of weapons hung on wooden pegs. Later he would examine these with scientific care; now he was absorbed in his companion.

The Slav was kneeling on the floor, fondling a number of rich fur rugs. His eyes were luminous; his hands left lustrous prints in the velvet nap. "Think of walking on such beauty, such wealth," he murmured. "Weismann, have you ever seen furs like these?"

"Can't say that I have. The silver ones have the color and texture of silver fox, except that they are too large. The brown ones look like sea-otter. They must represent new species of animals."

"New species of familiar genera. I'll tell you something else they represent—a large sum of money. The whole village is a treasure house of fur. And that means—goodby to these people."

"I don't understand—"

"It seems to be obvious. You must know what happens to any primitive people who possess riches. Remember the Incas and the Aztecs. Weismann, you are in a primitive

The Story So Far

DR. ADAM WEISMANN has been forced to join an Antarctic expedition headed by Karl Belgrade, world known scientist, whose ambition is to find an unknown race described to him by Hull, a sailor aboard his ship.

Adam hears much from Hull of this strange tribe of white people—by whom Hull and Morrison, first mate of their wrecked ship, had been rescued and with whom they had dwelt for years. Morrison had married the Chief's daughter who had borne him a girl child. Years later he is killed while hunting. Hull dies but with his maps and directions Adam and Belgrade leave their ship and set out in a plane in search of the vanished people.

They find a remarkably handsome and virile race of white people in the heart of the Antarctic of which Dian, Morrison's daughter, is the queen according to the tribe's matriarchal form of government. Adam is charmed by her intelligence and beauty.

village untouched by civilization. Come back in a year—two years at latest—and see the change."

"You mean—" Adam groped for words to express the appalling thought—"You mean that this wonderful race is doomed?"

"Of course. Don't be a sentimental fool. It is interesting as a scientific curiosity, and will figure in museums all over the world, but it hasn't a dog's chance to survive in competition with Europeans. The white man, so-called, destroys every primitive race he sees, some quickly, others slowly. In this case, destruction will come like an avalanche, almost in a day. If they but knew it, our visit here is their death-sentence. It is the same as though we brought an army to clean them out. As soon as we report our discovery, scores of adventurers will come here. They'll take not only their furs and ivory, and what little gold they possess, but their virtue and independence. They'll leave instead all the curses of civilization—bad habits, love of luxury, and disease."

"But surely they can be protected—"

"Rubbish, Weismann. These people will have no resistance against the diseases of civilization. But they'd starve to death anyway, in time. We'll kill off their animals for fur; there will be a trading store on this very site."

"It's a fine prospect." Adam spoke bitterly. "It's a fine trick we are playing them."

"Don't distress yourself about it. We found them before too late. I'll make complete reports of them, and what happens to them after we leave won't really matter to science. If the museums send expeditions within the next year or two they'll be able to make good enough collections of their implements, and so on, before the traders carry off everything."

"You speak as if science is the only thing that matters."

"I urge you again, Weismann—do not be a sentimental fool. These people are savages. After we leave, they will have nothing to contribute to the world—except a few bones, flints, and bronze tools. It is a natural law that the weak must perish and the strong survive."

"We ought to be strong enough to temper that law a little, I think. If our civilization can't grant a little mercy to the weak, I don't think it's much good. And we'll come to it, in time. We've already begun to set aside sanctuaries for helpless animals and birds. If this discovery were postponed for twenty years, I think these people would be protected. Humanitarianism is advancing fast—twenty years from now human beings may be decent enough, yes, and wise enough too, to make a sanctuary up here, and preserve this wonderful thing forever."

"If this discovery were postponed for twenty years, some scientific man other than myself would be the discoverer, and steal the honor I have won. As it is, twenty years will see these people as near extinction as the Maoris of New Zealand. The only survivors will be a few half-breeds, begging for sugar at the trading post. And speaking of the future—we have our own safety to look to. The plane is fairly secure, in that closed bay, but a hard wind would smash it up; then we would be extinct ourselves, figuratively speaking. We must send for it, and have it towed into the village."

Adam seemed to arouse himself with difficulty from his brooding. "I'll ask Dian to send a dozen men in kayaks. They can put their buckskin lines on the plane, and tow her into the river mouth in half a day."

"She'll do it for you. And that brings me to a rather delicate point."

Belgrade straightened, and looked his companion in the eye. His gaze was cold, utterly insolent, but Adam returned it with considerable spirit. "Yes?"

"I am the head of this expedition. I do not often remind you of this fact, but it is nevertheless so."

"Go on," Adam urged coldly.

"In that capacity, I'll have to ask you to hold off on certain pleasurable pursuits that may occur to you. I refer particularly to the girl, Dian. I am interested in her, in a scientific way, and wish to test her reactions. To do so, I must have a clear field. Is that understood?"

Adam studied the sallow face before him. "I don't believe it is," he observed at last, calmly as he could.

"I don't want to deprive you of anything, Weismann, and mean that you shall have your full share of pleasure as well as profit, from this expedition. But you must respect my wishes, in this case. You noticed the gold and silver bowls the girl wore?"

"Yes."

"They are extremely interesting objects, apart from their intrinsic value. You may have them for souvenirs. But as to what lies beneath them—for you it is, as the natives say, taboo."

Adam turned slowly livid. He could think of no answer other than violence; the muscles of his arms began to contract into stony hills. But before he could make that answer—thereby hurling to a climax his growing feud with Belgrade—there came a prosaic interruption. Jim-Hull appeared in the aperture with a tray of food.

CHAPTER V.

Belgrade's machine-like brain and body needed fuel, and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Tucking his feet under him, he sat supplely on

"Adam knew that she wielded temporal power over her little world which Oriental sultans might envy."

the floor; Adam stifled his anger the best he could and sat down opposite. Jim-Hull placed the food between them.

The tray seemed to be of hammered copper. The food was of a variety and excellence amazing to the visitors. Naturally, the body of the meal was meat, some of it broiled over coals, some fried in fat. There was a heavy black flesh which Adam thought must be whale; it was strong but not offensive to a strong man's appetite. Another meat tasted like venison. A third was certainly a rich-fleshed water bird, perhaps wild goose, more likely penguin.

There were small hard-baked loaves of bread, rich, nutty, and faintly sweet. Of course they could not be made of grain: not even rye could ripen in this climate. Adam decided they were the product of some sweet water-root, similar to the wocus plant used by Canadian Indians. Hot milk was served as a drink—a rich, rather strong milk that might be reindeer, but was probably of a kind unknown to the husbandry of other lands.

Belgrade ate swiftly, efficiently, just as though he were stoking a furnace. Meanwhile he chatted with Jim-Hull, and soon maneuvered an invitation to spend the night in his igloo. Plainly he wanted to study the half-breed's family life, and to question him regarding matters of scientific interest. Adam was not included in the invitation, but he realized it was through no breach of hospitality; as far as Jim-Hull was concerned the American was taboo. In the primitive society of the Antarcticans, the caste known as *Ug Paddrin* could not make free with the Men, the Hunters, who worshipped within the temple, and Adam was accepted in the latter class. Belgrade, however, did not qualify. Evidently he was too dark to fulfill the tribe's eugenic ideal. He also was *Ug Paddrin*.

Adam could now understand why the elder Hull had been driven from the tribe. His crossed eye was a congenital defect which the people despised and feared. To let him mix his blood with that of the select was a violation of some ancient law preserving the physical standards of the tribe.

Adam was tired, but he could not sleep until he had examined the weapons on the wall. One, a lance made of a stick of driftwood tipped with a bronze point, was unusual only on account of its great weight.

It was twice as heavy as any javelin Adam had ever seen, and was far too long for a man of ordinary height. The bow, on the other hand, was a supreme example of the fletcher's art. Adam's eyes glistened as he took it from the wall.

He had loved archery fondly and long. Although he was not an expert shot, he knew the feel of a good bow, and outside of a museum, he had never seen one he could not shoot. But as he examined this marvelous piece of primitive artillery, he believed he had met his match.

"Dian smiled dimly into Adam's face and bent her head slightly in greeting. 'Who are you, who come from beyond the Ice?' she asked in Adam's own tongue."

It was the bow of Ulysses. In the first place, it was not a ewe stave, like most American bows, but a composition of whale-bone, sinew, horn, and driftwood. It was comparatively short—only four feet—yet it drew over eighty pounds. He fitted the string, took an arrow from the quiver and nocked, and put his body into the draw. Slowly he forced the tip clear to the handle.

Greatly pleased, he eased the bow without releasing the shaft. He had never seen one that handled better; in the excitement of the hunt he could shoot it with deadly force. It was of antique style: the Turks had carried similar artil-

"Adam turned slowly livid. He could think of no answer other than violence: the muscles of his arms began to contract into stony hills."

lery in their wars with the Crusaders. Where had the Antarcticans learned such bowyer's art? When he could explain this, he would be able to solve the mystery of their origin and race.

Lying down among the fur robes, he tried to sleep. The excitement of the day made his brain whirl, but at last he relaxed, and wakened only when Jim-Hull entered the igloo with another platter of food. Dian had sent for Adam, and he was to go to her igloo as soon as he had eaten.

Jim-Hull led him to a large dome-shaped turf-house adjoining the temple. He entered the dark passage alone, and a girl's voice called cheerily to him from beyond the aperture. He crawled through with all the dignity he could muster, to find Dian sitting cross-legged on a fur rug, eating wocus-bread and milk with obvious relish.

They were alone. Instantly he felt her warm magnetism, an emanation from the splendid, beautiful, vital body half-concealed by her fur garment. Today her hair was coiled about her head. Her oval face was flushed, her eyes brilliant, her full lips curled in a smile at once childlike and seductive.

She made a barbaric picture. The symbolic metal bowls which had covered her breasts in the temple were now removed, but a broad gold band, completely encircling her slim body, remained. She had added a broad bracelet on each wrist, and a brilliant red stone, evidently a garnet, fastened in her hair. The frame setting her off was all she could desire. There is nothing so barbarously beautiful as fine furs, and these surrounded her with a profusion of richness that almost took Adam's breath. She was seated on a glossy pile against which her white flesh gleamed like ivory. In one corner was a pallet heaped with pelts; others covered the floors and hung about the walls.

Thin white skins, like fine chamois, oiled until they were translucent, covered the window openings. The light that filtered through brought out all the gloss of the furs, and accentuated the depth and richness of their shadows.

The girl motioned to Adam to sit beside her. "I could hardly wait for your sleep to end," she told him. "I wanted to see your face again, and hear from your own lips about the ship that flies in the air. I have already sent for that ship. Gort-Chil—that is Big Seal, my cousin—has taken ten men in boats to tow it into the river mouth, and it will come before the sun gets halfway round." Her voice lowered, and she spoke passionately. "You should be thankful that Dian wanted to see this wonder. Otherwise she might have told Gort-Chil to break its wings with his ax, and let it sink into the sea."

She was so deeply in earnest that Adam was dumfounded. "Why would you want to do that?"

"So you could not fly away so soon. Then the Long Dark would come and pass many times before you found the way through the Ice."

"But why do you want me to stay, Dian? For all you know, I may be an enemy."

"Why do I want you to stay? Because you can talk my father's talk. You can tell me about the great world, the cities that have grown where our forests used to stand, the people that have come since our people died."

Adam did not fully understand her, but decided that she must be referring to various legends of her tribe. "Would you like to go to that great world, Dian?"

The girl looked startled, then slowly shook her head. "They would not know me there. I alone would know that I am Dian—the daughter of the Sun and the Moon—the bringer of fat buffalo, and the beloved of the seal on the ice and the fish in the sea. Besides, I would miss so much that I love."

"The terrible cold? The long dark?"

She laughed like a child. "The cold? When the oil-lamps burn in the crowded room I often want to throw off my fur garment—and that is taboo for me, Dian. The Long Dark is sad, but we tell stories in the temple, and the chills go up and down our backs to hear the Giant Buffalo stamping on the roof. No, I will never go away. The ice would rise and cover the villages, if the Daughter of the Sun and the Moon forsook her people. And I love the blessings and the gifts of the hunters, after the great kill, and the returning geese in the sky, and the spring festival to my Father the Sun, and the good milk and sweet-root bread."

Adam looked into the blue deep of her eyes. "Perhaps you are afraid, too. Are you, Dian?"

"The old men say that we are the last of the People. They mean—of our people. The others are all dead, or else we would have heard from *(Continued on page 48)*

Wizards of the Brook

By *Cal Johnson*

FOR the fifth—or was it sixth?—time I cast my fly very carefully and lightly upon the crest of the clear, crystal waters above the riffle and permitted it to dance downstream, then finally circle slowly among the kaleidoscopic bubbles of the pool. Each time my fly remained untouched by a trout. That the pool was the hide-out for a number of large rainbows was well established in my mind, for had I not watched them feed off the silvery surface the evening before? Still, the pool remained as silent as a moth and nary a fin did I raise during the ten minutes I stood partly hidden by the overhanging willows that bordered the stream and cast my fly in quest of his Highness, *Salmo irideus*.

The day was bright and a bit too warm for real comfort, but even so, this condition had rarely interfered with the striking of trout in the Marengo. It might have been possible that I had approached the pool a bit too noisily in my anxiety to drop my fly over the abode of the fish. At least, that was one of my contentions after spending some time casting without result. But then again, it's merely the way of those uncanny wizards of the brook.

The Marengo was noted as a rather erratic stretch of water. Sometimes a good catch could be made in the upper reaches of the valley that bore the name of the stream. Then again, the angler would be compelled to travel several miles downstream below the rocky bottoms to where the waters flowed over fine sand and gravel to locate the colorful battlers of the north woods.

Like many other streams I know, the waters of the beautiful Marengo lived up most excellently to the words of Albert Bigelow Paine in his refreshing Tent Dwellers:

You may pick your place—you may choose your hour—
You may put on your choicest flies;
But never yet was it safe to bet
That a single trout would rise.

And after all, that is as it should be. The fascination of trout fishing would soon lose its charm and appeal if it were not for the uncertainty of every cast. The unexpected dart of a trout, the surprise that often greets us in a spot that appeared unlikely, the apparent disaster that sometimes occurs when we fail to observe carefully the heavy foliage in the rear that catches our fly on the back cast, all go to make up the joys and experiences that accompany a day spent on a bubbling, murmuring brook.

I had offered the trout a beautifully tied Professor—gray mottled mallard wings, gold tinsel and yellow ribbed body with brown hackle legs and tail of scarlet ibis, tied to a number 10 model perfect hook. The split wings were centered perfectly and the delicate dry fly floated well "cocked" as it bobbed up and down on its journey over the laughing ripples of the stream. However, no matter how good the fly looked to me, the wily rainbows of the pool did not blink an eye as the lure floated above them.

As is the custom of most trout anglers, I reeled in my line and walked up the bank of the stream several feet, sat down and commenced to meditate. Maybe the day was too warm. Maybe I was not offering the trout the correct color combination. Maybe they had left the pool—but hardly probable. Maybe they saw me. My shadow, however, had been well guarded and I thought I had used unusual care in approaching the pool. Still, there must be something wrong—and most likely the defect was incorporated in the wader and khaki bedecked angler sitting on the bank of the stream. At any rate, how was I to tell?

There were a number of different colored insects flitting to and fro above the waters. I studied just which one dominated the flight, then decided to select a fly as near that color as possible. My selection was a Queen-of-the-Waters—gray mottled mallard wings, orange colored body, brown hackle wound the entire length of the body, with a spiral of golden tinsel to add to its attractiveness. I like a flash of tinsel in most of my trout flies as it seems to add to your chances of successfully luring a trout from his hole.

That important choice—what fly?

Walking carefully through the brush, I made my way to a point several rods above the rapids so as not to disturb the pool. It was my intention to fish for an hour upstream, then work my way back to the pool, where I was positive the day would produce a big trout.

It is not well to fish any single riffle or pool too long at one time. The trout sense your presence and rarely take a fly when any great amount of commotion has been made in their immediate vicinity. For this reason I decided to leave the pool unmolested for at least two hours, hoping that no one would fish it until I arrived there on my way down stream. Selfish, possibly. But, well—

In casting the dry fly, a single fly is orthodox. More than one fly cannot be worked delicately and scientifically. Dry fly fishing is a rather precise method of angling and all the skill of casting the fly naturally and lightly upon the surface of the stream must necessarily be centered on just one fly. Of course, there are other very important things to take into consideration when angling with the dry fly. The rod, the leader, the line—all have much to do with the success of the venture.

My rod was of the split-bamboo type, with plenty of backbone, nine feet in length, weighing 4¾ ounces. The tournament type is excellent for dry fly fishing. My leader was of the tapered type, nine feet in length and drawn very fine to make it as light and transparent as possible. The line was also of the double tapered variety, enameled finish, soft and pliable, size E. The reel used by the fly caster acts merely as a line carrier, hence my click reel of single action type served excellently. A light dressing of deer fat added to the buoyancy of my line, which is an important factor in keeping the fly afloat.

The soft click of my reel served as a boon companion as I stripped off foot after foot of line on my way up stream. A rise or two in the shallow riffle added to my anticipation and I set forth with greater energy as I rounded a bend in the stream a few yards below a small waterfall. The rumble of the dropping liquid obliterated all nature noises as I approached the pool and made ready for the first cast.

Sending the fly back and forth through the balmy atmosphere several times as I made the false casts to measure my line for the correct distance, I finally set myself for the forward cast and the final fling of the line to allow the fly to drop at the edge of the foamy commotion near the drop of the miniature falls. No sooner had the fly touched the silvery waters than a wide swirl and a tug at my line awakened me to the fact that the day's angling was about to begin.

I brought my rod backwards with a sharp, quick upward movement to set the hook, holding a taut line in my left hand. The trout immediately leaped from the waters, its red and silver body sparkling in the spray of mist cast upwards as its curved shape poised for a moment at the crest of the leap.

In another second the fish had disappeared from sight, but my bending rod and tightened line told me clearly that the fight had only started. The trout dashed rapidly across the pool, then shot through the surface again, the waters exploding into a rainbow colored commotion of mist, foam and crystal drops. What wonderful aerial performers, those rainbows. No trout, with the possible exception of the steelhead, can out-rival them in doing tricks and performing fancy antics on and above the surface of the stream. Leap after leap, dash after dash, rush after rush, boring, tugging, straining, fighting until you wonder where in thunder they possess the dynamo that furnishes the reserve power.

I slowly retrieved the line until I could see the trout a few feet from where I was standing. He was still wiggling and squirming when I finally picked him from the icy waters with my bare hand. No mortal with an ounce of love for the beautiful inhabitants of the brook could allow that fish to slide gently into the creel without a smile of admiration for its pure spunk and gameness.

Adjusting my fly, I made my way above the pool and worked the rapids for several minutes. Two more smaller trout were taken before the smooth waters were reached. I placed them beside the larger fish, covering all three with moist weed grass and leaves gathered along the banks of the stream. The day was warm, so I gutted the fish in order to prevent them from spoiling before reaching camp. One thing I have discovered about a rainbow trout is that they spoil, or become soft and mushy, much sooner than a brook trout. It only takes a minute to clean them, hence the advisability of so doing, especially on a warm day.

As I stood silently casting my fly over the waters of the next pool, I chanced to look across to the other side. There sat a boy about fourteen years of age, bare footed and garbed in an old pair of faded overalls. He grinned at me as I called a cheery "Hello" across to him.

"There's a big trout in this pool, Mister," he finally revealed to me, after assuring himself that I apparently had little chance of hooking it without a gob of angle-worms and plain hook.

"That so?" I replied. "Well, if you have no objection to my having a little battle with your trout, I'll make a cast or two for him."

"I've fished for him a long time and he gets away every time I hook him," said the boy. "He usually stays around that big rock. Good and deep there and I think the hole is full of minnows for him to feed on. Never saw him take a fly."

So he never took a fly. That was not exactly encouraging, but still it offered a bit of sport teasing him with what I had to offer.

"Dad caught his mate in this same pool early this spring. Weighed over nine pounds. But he used a small minnow with a nickeled spinner."

"So your Dad got his pal, eh?" I answered. "Boy, but I'd like to hook the one that's left. How big do you suppose he will go?"

"From what we have seen of him, I'd say about the same as the one Dad caught," said the boy.

Just what a nine pound rainbow trout

Two fly rods and a creelful justifying two wide smiles.

Two anglers on a streamside—

might do to my outfit entered my mind. I had taken them up to six pounds under the old wagon bridge in the lower reaches of Fish Creek, but nine pounds, well, let's see.

I tied a Royal Coachman to my leader, on a number 8 hook. If that trout was as big as the boy said, I figured I might need a hook of that size. Ten minutes of ardent casting around the huge boulder brought no results. One time I thought I noticed a black shadow dart towards my fly, but it apparently was just my imagination.

A loud cry from across the pool caused me to look quickly in the direction of the boy. What I saw was a wide-eyed youngster hanging onto a long bamboo pole for dear life, his line cutting through the waters at a lively clip. However, his fish did not break water.

"Wow—I've got that big trout," he shouted. "I hope I land him without breaking my line."

"Take it easy, my lad," I advised. "If that's the big trout, you have a long battle ahead of you."

The boy had apparently baited his hook and started to fish unnoticed by me as I was casting. However, he had a better knowledge of what the big fish wanted than I had, hence his better luck.

A surprise startled us both when a squirming fish was finally dragged onto the shore. The boy looked up rather sheepishly as he extracted the hook from his catch and tossed it up into the bushes.

"Gosh, Mister, but I sure thought I had the big trout," he finally remarked. "Who would of thought of a big sucker, anyway."

"Better fish with flies after this, then you won't hook any more suckers," I suggested, laughing loudly as the boy joined in the fun.

It was now time for me to work downstream towards the big hole. My afternoon sport was drawing to a close and I wished to spend at least a half hour before dusk casting a White Miller in quest of the big trout that I knew inhabited the hole. Little time was spent at each pool and rapids on the way back. Three more trout were added to those taken earlier in the day before I finally reached the bend in the river that opened to the spot of my dreams—the pool where I had watched the big fellows feed the evening before.

A White Miller fly now graced the end of my leader. I was ready to match my skill against that of the wary rainbow. Casting the fly forwards, I allowed it to drop a few inches below the rapids where the pool took form. There was no time lost on this particular occasion, for no sooner had my fly floated a foot when "splash!" a good sized trout gobbled my offering and commenced to show me what he knew about dancing, flying, looping, jumping and playing tug-of-war. I battled the trout several minutes before he finally gave in and allowed me to pick him from the waters close to the bank of the stream.

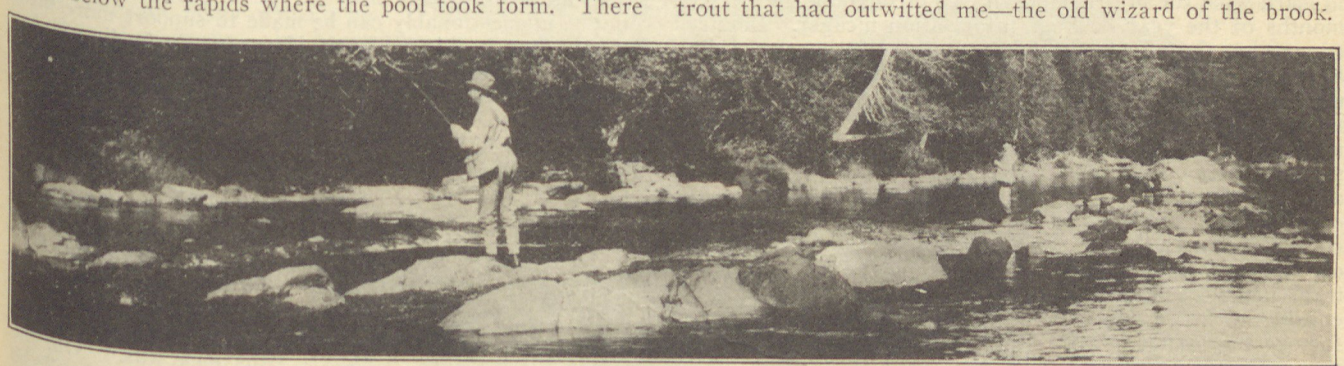
It was growing dusk rapidly. Darkened shadows stretched out over the stream like huge fingers grasping towards me. The atmosphere was filled with buzzing insects of all kinds and the sharp drills of several mosquitoes penetrated my neck, cheeks and hands all at the same time. But what's a mosquito or two when a pool of big trout awaits you? Between fighting the pests and casting my fly out over the pool I was having a jolly good time. I could hardly distinguish the fly as it floated in the circle of the eddy on account of the dim light of the dying day.

A few stars had appeared overhead a few moments before it all happened. I shall never forget. From what I recall, it happened like this: I made a cast and dropped my fly as usual into the center of the pool. I can still see the glistening commotion that immediately arose from that pool, my fly securely hooked in its upper lip. Through the dim light I distinctly saw the trout leap time and time again, my rod shrieking from the strain as the fish dove deep and darted with lightning-like speed across the darkened waters of the pool. How can I ever forget the feeling of pride, that I was sure was to be mine, of displaying a prize catch upon returning home. But—

Well, it ended almost as suddenly as it started. Just what happened is a mystery to me. I recall a tremendous leap, a loud splash, a slackened line—and then the dawn of realization that the fish was gone, perhaps the largest rainbow I had ever hooked.

It was now nightfall. The birds had grown silent a half hour ago, and the dragon flies, children of the day, fluttered silently to their rest beneath the under sides of drooping leaves. The gathering darkness deepened the quietness of the stream and bade me forsake it. I took down my outfit and placed it in its case, then started to walk up the trail that led to camp.

As I turned the bend, I heard a mighty splash back there in the pool. Most likely a mocking "good-night" from the trout that had outwitted me—the old wizard of the brook.



UPSTREAM

By William Heermans Wright

I'VE seen a gentleman, tall, debonair,
Intelligently curious and slim,
Walk down the street and past the flattened stare
Of tradesmen. How they bowed and envied him!
Just so, trout, you drift into bank-walled pool
And stiffen slightly out of sheer surprise
To find yourself in hall of knave and fool,
The cynosure of twenty fishy eyes.
Miss Meager Mullet, Mr. Lanky Dace,
Scavenger Sucker, and young, backward Crab,
All genuflect, entirely without grace,
And realize their lives are very drab,—
Regretfully convinced beyond a doubt
They never can aspire to be Sir Trout.

The Future of the Prairie Chicken

By
Wallace B. Grange
Photographs by Dr. Alfred O. Gross

CONCERTED effort to save the prairie chicken from going the way of the heath hen is imperative. All states where these splendid birds survive must do their utmost to this end. Expert studies must be followed with real action. Half-hearted measures will never do it. This article tells what one state is doing. It is hoped others will fall in line immediately. EDITOR.

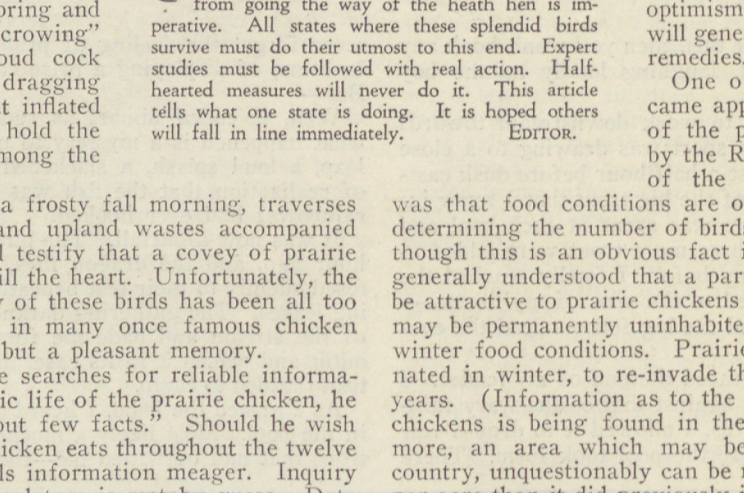
THE prairie chicken or pinnated grouse has long been held in the highest of esteem by sportsmen, ornithologists and nature lovers. Those who have watched the curious mating antics of the prairie chicken in spring and who have listened to the "crowing" or "booming" of the proud cock birds as they strut with dragging wings, raised tail and great inflated orange-colored neck sacs, hold the sight and the sound as among the most interesting in nature.

The sportsman who, on a frosty fall morning, traverses stubble fields, marshland and upland wastes accompanied by his keen nosed dog will testify that a covey of prairie chickens is a reward to thrill the heart. Unfortunately, the reward of starting a covey of these birds has been all too rare in recent years, and in many once famous chicken grounds this sport is now but a pleasant memory.

Strangely, too, when one searches for reliable information concerning the domestic life of the prairie chicken, he discovers "many eulogies but few facts." Should he wish to learn what the prairie chicken eats throughout the twelve months of the year he finds information meager. Inquiry concerning the effect of predators is met by guess. Data as to the percentage of nests actually producing young is unheard of. The ravages of disease are vaguely thought to have influence, but in no consistent way. The percentage of cock birds, and the possible effect of a decided surplus of cocks, is not even thought of. Changes in agricultural methods seldom are considered as a prime factor, the easier and more common explanation being that "they were shot out."

This is a bad state of affairs. Much of the pessimism voiced about the future of the prairie chicken as a game bird is justified; but it is justified only because it can be truthfully said that conservationists in general have not bothered to dig up facts necessary to any program aiming to correct conditions. When the real facts are brought to light on most conservation projects, optimism is justified, because facts will generally point out the necessary remedies.

One of the first facts which became apparent in Wisconsin's study of the prairie chicken, undertaken by the Research and Game Bureaus of the Conservation Commission, was that food conditions are of very great importance in determining the number of birds surviving the winter. Although this is an obvious fact in many places, it is not so generally understood that a particular territory which may be attractive to prairie chickens in spring, summer and fall, may be permanently uninhabited by them because of poor winter food conditions. Prairie chickens may be exterminated in winter, to re-invade the country only after many years. (Information as to the migratory habits of prairie chickens is being found in the present study.) Furthermore, an area which may be good permanent chicken country, unquestionably can be made to support more birds per acre than it did previously if systematic feeding is carried out. Fundamental as this is, it seems not to be common knowledge even among many well informed sportsmen.



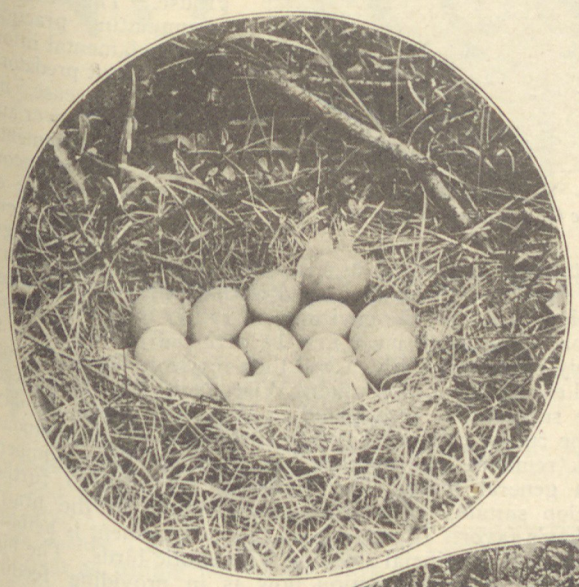
A pile of unthreshed buckwheat in a good location for sharp-tailed and pinnated grouse awaiting distribution to feeding grounds.

Closely tied up with food conditions are cover necessities, and these two are tremendously influenced by changing agricultural conditions. Fundamental again, but very infrequently given proper emphasis.

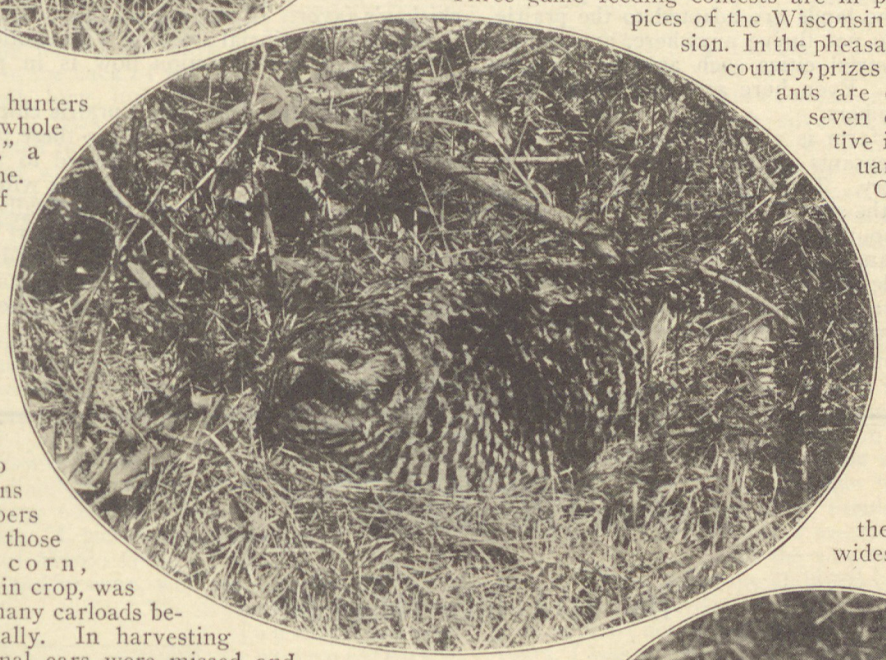
I asked a hunter how his luck was. "Oh, the hunting's all shot," he replied. There is truth in the statement that hunting accounted for some of his poor sport, but in all probability food and cover conditions had quite as much to do with it. Disease

and predators are often responsible for the decrease of upland game birds, but by and large in agricultural communities the presence or absence of thickets, hedgerows, ungrazed woodlots, marshes and other coverts, and the supply, or lack of it, of winter food, are of equal or greater importance than hunting. This is particularly true of prairie chickens although we must not minimize the toll of excessive shooting.

In a certain part of southwestern Wisconsin there were many prairie chickens twenty years ago. "You could hear them crowing everywhere in the spring,



and in the fall hunters from town killed whole covies of them," a farmer told me. "Every acre of land which is plowed today was plowed then," he continued. "Hunting killed them out."



This territory is as intensively tilled as any in Wisconsin, but twenty years ago there were chickens in sufficient numbers for hunting. In those days, however, corn, which is still a main crop, was raised for grain, many carloads being shipped annually. In harvesting this corn, occasional ears were missed and remained available to the prairie chickens. Today, instead of shipping corn out, it is shipped in to supplement the local supply and is fed to dairy cows, hogs, steers and horses. Twenty years ago the livestock industry was relatively small; today the scattered kernels of corn are rooted up by hogs, the standing stalks are grazed and trodden down by cattle and horses, so that the remaining corn field has the appearance of a denuded forest in "No Man's Land." Did hunting alone drive the prairie chicken to extinction in that locality?

Although Wisconsin agriculture withstood the great depression of 1921 far better than most states, a considerable area in the best chicken country of the marsh and sand district was almost wiped out, agriculturally speaking. Scores of farms were abandoned, leaving the one time extensive buckwheat, rye and corn fields to revert to grasses and other vegetation. The prairie chicken food supply was strikingly affected.

Interest was first centered on this situation by Dr. Merritt L. Jones, supervisor of the Conservation Commission's Research Bureau, and long an active member of the Izaak Walton League. Dr. Jones and his friends conceived the idea of permanent feeding stations to replace the food supplies which disappeared with the abandonment of farms in the sand and marsh district.

In 1928, three of these permanent feeding stations were established. Unused land was plowed up and sowed to buckwheat. Part of this matured grain was cut and stacked; part left uncut. Prairie chickens came to the feeding stations as soon as the buckwheat was ripe, fed upon the grain until the snow covered the buckwheat stalks over, and then when the stacked grain was opened up at the time of natural food shortage, chickens and sharp tailed grouse flocked in from all the surrounding country. Mr. Irv Van Wormer, a sportsman who assisted in this project with great energy, tells us that they flew in from distances probably as great as ten and twelve miles; unquestionably five. If prairie chickens will come to these feeding stations for five miles, one feeding ground will feed an enormous area; scattered stations, well located, can be made to feed entire counties.

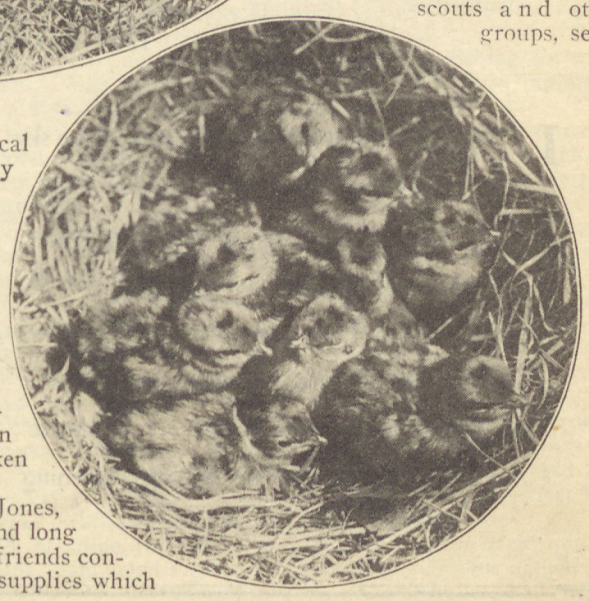
In 1929 ten stations were established by the state, and although one or two were frost-killed, sufficient grain is at hand to feed hundreds of chickens and grouse this winter.

Organizations, many of which have done effective emergency work for years, are more and more planting permanent feeding stations. At Rothschild last winter the Rod and Gun Club fed three hundred prairie chickens, as many as two hundred and fifty being sighted at once. This year they contracted with a farmer to leave an acre of standing corn unharvested. Ears of corn are in reach at all elevations from two to forty-eight inches above the ground, providing an automatic feeder.

Many other organizations are working with vigor. Probably one hundred were carrying on feeding in 1928-29. This year, encouraged by the state's attitude, better conceived programs with less waste are going on, and definite appropriations have been made.

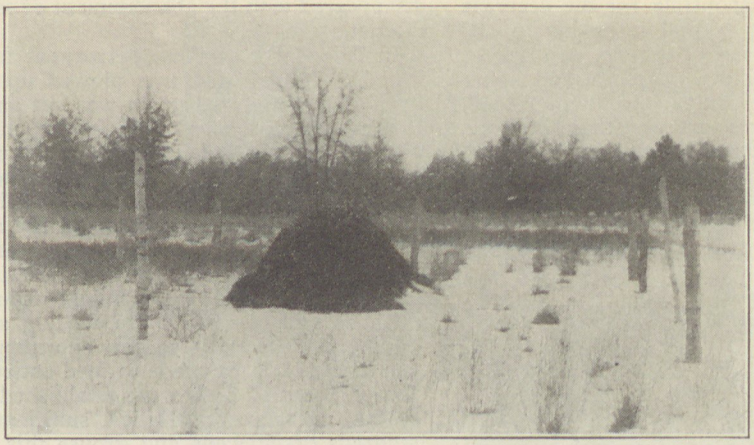
Three game feeding contests are in progress under the auspices of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission. In the pheasant, quail and Hungarian country, prizes of fifty Ringneck pheasants are offered to each of the seven organizations most active in feeding between January 10 and March 15. Comparable prizes are offered to individuals. In the prairie chicken districts of central and northern Wisconsin, the prizes consist of from one to three permanent state-planted feeding stations, located with the aid of the organization or individual.

A further contest in the schools is enlisting widespread support of boy scouts and other groups, serv-



ing the double purpose of feeding game and educating the boys who will become our future conservationists.

Last winter the conservation wardens of the state did effective work in winter feeding, several of the men carrying out very large programs which fed hundreds of birds. At Hancock, John Worden had three hundred birds feeding within a stone's throw of the railway station; at Stevens Point, Hornberg fed many prairie chickens from corn shocks; at Oconomowoc, Stiglbauer carried on extensive feeding of "Huns" and pheasants. These are but a few of the outstanding examples. In the present winter every warden of the state is paying particular attention to the food conditions of his locality.



Corn planted especially for winter game feed. Twenty-seven prairie chickens were flushed from this station just before the picture was snapped.

If Wisconsin has not already assumed leadership in organized winter feeding, especially planted stations, she is making a real bid for the place. With the anticipated planting of approximately one hundred stations in 1930, she takes one of the most important steps in the conservation and management of the prairie chicken ever attempted.

Extensive as Wisconsin's prairie chicken country is, not all of her excellent game lands are adapted to the prairie chicken. These birds do not thrive anywhere, apparently, in the shadow of industrial cities such as are found in southeastern Wisconsin. Even here scattered covies persist, but not in large numbers.

The first state game farm is already turning out thousands of Ringneck pheasants to the territory which is proven pheasant country. This splendid native of the Orient has "its place in the sun" in Wisconsin; a very large place indeed. In the southeast, it is destined to provide excellent sport within range of our industrial centers.

Reserving for the splendid newcomer its proper sphere, Wisconsin will not forsake its own native game in its extensive game program which is now going forward. An intensive study of the prairie chicken and the sharp tailed grouse, begun in 1929 with the assistance of Dr. Alfred O. Gross, special investigator for the Commission, will continue in 1930. Dr. Gross is well known for his work on the ruffed grouse. The study is accumulating practical and fundamental information about predators, parasites, disease, incubation, and cover and food requirements. Facts are being uncovered which will be of great importance in our future game management program and of use in other parts of the country.

A significant point developed is that our prairie chicken problems are with the environment rather than with propagation. Pheasants must first be artificially propagated to supply initial stock which will then thrive in the well populated environment of southern Wisconsin. Prairie chickens have successfully propagated in Wisconsin since the days of the rudely cultivated Indian cornfields, and an abundant stock remains. Agriculture has increased their numbers, as a general thing. Our problems are now to further develop suitable environmental conditions in the prairie chicken's favor. In many cases this development is actually cheaper than artificial stocking with exotic birds. The biggest step in this direction now is in providing feeding grounds.

The outlook for Wisconsin's prairie chicken is very promising. With continued attention to these problems, the Wisconsin sportsman can look forward to many a covey of prairie chickens, poised on motionless wing before him, and to many a covey of cackling sharp-tails rising from the marsh at his feet. With the ready sport of hunting splendid cock pheasants, famous as game birds in China, India, England, Europe and America, he will have the added zest of hunting native pinnated grouse, those "blue-bloods" of field and prairie.

MIGRATION

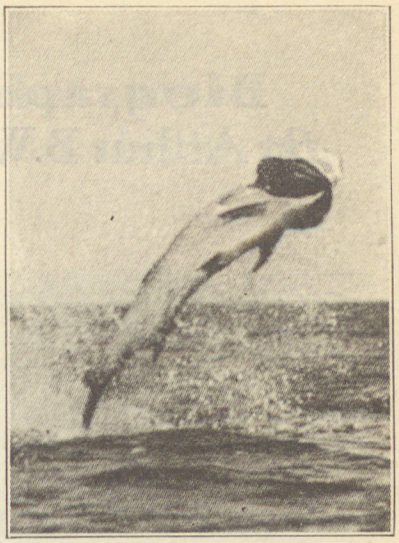
By Ida St. Helens

I SAW them limned against the clear, blue sky
Steadfastly winging their majestic flight,
A long, dark wedge of wild geese, flying high,
Their great wings flashing in the golden light.
Though autumn colors scarce had tinged the trees,
Though summer langour lingered in the air,
Their wild, sweet clamor floated on the breeze
And woke in me strange longings, listening there.

LAST night, while warm winds drove a drenching rain
That broke the silence of the muted streams
And stirred the dormant earth to life again,
The same wild music drifted through my dreams.
The leader's clarion call to homeward flight,
The eager flock's response my fancy fed,
And as they journeyed northward through the night
In dreams I wandered where the wild geese led.

What! No Record Breaker?

Photographs from The Book of the Tarpon by A. W. Dimock (Macmillan)



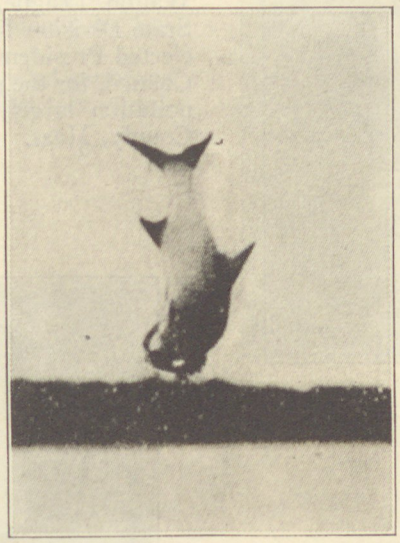
By *Marguerite Ives*

"WHY don't you ever take any fishing or hunting trips anymore?" recently asked of me an old friend and a great sportsman.

Such a thing hadn't occurred to me in years, but suddenly the great smoky town and the dull routine of life and business pressed on me unbearably.

To be sure, I hadn't before thought of the town as stifling nor of my work as irksome, but way in the back of my consciousness a dread, long lurking, had crept out—maybe I was too "settled down"—too contented in my way of life—too old—yes, that was the rub, I confess it—maybe I was too old!

Heavens, that was a challenge. To be sure, half the best sportsmen I knew were even older than I, but—they were men. That, too, was a challenge. In fact, the more I thought about it the more I became convinced that it was my duty to prove that which I had long maintained theoretically, that nothing kept one so alive and so youthful as the outdoors.



Being a bothersomely thorough sort of person, I immediately visioned a winter spent in solitary outdoor living in Minnesota's forests. I pictured myself as a counterpart of Murdo Gibson, that truly remarkable outdoorsman, who for three years, winter and summer, has sojourned in utter contentment in a small tent on Lake of the Woods, alone except for the complete companionship of himself and countless little forest dwellers.

In delirious day dreaming, I fancied myself moose hunting in Canada with Ozark Ripley or quail shooting in difficult covers in the Ozarks or salmon fishing with him in Labrador.

I determined to at once beg Alec Mermod to plan me a trip in the wildest parts of New Mexico and the West with which he is so familiar; I contemplated wiring O. W. Smith and Robert Page Lincoln for their most experienced advice as to where and how to fish. Oh, I was full of plans and more and more the desire and the decision to get somewhere outdoors obsessed me.

Then focussing all my flurried ideas, came to me an invitation to go fishing in Florida. I knew immediately that was just exactly where I most yearned to be. Blue of ocean, green of palms, cream of beach, silver of tarpon, purple of marlin—color—color in riotous loveliness—I could hardly wait.

Not so easy to manage, though—the family, composed entirely of juniors, set up one firm concerted howl to go along. They couldn't go—I was firm, though my heart registered their interest and I vowed never to forget the obligation I owed them to give them their outdoor opportunities—their very own heritage.

I felt actually wicked when I left them, left them to the smoky town and their daily walks in the formal parks—I, bound for blue seas, green palms, silver tarpon, purple marlin. The next summer they should spend in the North Woods, I swore it.

All the way to Florida I worried, not, be it admitted, about the children, but as to whether I could set a world's record!

In spite of not having done any deep sea fishing for many years, I was in the perilous position of having a reputation of a sort along those lines to sustain.

Years ago I had been fairly good at it—even a world's record or two—the somewhat elaborated tales of which had been detailed many times to my wide eyed and admiring youngsters.

That Mother had gone to Florida to make another world's record, I knew was firmly set in their minds—heavens, would I fail them!

Yet strange, I thought, that they set such store on those old records or on new ones. With some weariness, I wondered why it was not enough that I was to be out of that smoky town and to be dazzled with the sheen of blue, green, silver and purple.

Yet I still thrilled to the memory of my first big tarpon—the strength, the grace, the speed and the glory of him.

I was twenty then, and it seemed to me that life held little more if I lost him. For hours I fought him, my first light tackle outfit and my inexperience all on his side.

A bleeding thumb, torn fingers, breaking back, shaking limbs, disheveled locks over shoulders (page the age of long

(Continued on page 41)

Biographies
By Arthur B. Wilson

Outdoor A

Charles K. Foster

Charles K. Foster

CHARLES K. FOSTER even during the early years of his life indicated a tremendous enthusiasm for the out-of-doors and what might be called a natural-born love of sports.

As a boy he was an active sandlot baseball player and later when a young man was considered one of the most valuable players on the Detroit amateur teams.

Today he is an excellent golfer, an accurate shot, and a skillful fly caster. Like so many prominent men, fishing is one of his hobbies.

Mr. Foster is Vice President and Director of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Company, and is an acknowledged leader in the financial and business world.

His services to the Government during our last war were conspicuously outstanding.

He is Vice Chairman of the National Executive Board and one of the National Directors of the Izaak Walton League of America. He is also Vice President and trustee of the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation.

Clay Perry

CLAIR WILLARD PERRY, a prominent author, is better and generally known as "Clay." He has written many stories, including four books of outdoor adventure. For the past ten years he has advanced conservation, reforestation, and the restoration of fish and game life, both in print and in talks.

Mr. Perry began this great study as a tally-boy on a pulp-wood logging job in Wisconsin, his native state. Years later, upon returning, he found the forests dwindled and the river diminished. That marked serious thought on his part as to the future of outdoor life.

Fishing, motor camping, and Boy Scout activities claim much of Mr. Perry's interests. Also, the development of a wilderness sanctuary as the miniature Izaak Walton Paradise of Pittsfield, Mass.

Mr. Perry is President of the Pittsfield Chapter, Izaak Walton League, a Regional Director, Massachusetts State Division for Berkshire County. He was recently elected President of the Berkshire County Clean Waters Council, for the purpose of trying to check and eliminate pollution largely within the boundaries of Berkshire County, Mass.

Clay Perry

Americans

Portraits
By Julius L. Olson

E. S. Bayard

E. S. BAYARD, Editor-in-chief of the Ohio Farmer, Pennsylvania Farmer and Michigan Farmer, holds high place in agricultural circles, and in outdoor activities as well. He was an organizer of the Pennsylvania Division and Pittsburgh Chapter, Izaak Walton League, and has been Vice President of the latter from the very beginning.

Hunting and fishing are his pleasures. Mr. Bayard has fished in Quebec, Ontario and Alberta, and in many parts of the United States. He has hunted antelope in Wyoming, duck and geese at Currituck Sound, North Carolina, and quail in many states.

Mr. Bayard is President of the East Liberty Chamber of Commerce, an organization with about six hundred members. He has served extensively in executive capacities on many committees and associations dealing with agriculture and livestock breeding. A member of the Pennsylvania National Guard—prominent in Rotarian activities, and a lecturer of note.

And besides all these interests, Mr. Bayard serves as a member of the National Board of Directors, Izaak Walton League.

E. S. Bayard

George M. Seaman

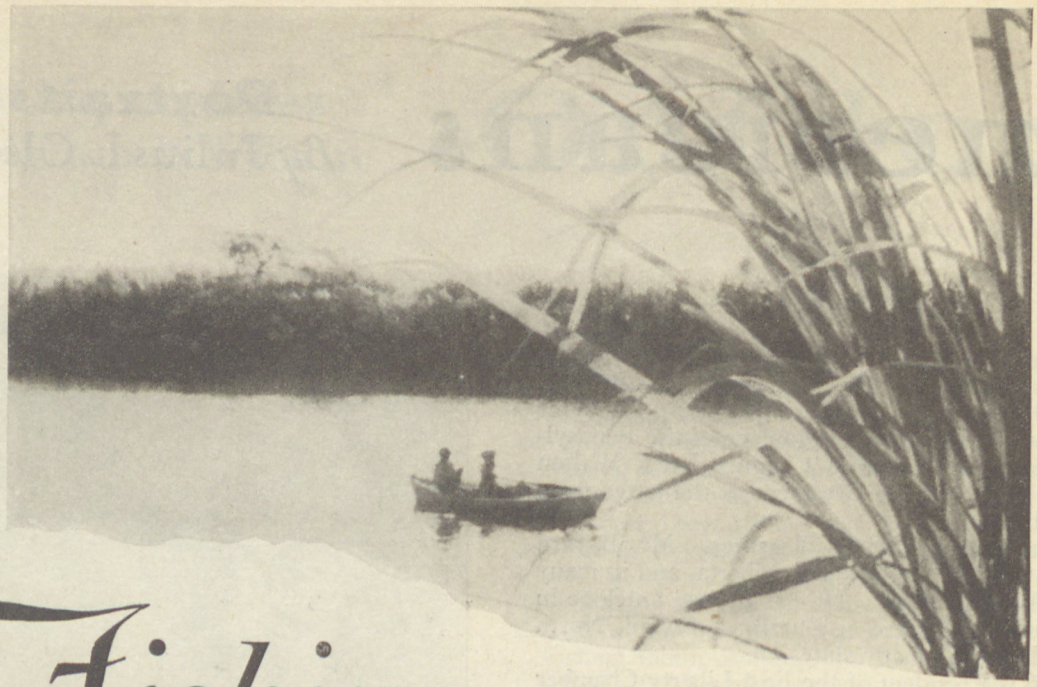
George M. Seaman

EIGHT years ago the Izaak Walton League was an infant. It was a husky infant, and from birth it gave signs of early maturity, but it was an infant just the same. It needed broad shoulders and broad think-caps in those days, and it got them from George M. Seaman, among others.

One of the League's first Directors, and a member of the first Executive Committee, Mr. Seaman's generous and active interest in the League began early and has lasted long. He is at present a National Director of the League and a contributor to the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation.

And he has carried on the work of the League in practice. His efforts against pollution have been noteworthy in the wide commercial field in which he is active as President of the Seaman Paper Company.

All of which, perhaps, dates back to the fact that he loves a tight line and a dash of spray—especially salt spray. Last winter he landed a record sailfish off the Florida coast, and last summer a record tarpon. And as this is written, he's down there again after sailfish.



Fishing as a Fiesta

By *H. C. Thompson*

FISHING is, with the English-speaking peoples, a form of philosophy. Presidents drop the affairs of state on a fishing trip and revert to boyhood as in no other form of recreation. Fishing is, in the United States, an escape and a protest against the intenseness of work and the complications of a machine age. So a fisherman without philosophy is not a fisherman at all, in our sense.

Fishing has never been regarded as a gentlemen's diversion in Spain or among Spanish peoples. The traditional Spanish out-of-doors sport is hunting the wild boar. This dates from ancient times, as the delight of kings and nobles. Boar hunting by knights on horseback armed with pikes is depicted in paintings and tapestries of the time of Columbus. The royal boar hunt figures in the classic plays of the Spanish dramatists who lived in Shakespeare's age.

When modern Englishmen first went into Spain to fish with rod and line in the mountains of Biscay, they were regarded as a mild form of lunatic by the Spanish peasants and gentry. In Spain, fishing has been the work of laborers, a work even more lowly than the tilling of land. In a country where gentlemen never walk, excelling in skill of horsemanship, the Spaniard looks still with a mixture of wonder, curiosity and pity at the man who scrambles over brambles and rocks all day for the sake of a few little fish, which he would likely as not give away without orders to the cook.

So among our Spanish neighbors to the south, even in lovely Porto Rico which has been under the Stars and Stripes for the past thirty-one years, fishing has never been adopted as a popular sport, although boys play baseball, handball and soccer football and are mad on boxing, and girls swing their rackets at tennis in the cool of morning and evening. There is something in the Spanish temperament, with its alternate periods of repose and intense activity, that reacts against a sport which requires such long, patient waits between results, or perhaps gives no results at all.

Yet, as our little fishing fiesta showed, there are no people who get more pleasure out of picnicking than the Spaniards. To visit Porto Rico without sharing the pleasures of a picnic excursion, whether in boat or on horseback, is to miss one of the most delightful experiences that this fertile and charming island has to offer.

To be sure, the fishing picnic here described lacked the gaming element. There was no outwitting of fish single-handed. Yet there was a happy, holiday air about the business that may well serve as a lesson to our sober fishermen of the North.

There is no finer weather for salt water fishing than Porto Rico's in the dry season. Of course a drenching squall blows in from the sea now and then, but fine weather is the rule. And when fine, it is perfect.

Fishing in Porto Rico is limited to salt water, for the reason that there seems to be no fresh-water game fish in the tropics. Those lovely rivers in the lower valleys, fed by the rain clouds of the high mountains, are lined with women washing clothes, spread on stones and bush to dry, instead of with fishermen whipping a line.

Anyway, we two northerners arrived at the worn stone boat-landing of San Juan just as the early sun was playing on the Spanish roofs and exposed stucco walls of the compact old town. The bay, which we faced, was placid and silvery. Not a breeze stirred the fronds of the cocoanuts which fringed the opposite shore.

While waiting, we found ourselves mildly interested in a somewhat greasy old workaday motor-launch, built like a tug moored nearby. Two swarthy men in cottons and barefoot were smoking cigarettes on the break of the cabin.

With a lazy and irregular splash of oars, an old whaleboat bore around an angle of the sea-wall, disclosing a half-dozen dark, keen-eyed men and youths in ragged and nondescript clothing and assorted hats, who looked like pirates, or at least like what Hollywood conceives to be of piratical aspect. They shipped oars and drifted in. There was a pile of fish net and cork floats in the bottom of the boat.

At last, loud joyous blasts of the auto-horn announced our Porto Rican contingent of two.

"They are ready for us," said Don Luís, our host, leading the way down the stone steps to the launch.

Just as the engineer turned over the fly-wheel, the crew

of the whaleboat tossed a line to our deckhand, who made it fast to the towing bitts.

"Why are we towing that boat?" we guests asked.

"Ah, you will see," said our host, with a curious smile, which was repeated by his companion, Don Manolo, locally famous as a duck hunter.

The launch, with her stern toward the bay's mouth, chugged and sputtered steadily along. We followed the narrow peninsula on which the city is built, down toward the shallow lower reaches of the bay, which edges off into flats of smelly blue mud, covered with the thick jade foliage of the mangrove.

With the town behind, the creek followed an ever narrowing course. It was an easy jump to either bank. But to jump meant landing in blue-black mire. There was nothing but mud and mangroves.

In the mud between the roots, and sometimes in the low crotches, mud crabs squatted motionless as stones.

A great crane rose ahead, other birds were disturbed in their silent hunt for fish or frogs, birds with long legs for wading and long sharp spears of bills.

We were now remote from man, and the hot sun and warm caressing air invited us to take off excess clothes and make ourselves comfortable. We might dress as we pleased, lie where we pleased, talk, smoke and watch the wild life.

Moreover, the water was clearing. It no longer looked like cafeteria coffee. The air smelt fresh and clean, and it was glorious to be alive.

With little warning, the creek now opened upon a large, roundish lagoon. Suddenly Don Manolo jumped excitedly to his feet.

"Ay, los patos! See them—thousands of ducks—and me without my gun!"

And Don Manolo shook his head with the air of one who had been grievously cheated.

We had soon to pass into another creek, which was fenced off, with a gate in the fences. This was a fish trap, and the fish-trappers lived in a thatched hut over the water. A man with bare brown legs poled out in a skiff and unfastened the gate for us.

The upper creek was clearer and cleaner, and wild life seemed more abundant. And so on until we entered the next lagoon, curving up against the coast, fed directly from a narrow break in the beach, where rolls the blue Atlantic.

As we drew near the opposite shore, the deckhand cast off the tow-line of the whaleboat, whose piratical-looking but wholly good-natured crew manned the sweeps and turned their nose toward a cove.

"Where are we going to fish?" I asked Don Luís, not a little concerned.

He laughed. So did Manolo.

The launch sputtered on. We could see the men in the whaleboat climb out with trousers rolled to the hips, wading in the shallows and spreading their net.

"What do we do?" I asked again.

"We have a good time," answered Don Luís.

By this I saw the laugh was on me, and turned my thoughts to some very Hawaiian-looking grass huts on the stony bank in a cocoanut grove. They were Hawaiian huts in fact, for it seems that a movie company came all the way from Hollywood, bringing some Hawaiians with them, to produce a play in the mythical region of the South Seas that Never Were.

We made fast to a venturesome cocoanut and swung round in the current which raced in clean and swift from the sea through the break in the coast, for the tide was in the flood. It was a charming scene, those grass huts under the cocos. And the water looked inviting.

Our Porto Rican friends remained on the launch, looking tolerantly upon us two unabashed continentals, swimming in our bare skins and splashing about in frank enjoyment. Yet a suspicion crept into my mind that gentlemen do not bathe in their skins in Porto Rico.

The swim over, the old launch churned heavily for the intake from the sea.

More fish fences. Then on, until we ran our nose upon the sand and jumped to the shore.

The narrow split between the lagoon and the ocean, where the surf ran gently up and down the smooth slope of hard-packed sand, was well peopled with picnickers.

They had come from San Juan. They belonged to the upper classes, and enjoyed themselves in the way of Porto Rico. Such parties, old Goya once painted. Sounds of chatter, songs and guitar music came to us, expressive of the charm of Spanish life and the native capacity for enjoyment of simple pleasures.

Our hosts disappeared at this moment but soon called us over to a palm-thatched hut, where an old crone handed us plates of fried chicken and potatoes. How Don Luís got word on that isolated reef to a lonely old woman who perhaps could not read, was one of those mysteries that are always puzzling the stranger in Porto Rico.

Somewhere out in the lagoon, a gang of industrious fishermen were wading bare-legged in the water, pulling a net. But we should worry, as we lay under the grateful shadows of the palms, fanned by the refreshing trades, watching the sea sparkle in the sun *(Continued on page 59)*

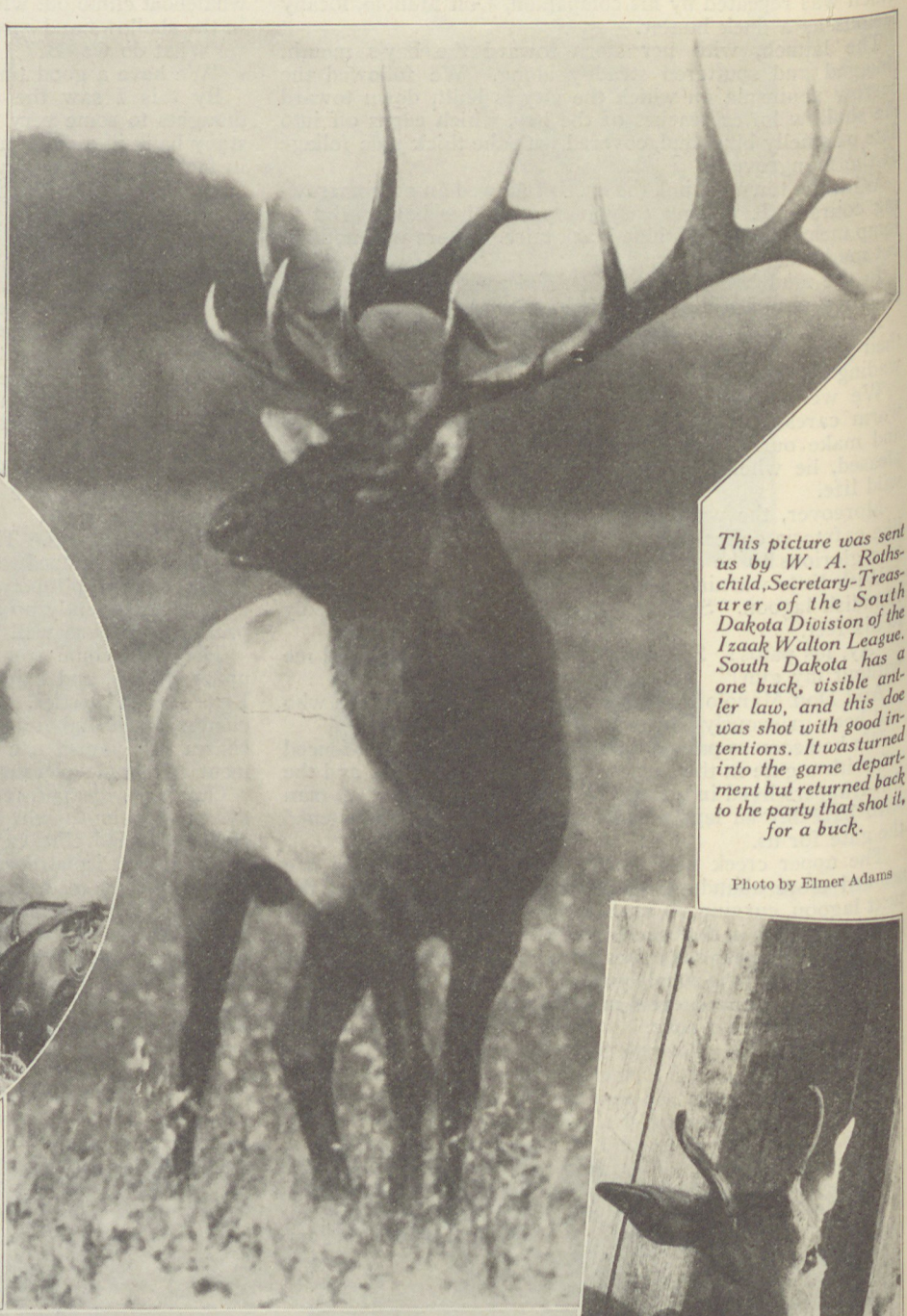
Porto Rico's rivers attract clothes washers rather than anglers.

Red Squirrel. Small but thoroughly self sufficient.

Photos by Bert Brown

A magnificent specimen of elk.

Buffalo National Park.



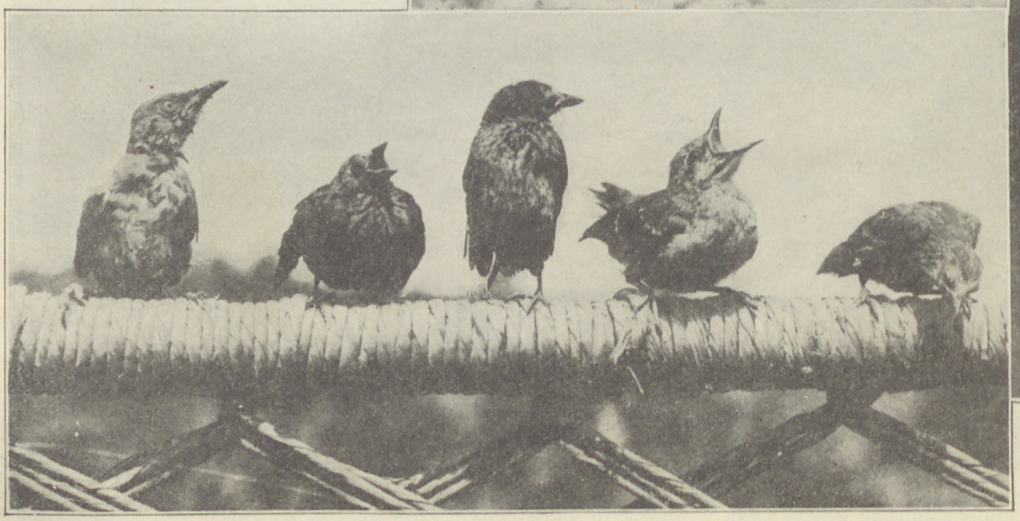
This picture was sent us by W. A. Rothschild, Secretary-Treasurer of the South Dakota Division of the Izaak Walton League. South Dakota has a one buck, visible antler law, and this doe was shot with good intentions. It was turned into the game department but returned back to the party that shot it, for a buck.

Photo by Elmer Adams

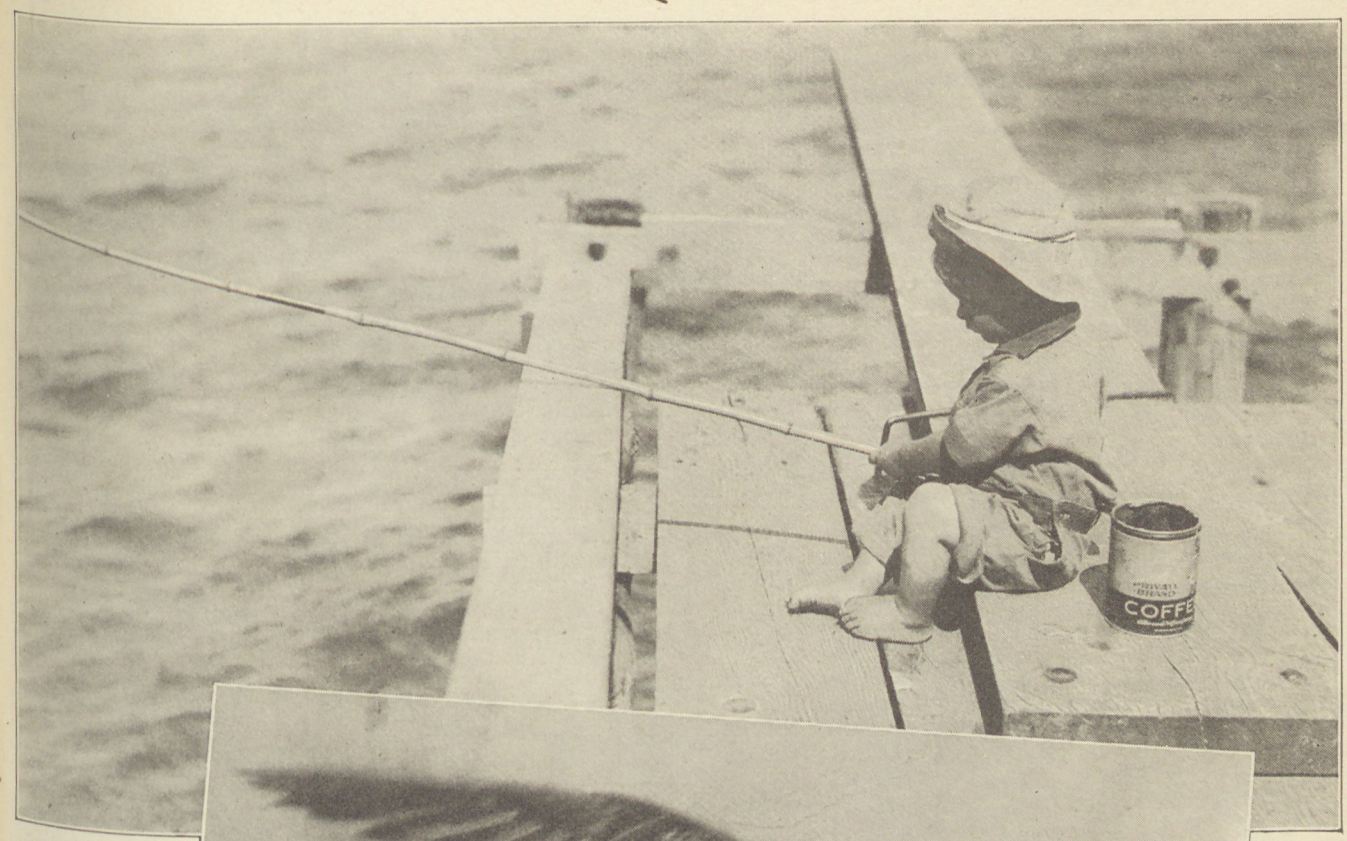
The Young West.

Mocking birds, ventriloquists of birdland.

Photo by J. Joseph Miller



When is a doe not a doe?

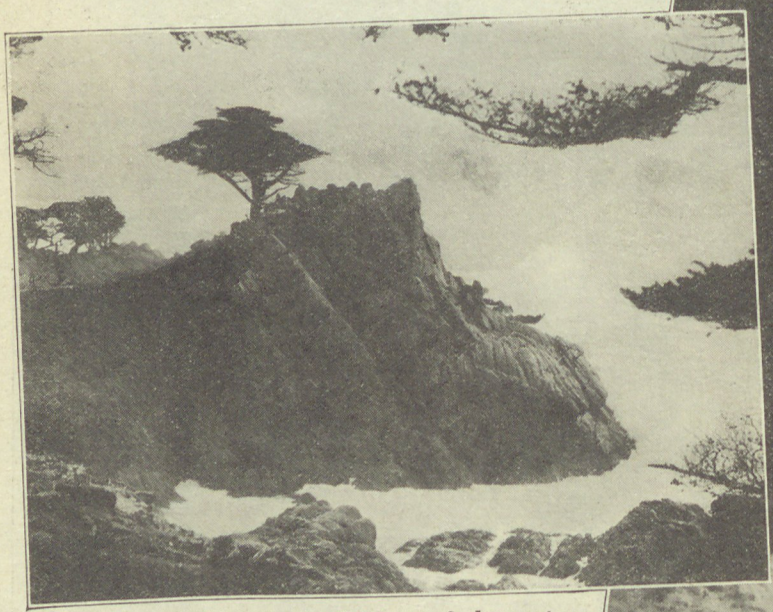


(Above) *Already indulging in the Contemplative Man's Recreation.*

Sea gull in flight over LakeMichigan. Photograph by J. Joseph Miller.

"It's funny our legs wobble so."

The bear flower, sacred plant of the Indians, on the slopes of the Rockies in Glacier National Park. Photograph by Hoke Smith.



One of the loveliest views in California, looking out over the Pacific from Midway Point, Monterey County. Photograph by J. Joseph Miller.

The Snowshoer. Photograph by Bert Brown.

The arch murderess of the game preserves is doomed to die by Superintendent Eakin of Glacier National Park. Photograph by Hoke Smith.

(At right) "Oh look, lions and tigers!" Photograph by George High.

(Below) "When dear meets deer" in beautiful Gallatin Canyon on the new Gallatin Way to Yellowstone Park. Photograph by J. Joseph Miller.

EDITORIAL

Another Victory

OUTDOOR AMERICA has always deplored the unsightly mess presented by the shores of many of our large irrigation and hydro-electric reservoirs. Water levels were raised and thousands of acres of timberland were flooded without regard for the appearance of the shores. Most of them were repulsive eyesores.

Our own government has been one of the worst offenders. When the government's officials had no regard for scenic values, how could we expect private corporations to have any? If anybody should set the pace, the government should do it.

An appreciation of scenic values gradually has been developed throughout America. A few states have, through their agency issuing permits for water impounding projects, made clean cutting of all timber to the flowage line a prerequisite before the licensees could operate. Our own government went along blindly, allowing the holders of permits to use their own judgment, and doing nothing to clean up unsightly shore lines with tree skeletons on its own projects.

* * *

Finally Secretary Wilbur came into the picture. He has an eye for beauty, and when he saw the shores of otherwise beautiful Jackson Lake, a federal reclamation project lying just south of Yellowstone Park, he not only issued orders that these shores shall be cleaned up as quickly as possible, but that every other federal project shall be treated in the same way.

But the Secretary did not stop there. In a recent Washington conference with a group of representatives from conservation organizations, including the Walton League's Conservation Director, the Secretary stated emphatically that in the future he, as a member of the Federal Power Commission, will not vote to approve any permits for power purposes "unless the applicant agrees to clean up the shores to the flowage line."

And After the Reduction?

LAST month OUTDOOR AMERICA, the only monthly magazine in the outdoor field to carry it, proudly announced the action of Secretary Hyde in reducing waterfowl bag limits, and for the first time in the history of migratory bird law administration, possession limits also were fixed so that the law may be enforced.

Sportsmen throughout the country generally endorse these new regulations. The possession limit feature was designed especially to stop the duck bootlegger who has consistently plied his nefarious trade practically unchecked. OUTDOOR AMERICA rejoices in the Secretary's action and congratulates him and his staff.

Other features of the waterfowl situation are being studied by government experts, and it is safe to predict that as rapidly as these studies are completed, or changing conditions warrant, additional safeguards will be added to assure the perpetuation of our migratory game birds. Our past history in game conservation is ample assurance that the new restrictions will never be removed. As our population increases and the shooting areas become more and more accessible, we must expect the inevitable. The only way to checkmate this tendency of the past is to materially intensify our productive program.

* * *

What now concerns OUTDOOR AMERICA most is not what else may be deemed necessary to save the birds, but what are the sportsmen going to do to bring into being promptly an extensive refuge system and an honest observance of the new regulations. We are deeply concerned also about what the states are going to do toward carrying their full share of the load.

Regulations which are not observed by the vast majority of the hunters are worse than no regulations at all. Restrictions not enforced are meaningless and destroy the whole machinery. With the present handful of federal game protectors, twenty-four for the entire United States, it behooves every sportsman and every state game department and its officers to make an honest effort to help secure observance of the regulations. In the past mighty few states have made a serious effort to this end unless it was found expedient to do so in order to bolster up laws protecting resident game.

* * *

If the sportsmen really want to help, and surely they do, they must at once use their best offices to secure from Congress enough money to maintain a reasonably adequate staff of federal game protectors. There has been no increase in the appropriations for this purpose since the migratory bird law became effective more than a decade ago.

But it is foolish for the sportsmen to place the entire burden upon the federal government! They must use their influence with their acquaintances and their respective state departments to obtain real, honest-to-goodness cooperation in the enforcement of these federal regulations. Tightening the regulations will never do it. Let us each do our share to stop the thieves who are stealing our legitimate sport.

Hey! When Does the Hero Arrive!

Courtesy Chicago Daily News

What's Happening in Conservation

By Seth E. Gordon
Conservation Director Izaak Walton League of America

A Monthly Resume of the Outstanding Conservation Events Throughout America

The American Eagle

THE campaign to prevent the extermination of the American eagle, the living model of our national emblem, has finally been carried to Congress by the introduction of bills in both the Senate and House. This bill has been sponsored by Senator Norbeck of South Dakota (S. 2908) and by Congressman Andresen of Minnesota (H. R. 7994).

The bill will provide heavy fines for killing a bald eagle "within the Continental United States, Alaska, Porto Rico or Hawaii." The bill exempts the killing of such birds when in the act of destroying wild or tame lambs or fawns, or foxes on fox farms, but this provision is scarcely necessary since the normal food of the bald eagle rarely includes these animals.

The bald eagle lives mostly on fishes of little value for angling or commercial purposes. Even the salmon taken by it in Alaska are mostly those fishes which have spawned and are dying. Surely no one will object to the small levy upon our vast natural resources by these magnificent birds for their food supply.

Some of the states now protect the eagle, but this nationwide protection will be most desirable so that the living model of our national emblem may be adequately protected. The bill is being vigorously supported by the National Committee on Wild-Life Legislation, a coordinating committee of national wild-life organizations and state conservation officials.

Refuge Areas Mapped

DURING most of the past year the U. S. Biological Survey has had three field parties engaged in determining the food resources and other details regarding the fitness of proposed migratory bird refuge sites under the Norbeck-Andresen Refuge Act passed in February, 1929. From June to the conclusion of the field season these three groups of investigators surveyed one hundred and fifty-four areas, totaling more than 1,500,000 acres.

Of the areas examined thirty-nine are in the eastern states, sixty-three in the middle states, and fifty-two in the western states. Investigations are now under way in the Atlantic and Gulf Coast States, and within a reasonably short time the government will have complete information available concerning the desirable areas throughout the entire United States.

As a result of these activities one area was examined on Lake Benton, Montana. This was formerly held as a unit in the Sun River Reclamation Project, and was about to be released when the investigations in Montana were undertaken. The area, containing over 12,000 acres, was found to be desirable for the purposes of the government as a water fowl refuge, and was immediately set aside for that purpose.

New Plan Works

THE recent appointment of Paul D. Kelleter to the position of Conservation Director for Wisconsin is outstanding proof that the Badger State's new plan of conservation administration is actually working as its sponsors, the Wisconsin Waltonians, had envisioned.

Before making the appointment, the Commission diligently searched the entire country to obtain the man best fitted by training, experience and temperament to assume the very important duty of chief administrative officer. This action should be an object lesson to all other states. It proves that Wisconsin's chief executive is too big to play politics with conservation affairs.

When the Wisconsin Commission was organized in 1927, Colonel Nagler became the first director. He continued in that capacity until his resignation early in 1929.

Paul D. Kelleter
Wisconsin's New Conservation Director.

The assistant director, Matt Patterson, and his staff associates, carried on in commendable fashion until a new leader was found. In the meantime the Commission established policies and cultivated public confidence and support in an excellent manner.

Mr. Kelleter assumes his new duties with a background that assures success. He has had a broad experience with the United States Forest Service. In 1925 he became Director of Forest Extension work of New York State College of Forestry, during which period he also acted as a lecturer in the high schools of New York City on the development and protection of natural resources. In 1929 he was made Administrative Assistant to the Federal Farm Board, which position he resigned to take up his new duties in Wisconsin.

The method of building up a strong administrative organization in Wisconsin stands out in sharp contrast to practices in many states, especially the recent turnover in Louisiana, a state with a commissioner in sole charge who is subservient to the dictates of the Governor. In that case an effort of the chief executive to oust the head of the department resulted in a long fight. Ultimately the Governor triumphed, and the entire staff was removed. We hold no brief for either the ousted commissioner or the new incumbent, but we strongly question the wisdom of discharging every employe of the department regardless of training, fitness or experience. No business can hope to succeed with such radical turnovers in personnel.

An evidence of Wisconsin's progress is a special article in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA by Mr. Grange, one of the Bureau heads in the Department.

Elk Commission

THE story of the elk herds in Wyoming is well known, but for the information of those who are not conversant with it the following facts will be of interest:

The U. S. Biological Survey hay ranch of about two thousand acres was established near the town of Jackson in 1912. The Izaak Walton League, learning in 1924 that more hay land was needed to keep the southern herd which winters in Jackson Hole from starving, raised $40,000 and purchased 2,000 acres of hay land north of the government refuge. This land was presented to the government in 1927.

This campaign for funds focused public attention upon the status of the Wyoming elk as never before. It was generally recognized that there was need for more hay land for biological studies and for better coordination of efforts for both the northern and southern Yellowstone herds. In 1927 the President's Conference on Outdoor Recreation appointed a special commission to study the situation and take steps to remedy conditions.

Recommendations Bring Results

AT a meeting of the Commission held in Washington during February, 1928, the entire situation was carefully studied. It was recommended that the southern herd be maintained at about 20,000 animals; that the efforts of local, state and federal agencies be better coordinated; that a biological study be made of the food habits, diseases, and natural enemies; and that the government purchase about 9,000 acres of hay lands to connect the original government ranch and the Walton League lands, also to make such purchases to the northward to assure free, unimpeded passage from the summer range to the winter feed grounds.

To carry out the land purchase program an appropriation of $275,000 was recommended. In the meantime friends of the

northern Yellowstone herd started a movement which resulted in an appropriation of $150,000 to be matched by private contributions. The Budget Director, feeling that friends of the southern herd should come forward in like manner, caused the southern purchase program to be temporarily deferred to await developments.

Recent Meeting Continues Program

A SECOND meeting of the Elk Commission in Washington during December, 1929, developed the fact that all of the Commission's recommendations except the land purchase program had been adopted, and that biological studies have developed much invaluable information. The results obtained from the coordinated feeding and administrative program of the various agencies were most encouraging.

The Commission commended the progress made, and reaffirmed its original recommendation concerning land purchases, also recommended steps to bring about a study of the land, game and recreational questions in that area.

The Commission at this time consists of Seth Gordon, representing the Izaak Walton League, Chairman; W. C. Deloney, Jackson, representing the Governor of Wyoming; Robert E. Miller, representing residents of Jackson Hole, Jackson, Wyoming; J. T. Scott, President, Wyoming Game Commission; Irving H. Larom, Valley, Wyoming, representing the Dude Ranchers' Association; O. H. Van Norden, New York City, representing the Camp Fire Club of America; Kermit Roosevelt, New York City, representing the American Game Protective Association; Dr. T. S. Palmer, Washington, D. C., representing the American Society of Mammalogists; E. A. Goldman, U. S. Biological Survey; C. E. Rackford, U. S. Forest Service; Horace M. Albright, National Park Service; F. S. Herbert, General Land Office; and Arthur Ringland, former Secretary of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation, Secretary.

Sportsmanship?

LAST fall four men were arrested by a Wyoming game protector for killing mountain sheep. The animals were killed out of season on a state game refuge in Jackson Hole. They were tried before a local magistrate where they gave fictitious names. The fine assessed was $50 each and costs, which they paid without a murmur, but when their licenses were confiscated their real identity was divulged and they were very much put out. The licenses had been issued to Jack Evers, Fred Stall, E. D. Young, and C. O. Horton, all of Green River, Wyoming.

The penalty was far too lenient! No doubt the confiscation of the licenses was by all odds the best penalty. They should have been denied the right to secure licenses for at least five years.

Another example of this same brand of sportsmanship (?) recently came to our attention. According to press reports, a prominent physician of Louisville, Kentucky, was arrested for having 575 bobwhite quail in his possession contrary to law. Think of it! More quail than the average hunter kills in his whole lifetime! For what purpose?

This case has not been disposed of finally, but it is hoped that a penalty in sufficient amount will be imposed to give this chap a lesson in sportsmanship and to teach him that market hunting and serving quail on toast commercially are no longer tolerated in this fair land. We need more real sportsmen and less sports!

Advisory Board Acts

THE Migratory Bird Advisory Board, an unpaid body composed of twenty-three conservation officials and leaders from various sections of the United States, met in Washington in December to consider the many problems confronting the Department of Agriculture in connection with the administration of the migratory bird law.

Very little has been heard of this board since it was organized over ten years ago. Many have wondered whether it was really functioning; some have considered the wisdom of abolishing the board because it is merely advisory and apparently not disposed to insist upon its recommendations being carried out. But throughout the years it has been a helpful agency. Its power, properly wielded, is worth far more than the traveling expense bill of its members.

At the December meeting the Board heard the report of the Chief of the Biological Survey covering the investigations made by him and his staff during the year. The Board also heard those who wished to appear with recommendations for changes in the shooting regulations.

Various state game officials and representatives of conservation organizations appeared to urge bag limit reductions, regulations governing possession and transportation of waterfowl, baiting restrictions, and various other methods to better protect the migratory game birds and bring about more uniformity in regulations, both state and federal. The Izaak Walton League was among the organizations represented, and its representative vigorously urged the Board to recommend further protection for ducks and geese.

Westerners Contradict Each Other

SEVERAL of those appearing strongly opposed any changes in the regulations, taking the position that any reduction in bag limits would not actually reduce the kill because too many hunters ignore them and that there are not enough federal game protectors to stop the duck bootleggers, much less cause the average shooter to respect the law.

The most incongruous situation of all was the appearance of two representatives from California. One urged further protection for the ducks, the other, an attorney representing duck clubs, stated that any attempt to reduce the bag limit would not save ducks and would cause the duck clubs, which he claimed were decidedly beneficial, to disband. The pleas of these two were so diametrically opposed that their statements pro and con often conveyed an impression that personalities rather than ducks were at stake.

While no public announcement of the Board's recommendations was made, it is understood that its unanimous recommendation for a lower bag limit and a possession limit to stop duck bootlegging impelled the Secretary of Agriculture to take the prompt action which has already been announced in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

Water Campaign Progresses

THE nationwide campaign for clean streams, lakes and shores is making slow but sure progress. More has been accomplished during the past five years than at any time during the last half century. This is due largely to the campaign led by the Izaak Walton League.

As a result of this effort one state after another has revamped its laws and enlarged its facilities to handle this work efficiently. A good example is the recent progress in Illinois. During the last session of the Legislature, Illinois established a Sanitary Water Board with definite duties and powers relative to pollution prevention and abatement. This plan gives promise of better and more efficient results than have been possible heretofore.

The new Illinois law brings together into one legal body the directors of the departments that have a definite interest in stream sanitation, and provides clearer, more definite and effective authority than was given to any single department previously.

Departmental Efforts Coordinated

THE Illinois board is composed of the Directors of the Departments of Health, Conservation, Agriculture, and Purchases and Construction (this department handling waterways) and a fifth member to represent manufacturing interests. No sewerage installation serving property containing fifteen or more persons, including installations handling industrial wastes, can be made without a permit from the Board. The Board makes investigations of complaints of pollution and takes steps to secure abatement. The Attorney General is authorized to act with the Board whenever necessary to obtain compliance with its orders.

To aid in these studies, a fully equipped mobile water and sewage laboratory, similar to like equipment used in several other states, has been purchased. Last summer this laboratory was used on a de-

(Continued on page 47)

Health Department officials in charge of Illinois' new mobile water and sewage laboratory.

Some of the Pleasant Things

(Continued from page 10)

The flesh of the black bass is solid, netted with fine dark veins, and very delicate. The camper does not bother with baking or boiling his black bass. His work is done with the frying-pan. And his formula for preparing a savory mess runs like this: Scale and wash the fish before cooking; don't skin it. Cut off the fins and head, cut down the back clear to the backbone. Open the fish, remove the viscera, wash and clean, then put a plentiful supply of salt and pepper on the inside. Roll in cracker crumbs or cornmeal. Put enough butter, lard, or bacon-grease in the pan nearly to cover the fish. Heat the grease to the smoking point and, if the fish is not too large, put it in whole, with the skin on. If it is too large, cut it in half, not down the back but crosswise. Hold the out ends in the grease for about half a minute until they are seared. Fry one side, and then turn and fry until the fish is brown. You can tell when it is done by the feel. During the whole process, keep in mind the retaining of the juices. Fish should be cooked through, thoroughly done, with no suspicion of rareness about them. After cooking, you can remove the flesh from the bones by running a fork down the side of the backbone. It will come away easily. Don't destroy the natural flavor of the bass with artificial condiments. Leave sauces and the condiments at home with your business worries and dress suit.

When in a hurry, guides make incisions down the back and belly of the fish, then take a small pair of clippers so that they can get a tight hold of the skin, and with two jerks, one on each side, flay it. This is done quickly, and some people prefer it; but the scaled fish, with the skin on it, retains the flavor and juices.

A standard noon-day camp meal consists usually of fish, coffee, French toast, or flapjacks, potatoes boiled or fried, and canned tomatoes.

The "Kid" recommends the following: For utensils she urges the long-handled steel frying-pan for a wood fire, but will quickly compromise on a short handle if a folding grid or a gasoline camp cook is supplied. We now have a compact charcoal burner, which is fired with charcoal briquettes—a by-product of two of our great American factories. I think it is better than anything else, and is just as cheap.

Frogs:—It is no trouble to cook frogs. Skin and dress them, then add salt and and pepper. Some like a drop of vinegar or lemon juice. Prepare for the frying-pan and cook in the same manner as fish. Only a little time is needed for the cooking of frogs, but, like fish, they should be thoroughly done.

Tomatoes:—To a can of tomatoes add some bread broken into small pieces and one onion, cut up; then season with salt, pepper, and two teaspoonfuls of sugar. Put this in a skillet and let it cook just as long as your hunger permits.

Potatoes:—Everyone knows how to boil and fry them, and the other modes of preparing them could not be adopted.

French Toast:—French toast is easily made. Slice white bread in pieces of half-inch thickness. Dip these thoroughly in egg-whites and yolks beaten together, and fry in butter. Serve with syrup or jam.

Flapjacks:—To two level cups of pancake flour, which is already prepared, add two cups of milk or water. Stir this batter until smooth. Bake on a hot greased skillet until the surface of the flapjack is covered with bubbles. Then turn and bake on the other side. Very simple: very good!

The directions just given for mixing and baking do not cover one part of the process—and one requiring some dexterity. It will add to your wrist exercises. When bubbles appear on the flapjack, as aforesaid, and you are sure that the side next to the pan has not stuck, give it a slight flop, just to get the right motion, the proper swing. Then flip it boldly in the air causing it to turn a somersault, and catch it. Then you are ready for the finish!

This feat calls for courage as well as deftness. If three men or one woman be looking at you during the performance, their appetites whetted, and you don't land it on the recoil, beware of unfavorable comments and some criticism. Better leave it to the guide, or practice secretly, till you're expert. It is a real art, and a fine one.

Maple syrup is best; old-fashioned molasses will do; but if there is a jar of preserved cherries or damson plums in the basket, either of them, with a cup of coffee, is a luscious accompaniment of the flapjack. This combination is a complete meal in itself.

I have often wondered whether the appellation "flapper," applied to the modern girl with bobbed hair and short skirt, came from the "big outdoors" and had any connection with the art of somersaulting a half-baked cake in a frying-pan!

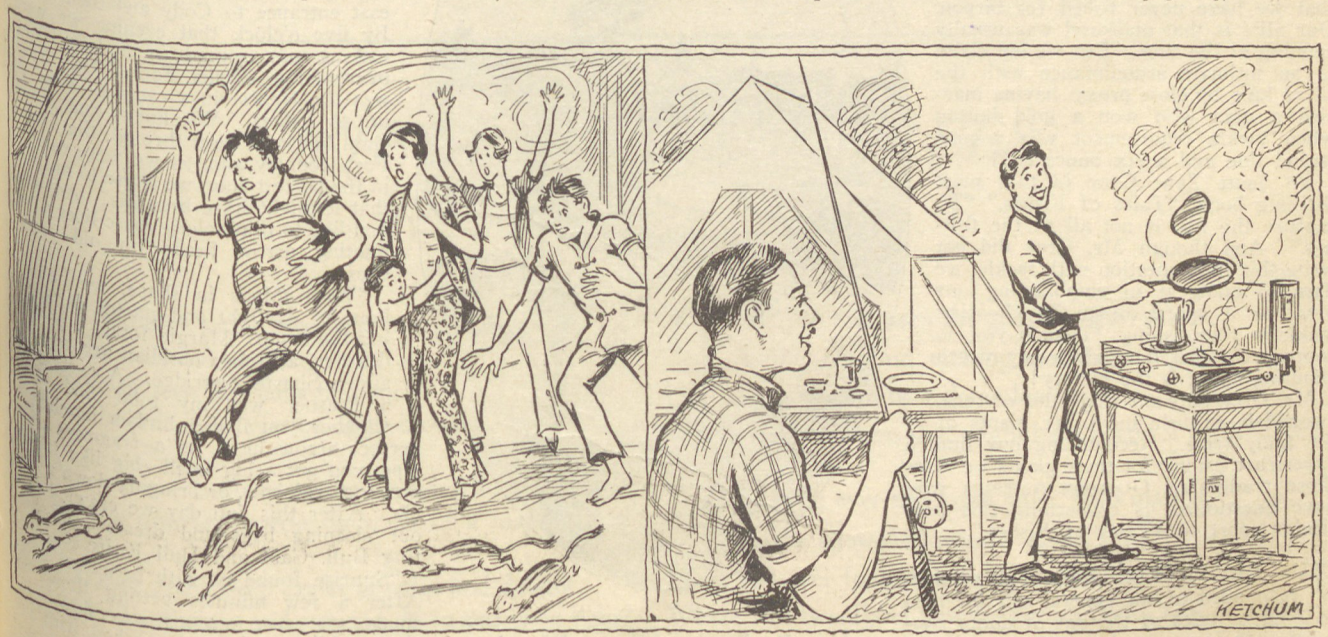
Bring your own coffee with you, freshly ground, and insist that the camp cook follow your directions in preparing it. Be sure to take some cans of corned beef hash, which, in addition to meat, contains potatoes and onions, two salutary vegetables. In the event of hurry or emergency a supply of this hash will be found very convenient. Canned tomatoes are healthful, whether eaten raw or stewed. The canned juice is now served in leading hotels, but I think their refreshing and healthful qualities were first discovered by fishermen and their guides.

If in the "roasting ear" season, Fate—and fish—lead your party past a cornfield, there doubtless will be one member who cannot resist the temptation to appropriate a dozen ears or so. Obviously this is all wrong, but if the malefactor nevertheless persists you should know what to do with them, since it would be wanton waste to throw them away. I not only cannot palliate but must reprehend any and every form of larceny, but I propose the following recipe even though it be followed in the cooking of stolen roasting ears: Put them in boiling salted water, boil at least thirty minutes, and in dispensing them, reserve the small, neatly grained, succulent cobs for yourself and apportion the big "horse" corn to your friends. If you are dissatisfied with my formula, consult Mr. Oscar's Waldorf Astoria recipe book. Then add baked beans.

There is no reason why you should not pay for the corn you take from the farmer's acres.

Crawfish:—If you have a permanent camp, the following will afford entertainment, wholesome eating, and some fun: Put crawfish in a large container such as a wash-tub or bucket. Sprinkle them liberally with salt, then cover with water, stirring constantly around the edge of the vessel so as not to bruise the crawfish. A large wooden spoon is best for the stirring. Repeat the washing process, but without salt, until they are thoroughly cleansed.

(Continued on page 65)



WOMEN— *Out of Doors*

Edited by *Betty Benton Patterson*

THOUGH fish and game laws vary in sections of the United States, March is considered rather a between-season month for fishing and shooting.

Salt water fishing is an exception, being at its best in many Southern waters. The Gulf of Mexico, the shores of California and Mexico and the protected bays, draw numerous devotees during this month of the winds.

Mackerel may be running and we contend that the thrill of landing these slim fish is far greater when using a stout casting rod, or even a cane pole with shrimp for bait, than the swift trolling in a motor boat with a white rag lure. Tarpon rise to the big mullet many months during the year, but August, an old boatman friend of ours, tells us that March is a good tarpon month. In this connection we regret to state that in many of the clubs where tarpon fishing is the attraction heavy tackle is being used almost exclusively.

Again quoting "August," "'Taint no more sport than pullin' a calf in on a rope." We venture the assertion that established tarpon champions will agree with "August."

There may be excellent reasons for using heavy tackle in tarpon fishing. If so, we would appreciate hearing them. We confess that in any sort of fishing our hobby is, give the fish a chance. Single hook and light line in fresh water bait casting means a fair fight and even this is slaughter when used out of season.

We have infuriated several proud friends who exhibit mounted tarpon by remarking casually, "Of course you used light tackle." Then they showed us a line strong enough to drag in a calf!

We have been reminded caustically that we have never fished for tarpon. Our alibi is that mackerel was usually running at the time. But we lay claim to an intimate acquaintance with the silver king by close proxy, having married a man who won a gold button when tackle requirement was a nine strand line and a six ounce rod!

To quote Zane Grey in that most thrilling book, "Tales of Fishes," "To capture the fish is not all of the fishing." And though Mr. Grey did not write this in connection with tackle, we dare to quote it in emphasizing our plea, be a sportswoman in choosing tackle in your fishing. Then if you do capture the fish how gloriously worth shouting about is the victory!

Mr. Grey tells amazing tales of tuna, swordfish, sailfish and other giants of the finny tribe. Recognizing our limited experience fishing for these giants we refer those readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA who have questioned us concerning this particular sport to "Tales of Fishes."

JIM BROWNE of Casper, Wyoming, responded to our general call for men to send us tales of the out of doors concerning their wives, daughters or friends.

IT is my most earnest desire to enlist the help of all the women readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA in editing this department.

Send me short accounts of your outdoor hobbies and experiences, whether your hobby be hiking, boating, archery or swimming; whether your experiences be with big fish or little, with big game or small.

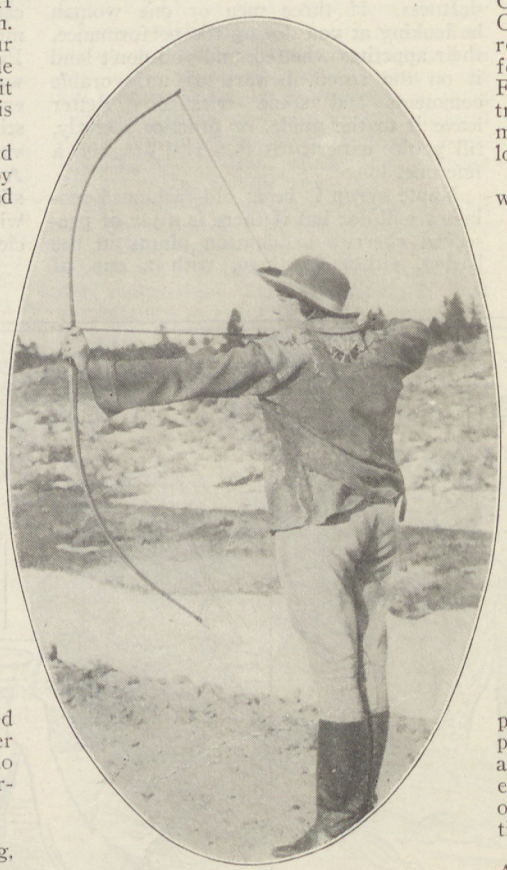
Women engage and excel in practically every phase of outdoor sports and each one's attitude and reaction to her favorite sport is interesting and encouraging to others.

By typewriter, pen or pencil, let me hear from you women who love the outdoors.

—B. B. P.

Mr. Browne accompanied his story of "Hunting Arrow Heads" with a charming picture of Mrs. Browne.

All women readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA should applaud Mrs. Browne's feat of inflating her own air mattress. Especially those who have attempted this feat and failed!



Mrs. Jim Browne of Casper, Wyoming.

The bow and arrow in Mrs. Browne's steady grip inspires us to request women and clubs of women interested in archery, to write us of their experiences. The fun from this sport, the benefits and all that. Interest in archery has grown considerably in this country, especially among women.

Here is Jim Browne's story. "Margie is my wife and pal. She fishes with a handmade rod and a tapered line, and knows where to find the 'best ones.' She also knows her 20-gauge pump gun and her .270 rifle. She shoots a bow and arrow and what I mean—she shoots 'em! She had a splendid rod built for me this Christmas. (Dusty Waters, please note.) She dances, plays bridge, has her hair marcelled, speaks fluently to a flat tire—but up to this last autumn she had never experienced the particular thrill of finding a perfect arrow head.

"We spent three weeks this fall fishing the Sun, Big Hole and Madison Rivers. I had found arrow points or heads in most of the western states, including some beautiful specimens picked up in cliff houses along the San Juan River, the White Canyon and Clay Hills country in Utah. O. J. Salso, of Red Lodge, Montana, a recognized collector and student of Indian folk lore, had told me that at the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone were numerous traces of old Indian camps. He had found many interesting specimens on trips to this locality.

"And here we were on the Madison. We would hunt arrow heads where Mr. Salso had found them. We made an early morning start on a pleasant trip through Yellowstone Park. Out the east entrance to Cody and then north. By five o'clock that evening we were making our spread in a lodge ring overlooking Clarks Fork. Our 'ring' was the largest in a camp of some 20 or 30 lodges. We knew that Chief Gaul had once been through the Clarks Fork country and, as we were camped in the largest ring, we chose to imagine that it might have been his! Anyway, you like to think along these lines when hunting arrow heads on old campsites.

"With things in shape, we had an hour of daylight and started in working the camp. Margie found a perfect fleasher, a broken obsidian arrow point and a Sharps cartridge. A portion of a fleasher was my total find. But whether you find a broken fleasher, a perfect arrow head, or a fragment of a pipe, you get a big thrill—big like taking a 20-inch rainbow, or bringing down a bull elk. After this full day we crawled into our sleeping bags and dreamed of Sitting Bull, Gaul and Dull Knife.

"Sunrise found us with breakfast over. After a few minutes getting things in shape, we were on our way down the river. All morning we worked with in-

(Below) Mrs. Sophia B. Posvic of Cicero, Ill. with 4½ lb. bass.

Each member of the family, large or small, has his own camp duties to perform.

different success. In the afternoon we came around a sharp bend in the river and on the far side espied a clump of small cottonwoods and high sage brush. This looked like a good location for a winter camp, so we waded the river. Sure enough in the sage brush we found several old campfires and the ground around was covered with small bones. The 'Pardner' picked up a large fleasher and a needle, both perfect. I found two small but perfect fleashers and a spear head with a broken barb. Most of the afternoon was gone, and I was for calling it a day. But not Margie. She insisted on working a circle back to our spread with the idea of locating some promising camps for the next day's hunting.

"She was soon ahead, three or four hundred yards, and called me—all excited. I knew she'd found something, a rattlesnake, if not an arrow head.

"When I came up there she was holding out a perfect arrow head! And she had found it in some old bleached bones of a buffalo, which we identified by the skull. The chances are good that Margie's find had tipped the arrow that had killed the animal.

"Neither she nor I can tell you the thrill of such a find. You will never know until you find your first perfect arrow head.

"We calmed down enough back in camp to fish a riffle below the spread, and it wasn't long before we creeled a couple of 12-inch rainbows. Next morning we headed for Casper to look over the pump guns and decoys. Something in the air told us it was 'about that time!'"

MRS. SOPHIA B. POSVIC of Cicero, Illinois, is another mother who refuses to be denied camping and out of door sports because of the supposedly deterrent possession of two children.

Mrs. Posvic writes that she has never stayed at home, or left her children when her husband fared forth on a camping-fishing jaunt. "We have always taken them along. Even when they were too small to take care of themselves I would make them comfortable on a blanket in the bottom of a small boat, at my knees, and there I would still fish.

"Since they are older we all enjoy casting, my husband, Virginia, who is now thirteen, and Harvey, who is eight.

"We all love going out of doors on these trips. We live in a tent, and I see to it that our meals are well balanced and tempting. No chance of that 'camp - indigestion' that many complain of after such a trip.

"Late last September we camped on Silver Lake, Wisconsin. Even when the weather was cold and rainy we stuck to our fishing. And I disappointed the croakers who had thought me silly to cast a line in such weather, taking a four and one-half pound large mouth black bass of which I am sending you the picture.

"My husband or my 'fishing partner' and I are growing quite expert in mounting the heads of our largest and most unusual fish.

"Each of us has his tasks in camp which makes it easy all around. Then, too, the incentive of getting to our fishing makes us eager to put the camp in order, plan and start our meals and be off with our rods and reels.

"I am sending you a picture of one of our camps, by the Black River, at Roaring Creek, Melrose, Wisconsin, this time. All of us but Harvey are shown doing our camp tasks. But let me assure you that the youngster does his part, and is a first rate camper and fisherman.

"Mr. Posvic is a member of the Izaak Walton League Chapter, Cicero, Illinois. You may be sure that the three others in this family are also enthusiastic 'Waltonians' and talk and work for the splendid things that the League stands for."

MESSAGES FROM TREES

BY MARY SLEEZER WHITE

HAVE you ever with a tree held tryst,
In the early morning's dew and mist?
Have you ever seen the sun's first rays
Burst in brilliance between apple-blossom sprays?

HAVE you ever scurried in the noonday heat
To the nearest, dearest darkness of a maple's cool retreat?
Have you ever drank deep drafts of color and delight,
From the brilliant wings and swaying green and azure light?

HAVE you ever seen the ghastly aspen shiver,
As the mingling, melting moonbeams quiver,
Did it ever seem to be a dreamland tree,
Where waved dreams that might have been for you and me?

HAVE you ever fled from cities' wild alarms,
To the snow-clad wood's strong arms?
Have you ever found God's peace out there,
Where His woodland temples banish doubt and care?

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH, *Angling Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

These are the days when Miss Pussy Willow arches her furry back to the caress of the South Wind, all but purring. Oh, the joy and satisfaction this first "flower" brings to the angler, earnest of wonderful days just around the corner.

Set Your Tackle-House in Order

IT is when March blizzards rage, piling the white snow in huge, fantastic drifts, and between storms, the yellow sun shines gloriously, that your dyed-in-the-wool angler's thoughts turn to fishing. It is now that "the old spring fret comes over you," your fingers itch and you thumb your file of old outdoor magazines eagerly. Well for you if you have a file of outdoor magazines, magazines with a sufficiency of angling matter, as well as a shelf of carefully selected fishing books. Oh, these are great days, these days of ichthyic unrest and anticipation. Books help assuage that "old spring fret," but they alone are not enough to keep you from going crazy. Fortunately there is plenty for your fingers to busy themselves with, while your mind leaps into the future, catching such fish as never rose to fly, or came to landing-net. This, then, is not to be exactly an how-to article, though I shall endeavor to tell you what to do, rather it shall be merely a prescription to allay that most dire of all maladies, "the old spring fret."

There is much the angler can bend his fingers to, now, with the open season in the offing. (Never mind the beat of the wind-blown sleet against the window pane, it is only the last mad attack of old Winter.)

Probably there is no single article in the angler's equipment which requires the care, and alas seldom receives it, that the wood fly-rod does. So often letters come to me complaining that a split-bamboo has "disintegrated," "acquired a set," "broken at a ferrule," or something of the sort. Hard indeed is it to answer that the accident is largely the result of carelessness on the part of the owner, but such is the truth nevertheless. Now is the time to go over the fly-rods with minute care, and see that all is ship-shape and well with them. First see to it that no ferrule shows sign of looseness, for if water can seep in at the joints, the wood will rot and a smash inevitably result. Take off all loose ferrules and re-set them, using best ferrule cement. Look for pins in the base of the ferrules, and if you can't extract them, drive them in and pull the ferrule off over them.

The line-guides and windings must be looked to. Now, windings are practically indestructible if kept well varnished, something to remember. I know there is a tendency these days to do away with windings entirely, for they are of no value save looks, but to my way of thinking they add wonderfully to the appearance of a rod. I like 'em. Here is another thing, close windings will alter the action of a rod considerably. You can stiffen up a whippy rod by adding numerous windings. Just the same I must admit that their function is the same as that of the powder puff in the hands of the modern woman, though I can't help thinking the windings most successful. I have mentioned line-guides and look to them well. A frayed or worn guide should be removed at once for it will cut the line quickly and irreparably.

Recently a man complained of a poor tapered line, wore out in short order. I grinned to myself, for the story is a very old one. As he lived conveniently near I suggested that he bring his rod in some time. He was indignant. Like the negro who took the hands of his watch to the jeweler for repairs because there was nothing the matter with the works, so he was certain his rod was all right. He brought in his rod and I showed him a guide actually saw-toothed. His chagrin knew no bounds. He had been cursing the line maker in choice language, when carelessness on his own part was the real cause of his difficulty. By the way, the guide nearest the hand should be of unwearable material as should the tip-top. Look well to all guides and tip-tops.

All loose ferrules re-set, guides and tip-tops examined, frayed windings replaced, you are ready for varnishing. Now there is no job in all of the spring repairing that quite so appeals to me and I just don't know why at that. I always rub off the rod with a rag dipped in gasoline, or something of the sort so as to be sure and remove all dirt and hand-stains. The wood and windings should be clean before the varnish is applied. Select the best rod varnish and get it from some real honest-to-gosh tackle-house where they carry only the best. Select a warm day and a dust-less room for the work. Be sure there are no floating particles of dust in the air. This is important if you are to secure a smooth surface. Varnish carefully, spreading out the liquid well. Don't hurry and don't slight the work. You will require a room with plenty of light, don't forget that. After finishing the job, hang up the sections to dry and let them dry thoroughly, two weeks in a warm room is none too long. That is one of the reasons why taking time by the foretop is so important, you do not have to hurry. Apply a second coat if necessary. How the old rods will blush and flush with joy under the treatment. Time enough too to assemble the rods, suspending from the tip-tops, with a weight attached to the butts, will help

A Bait Fisher's Pandora Box.

You Fly Rod Fans: Take This Weber Lucky Offer

Meet "Whiskerbug" and Family —*Killingest of Lures*

Here is the one that's made history—the fly that lures the biggest browns, rainbows, salmon—that has brought new records with Small-mouth—that has taught skeptics that the BIGGEST Largemouth *will* hit the fly—*and how!* Pickerel? Yes! Muskies? Again, Yes! Weedless. Fish it in the best water—among snags, rushes and lilies. It's a riot for raising strikes and how it hooks and holds! Our own factory men's first choice; carries our 100% recommendation. 12 patterns, sizes 4, 2, 1/0.....60¢
With attached Nickel Spinner.....75¢.

Welcome, Brother "Whiskerakle"

A new version of the Whiskerbug (illustrated above). It is tied with more hackle to float higher but is not so weedless. Use it in more open or fast water. Size 4, 60¢. Sizes 2 and 1/0, 60¢.

Weber "Autograph" *Combination Wet or Dry Fly*

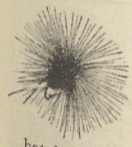
A typical Weber departure, now nation-wide in popularity and going bigger. Divided wing, hollow point hook, turned down eye or to gut. All patterns.
Sizes 4 to 12, doz.....$1.75
Sizes 14, 16 and 2..... 2.25

Weber True-to-Pattern Standard Flies, Tested Specialties Perfect Nature Imitations

Squirrel, Hair and Bucktail Flies
Nymph and Creeper Flies; Mayfly, Drake and Blackfly Imitations
High Visibility Dry Flies
Closed and Divided Wing Wet Flies
Streamer and Salmon Flies
"Henshall" and All Standard Bass Flies
Barbless Flies. Spinner Flies.

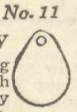
"Plugakle"

New hair-and-feather image of large wood lures yet airy light for Fly Rod. Use wet or on surface. White or fawn body, red or black head. 3½ in. with size 1/0 hook, also smaller sizes, each 75¢.



"Aklenat" Dry

No. 11

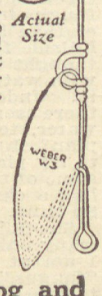


Actual Size

Fuzzy high-riding floater. Ostrich body, quickest fly to dry on backcast; stays up longest. Good with earliest hatches and all season. Best hollow point hook, eyed or to gut. 12 patterns, each 20¢.
Doz., $2.25.

Non-Fouling Gold Spinners

Superior construction. Brightest flash; sure-working, easiest pick-up. Won't cock the fly.
No. W3..... 50¢
Popular "Colorado" style, No. 11.....25¢



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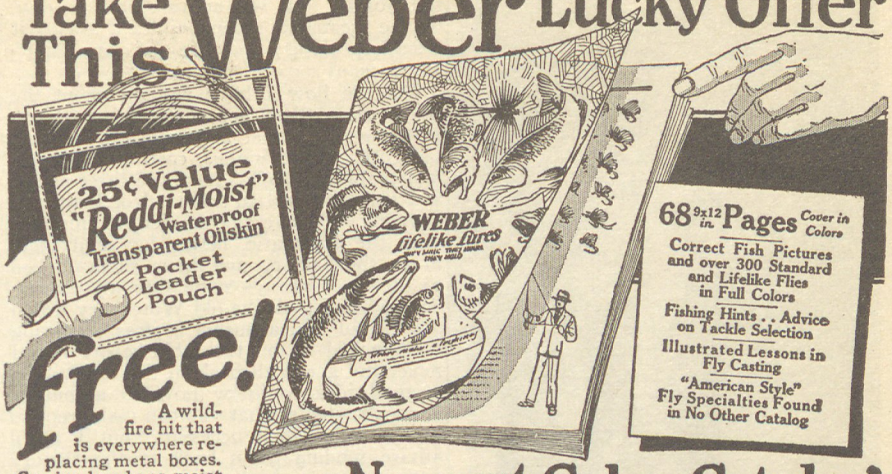
Yes—get the book. Every page is a sporting thrill. If you are not already a flycaster, begin! Get it out of your mind that it is difficult or not for your waters.

It is easier to learn than bait casting, and your nearest lakes or streams — even if considered "fished out" — will surprise you!

Don't put up with a makeshift outfit. Start *right* in the sport that lasts for life—is never out of the blood—that takes you everywhere.

Getting the book is your first milestone.

World's Largest in Fly Tackle



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A wild-fire hit that is everywhere replacing metal boxes. Carries leaders moist in pocket without leakage. A nifty that you'll welcome. Free with this Lucky Offer.

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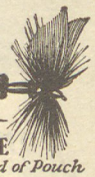
YOU must send 25¢ and dealer's name for this book showing Weber Tackle and Life-like lures. Besides all standard items, it features Fly Tackle specially studied out and tested for American fishing conditions and for ALL fresh water game fish as well as trout. Every page packed with practical suggestions. This offer is the sportseeker's biggest quarter's worth, for you get your 25¢ back TWICE! We credit you 25¢ on your first order of $1 or more from the book or from this ad, and send you at once your choice of either 25¢ item Free. Say which you want FREE—Pouch or Fly.

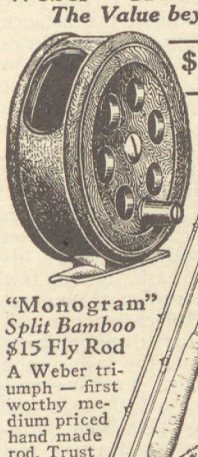


or 25¢ Fly FREE – *instead of Pouch*

Or Best of All, pin a dollar-bill or two, a five-dollar bill or check of any amount to Coupon below and get goods to that value plus Catalog and choice of one 25¢ item free at once.

Weber *"Henshall"* Fly Reel $5

The Value beyond Comparison at —5



No reel to equal this for value, service, satisfaction. Fit for a king. Beautiful brown-finish Bakelite. Extremely strong, very light. Bronze-bushed hub; oversize click, adjustable. Hardened guide-opening equals agate. Only successful universal model for ALL uses, lightest to heaviest fishing. 3¼" over all; holds 100 ft. C-line. Unmatchable value at $5.

"Monogram" *Split Bamboo* $15 Fly Rod

A Weber triumph — first worthy medium priced hand made rod. Trust it on our say so. 3-piece only 1 tip.

$15

Other Weber Rods $25 and $35

Foremost in Gut Leaders "Straintest" and "No-C-Um" (*Camouflaged*)

Greatest range and highest standards of test and selection. Quality only. Every size, length and variation—straight or tapered, for every fishing requirement. Example: "Straintest" brand, Level, 6-ft. Trout, 5-lb. Test, half dozen in Reddi-Moist Pouch, $2.25. Others, 3-ft., as low as 7¢ each.

Weber Fly Lines

Most satisfactory made Long-lasting. Soft, pliable, no kinks. Waterproofed under pressure, hand-finished. Level or double-tapered. Brown color. Example: 100 ft. level, size E, weight 1½ oz.....$ 4.00
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ROD, Reel, Line and Leaders, featured here, when *selected in proper relation to each other,* form the basic principle of the Weber Balanced Outfit for American Fly Fishing — easiest casting, most satisfactory. Get our willing help in shaping your outfit correctly from the ground up.

New Fly Rod Mouse

Feather-light, weedless, easy on rod. Bucktail, very light. Weedless. Natural color and size of young field mouse. Lifelike imitation that fools big trout or bass. Hook size 2 and 1/0, each 75¢.

"Aklebug" Fly Lure

Fuzzy, luscious, insect-like tempter with a killing record. High floater; alights softly; easy pickup. Sure luring and hooking. 12 patterns. Trout, 4 to 10, 60¢. Bass sizes, 65¢.

Improved Roll-up "Dres-a-line"

Most practical little fingerful you ever had. Roll-up grain-leather cover. Sheepwool pad better than felt. Improved line dressing compound, surpassing Old World secret formulas each ..... 50¢
Extra compound, 1½ oz. can..... 25¢

Patronize your local dealer. If he cannot supply you, we will.

The Weber Lifelike Fly Co.
Stevens Point, Wis.
Also Operating
PROST FISHING TACKLE CO. *(Est. 1896)* *and* KINNICKINNIC TACKLE CO.

"If Weber Makes It A Fish Takes It"

Coupon

Box 1830, Stevens Point, Wis.

Enclosed find 25¢ for Catalog (This 25¢ to be credited on any future purchase by me) and with Catalog send me your FREE item as follows:

☐ "Reddi-Moist" Leader Pouch or ☐ 25¢ Fly_____

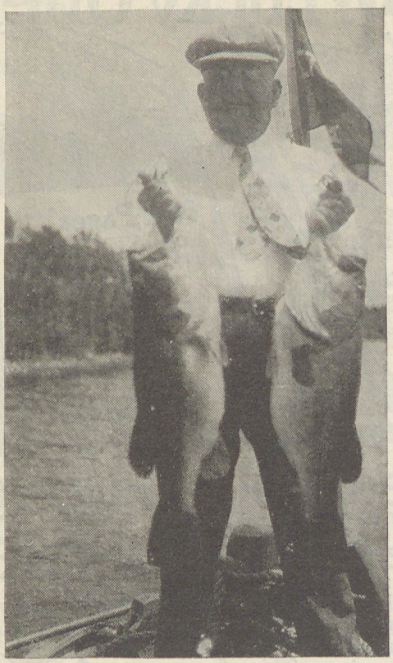
(Check which in square above. If you choose fly, use line above to name patterns, size, etc. or leave it to us.)

Or Enclosed find $1, $2, $5 or $..... for which send Catalog FREE and Leader Pouch FREE (or Fly FREE) and goods as follows:

(describe or let us select)

[Write description of goods wanted in space above, or attach separate list]

Sign Plainly and Correctly { Name_____
Address_____

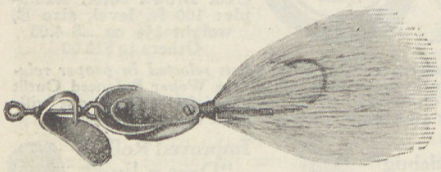


for Bigger and Better BASS

The Shimmy Wiggler

Mr. W. J. Wood of Columbus, Ga., writes enclosing the above picture:

"I have used your Foss Shimmy Wiggler for 12 or 14 years and consider it far above any bait on the market. The two bass shown in the photograph weighed 11½ pounds each. They were taken from the St. Johns River in Florida this Spring. Please forward the enclosed order for Shimmy Wigglers at once as we will go to Florida on the 16th and must have same."



Time certainly tells its tale in Mr. Wood's letter. This is the old reliable Shimmy Wiggler—as good today as when it first came out—proving that Bass appetite does not change—comes in ½ and ⅝ oz. sizes, brass or nickel finish, different colored streamers, $1.00.

Just a word of CAUTION: The SUCCESS of the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. You can tell who they are by their advertisements and can rebuke them by not using any of their products.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Al Foss Department No. E
2891 E. 79th St., Cleveland, Ohio

AL. FOSS PORK RIND BAITS

wonderfully in correcting slight warps in the joints. If we administered a dose of the treatment several times a season it would prolong the life of our split-bamboos.

But see how I have run on about the rods, when there are many other things just insisting upon attention. There are the reels, single-actions, casting and automatic, for most of us have the three styles, and some several of each. No, I am not advising the average angler to monkey with the automatic, better far send them in to the factory and have them looked to there. I always remember my experience when I took the old Waterbury watch apart, and had a bushel or less of spring all bunched up on the table before me: I never did get it all back in the case. It is a good idea to know how an automatic is constructed so that you can make repairs in the field when necessary, but I again advise sending them back to the factory for cleaning and adjustment.

The casting reels are not so complicated but should be handled carefully and with utmost respect. Be sure your screw-driver fits the screws, or you will "broom" the heads, rendering them most unsightly indeed. There is nothing which so detracts from the appearance of a reel as abrading the screw-heads, or scratching the metal parts carelessly. It is easily done. Take all the "innards" out and thoroughly clean before oiling and replacing. If you have a level-winder, better look to the line-drive mechanism, for the "pawls" do wear. The wonder is not that the pawls wear out, but that they wear so well. Now that you have time, count the number of times the line-guide crosses the reel in laying your line, say 150 feet, then estimate the distance it travels in a day's casting. It is good exercise and a new respect will be born in you for the modern reel. I take off my hat to reel-makers always. If the pawl shows signs of wear, better replace it, or if you doubt your ability to perform the operation, send the reel in to the factory, the cost will be under a dollar.

After the reel is in good shape, clean and bright inwardly, turn your attention to the exterior. Now raid your wife's silver-cleaning outfit, also ask for a few hints how to handle the stuff, and massage the faces of your faithful caster. It will blush with pleasure. This silver polishing is not adding something to the face of the reel, it is taking dirt away. I am continually surprised how much a little care will do for a reel. You may have been thinking that you would have to get a new reel for next season, but you will discover that the old one is good for many another season. A reel seldom wears out, but it often comes to the end of its usefulness because abused by its owner.

That is one reason why I urge purchasing a good reel, as expensive as one can afford, for the chances are that an expensive reel will receive better care than a medium priced or cheap one. 'Salways that way in life. You don't begrudge the noted man who comes to your chapter to talk a good fee, but the other fellow, though he may render just as worthwhile service, gets only his expenses. By the way, a low-priced reel, well cared for, will render better and more lasting service than an expensive one that is neglected. There are few poor reels on the market, there are low-priced ones, that is all.

Speaking of low-priced reels, by all means have at least one in your tackle-box, to use on a hard trip and to lend, if you must needs lend tackle. Though I have a fairish bit of tackle, I hate like the dickens to lend any. I remember some years ago the president of the local college came to me with this request: he was taking a group of 36 students on a fishing trip, a day-long excursion, and he asked me to lend rods and reels for the party! I had 'em all right, but he didn't get 'em. Of course he knew nothing of their value, and worse, he couldn't appreciate how I loved them. Never lend tackle you care for. Lend your friend a five-spot if you want to, he can't hurt it, he can only spend and forget it; but he can, in a short half day's fishing, utterly ruin some cherished reel. I know. Don't I? I could spin a yarn or two, but will spare the reader.

There is much one can do beside the things I have suggested, there is the tackle-box and its contents. This is a good time to go through the supply of artificial flies and lures, removing with ruthless hand all that show wear and tear. No, I am not saying "throw them away," you can't, you wouldn't do that. Retire them to a saint's rest. Have a case for the old warriors, where you can look at and fondle them, remembering great battles, pleasurable and other kinds of experiences. Now that worn Royal Coachman up there, you see it? it speaks to me of the time when I—. Shucks, my time is about up and that yarn must keep.

Of course you have already received the catalogues from your favorite tackle-makers, perhaps have worn them ragged through much handling; but settle down to the real business of picking out the articles you are going to need. Get in your order for flies and lures early, not simply because it will help assuage that old spring fret, but because you will receive better service early. Oh, this fishing by the fire in March is great stuff, more enjoyable I sometimes think than actual angling. I catch more fish and larger ones in March than when the season opens, which is only another way of saying that anticipation is often more enjoyable than participation.

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith is an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

KEEPING MINNOWS

Dear O. W.: Will minnows, such as creek chubs, river shiners, etc., develop fungus in water which never gets warmer than 55 or 60? I have at my place a hillside from which water seeps, and my thought is to dig a hole and let it fill with water and place my minnows therein. Understand, it is not a spring, but there seems to be plenty of seepage, fresh water, too. What do you think of the plan? I would like to have you come up to my place next summer and indulge in some of the best bass fly fishing you ever had a chance at. How about it?—J. W. S., Minn.

Sir: Like all such problems there are so many unknown elements entering in that I am at a loss how to answer. As to "fungus," would say that it is almost certain to appear on a wounded minnow, no matter how cold or pure the water. The only way to prevent is by removing every minnow as soon as traces of the disease appear. Where minnows lack for food, and attack one another, the hurt minnow will always develop fungus. In a tank, where one can do so, it is a splendid plan to scrub out with hot water and give the minnows a "salt bath," being careful not to overdo the salt. I can not answer regarding the suitability of your proposed "minnow refuge," though it sounds all right. Of course, much depends upon the character of the water, though there is little difference between "seepage" and a spring, if you get what I mean. I know of no government publication dealing with the question, but it would do no harm to write Washington. Thanks for the invitation to come up and have some bass fishing; would if I could.—O. W.

LEADER KNOTS

Dear O. W.: Recently I got some fine English flies without loops to end of gut, for short guts were fastened to hooks. Can you tell me how to make loops in ends of gut?—M. M. D. D., Ill.

Sir: I fail to understand how you got hold of flies with leaders and without loops. Usually flies are either eyed or tied to looped guts. It is rather difficult to teach knot-tying without being able to demonstrate, but perhaps I can help a bit with the aid of the accompanying drawings. This is the best easy knot to tie in the end of gut. Be sure gut is well soaked before you begin operations.

Fig. I

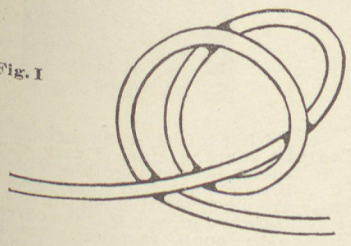


Fig. II

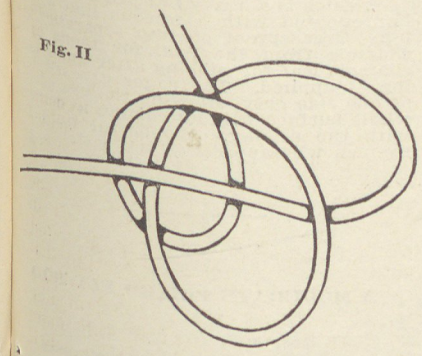
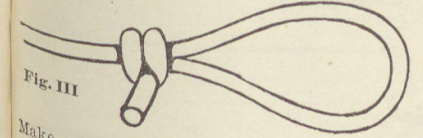


Fig. III



Make a double loop around the standing end as in Fig. 1; then pass the standing end between loops as in Fig. 2; then pull upper loop through the lower and draw tight, when your knot will appear practically as in Fig. 3. This may not be plain, but it may help out.—O. W.

ASK AN EASIER ONE

Dear O. W.: I had a wonderful season last year, casting here and there in Ohio waters. I would go out with other casters and take from one to five bass, always more than they. I am using a light, one-piece casting rod I made myself. For the most part I have used pork rind. Got some good ones, up to 3½ pounds, too. One day I was out with a fellow who caught nothing, and feeling sorry for him, I gave him my outfit and rowed him about; but he caught nothing, so I took the rod back and at the first cast hooked a good one. What I would like to know is, sometimes when everything is just right, weather, water and all, why is it one can cast his head off without taking a fish?—G. M., Ohio.

Sir: Judging from your success, I would say you have little to complain of. In casting it is my opinion that one had better move along slowly, disturbing the water as little as possible,—the very method of angling presupposes movement. You can not cast over the same water continuously and expect results, especially when employing lures; though perhaps one can cast longer with artificial flies. A single well placed cast is worth a dozen "slam-bangs." As to why fish act so and so, no one knows. When apparently conditions are perfect fish will not take, then again when everything points to failure, they are jumping crazy for the fly, plug or live bait. Ask me something easy.—O. W.

AGE OF MUSKELLUNGE

Dear O. W.: I have caught several Muskies that weighed around twenty pounds, forty-three inches long, and am interested to know about how old a fish of that weight and length would be. I would like to get hold of a book that will give such information.—J. C. S., Ind.

Sir: There is no book with which I am acquainted that gives the information you seek. You see there are so many unknown elements entering into the problem—perhaps I should say so many variable elements. Much if not all depends upon environment, water, food conditions, etc. Under ideal conditions a fish grows very rapidly the first five or six years of its life, putting on weight remarkably, then as it nears "maturity" growth slows up. Pike are the longest lived. Maj. Flower estimates that a pike of 60 or 70 pounds to be at least that many years old. Strange to say, the 'lunge, which is nothing more than a species of pike as you know, is shorter lived. In a New York aquarium one reached 10 years. Fact is, most fish do not live long. Here is the table as given by fish culturists:

Salmon	2 and 3 years
Brown trout	4 and 6 years
Lake trout	6 and 10 years
Rainbow trout	3 years
Grayling	2 years

Might not fish in Nature live longer, grow larger? It is doubtful because natural enemies are more numerous and the fish are subject to water and food conditions. Probably I have not helped you at all, but I have given the best at my disposal.—O. W.

REVARNISHING RODS

Dear O. W.: I have two 5½ ounce trout rods and would like to refinish them. Will you tell me how to remove the varnish and how many coats of new will be required?—H. M., Cal.

Sir: I doubt if there is any satisfactory method of removing the varnish without removing all windings, then you can scrape gently, or better, use some "varnish remover," rewind and revarnish. Three coats of good red varnish, put on at intervals of two weeks say, should give a good finish. However, unless the rod is sadly marred, wipe down with alcohol, working carefully, removing all dirt, then give a coat of good varnish, and repeat the dose in ten days or so. Get your varnish of a reputable dealer or rod maker and follow directions closely. You can do a good job.—O. W.

FISH FOR FUN, NOT FISH

Dear O. W.: I am a guide on the Big Muskegon, about to lose my job and our fishing because a power dam is to be built on the stream. But it was not that I started to write about. Just finished reading your little bass story in the November, '29, issue. I would not dispute your catching bass in November, for it is possible, but how in the world could you play such a fish for fifteen minutes on a steel rod? Even in the summer time it takes a good bass to continue a battle longer than 5 or 10 minutes. Did you fall asleep, or what happened; maybe you let the bass take a snooze? Trust you take this all in good part. A guide for 17 years.—W. H. D., Mich.

Sir: I certainly appreciate your kindly criticism. I wish you could see the light steel rod I am using, so light and lissom is it that more bass escape than I catch, which is a good thing for the bass. I have played an ordinary river pickerel, "snake," for 25 minutes, using a 2½ ounce fly-rod! Had I forced the battle, driven the fish, as you suggest, all would have been over in much less than a quarter of an hour. The ordinary bass can be vanquished in five minutes and less, if the rodster is intent on finishing things quickly. I have long since quit "fishing for fish." I fish for the fun of the thing, and my fun comes from the fight put up by my antagonist. So I did not take a snooze, read a book, or anything of the sort. I let the fish have his way. I might have pulled him in, willy nilly, had my tackle been strong enough, at the very beginning, as is the way of too many fishermen.

What you say about the operations of power companies is more serious, very serious indeed. I grant at once that we must have water-power, that some streams must needs be dammed; but when our wilderness is invaded, best fishing waters destroyed, it is something else again. Just what posterity will think of this mad generation gives me pause. With unthinking, ruthless and profane hands we are destroying God's greatest gift to our nation for a few paltry dollars. With Pharisaic hypocrisy the power barons cloak their companies with such glittering raiment as "public service corporations." Oh well! (If you change that W to an H it would express our feelings more adequately.)—O. W.

Meet

A. BASS

and how

Meet a six pound small mouth bass and his proud vanquisher. This fish was formerly a fighting citizen of Canada — up near Burleigh Falls—but now "rests in peace" having yielded to the blandishments of a True Temper Rod in the hands of a Cleveland, Ohio, fisherman, Mr. F. A. Dronberger, who states that "the sure way to have 'real fishing' is to have a True Temper Rod along."

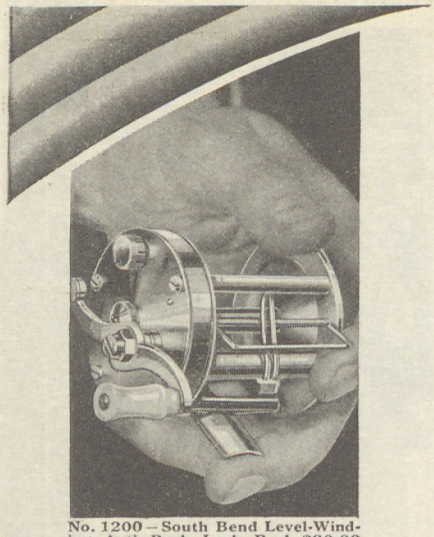
A word of caution

Like every success, the True Temper Rod has its imitators. There is always someone quick to try and "cash in" on another man's hard work and ideas by making something poorer "but like it" and selling it cheaper. Don't let this sort of a "game" keep you from enjoying the fishing satisfaction that only the True Temper Rod can give. Most sportsmen prefer the "real thing" and not an imitation. You can tell the genuine by the words "True Temper" stamped in the butt of the rod. Complete catalog gladly sent on request.

THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
1931 Keith Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio

The Toledo:
Highest grade True Temper Rod with offset reel seat handle, genuine agate guides and tip top. Finished in black nickel of special "Afco." If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

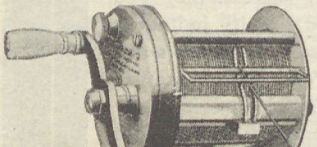
TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS



No. 1200—South Bend Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash Reel $20.00

In the Hands of over 600,000 Fishermen

The cast, the strike, the catch—all depend upon your reel. Your reel *must* be right. Choose the reel which the greatest number of anglers choose year after year, for watch-like precision of manufacture. 600,000 South Bend owners can't be wrong. These reels *must be right!*



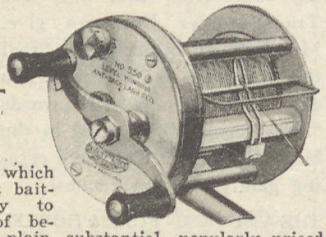
No. 1000—Oreno Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash

$8.50

A reel noted for its smooth, easy free-running action. Combines South Bend's famous level-winding anti-back-lash features. 100 yard capacity.

No. 550—Level-Winding Anti-Back-Lash

$5.50

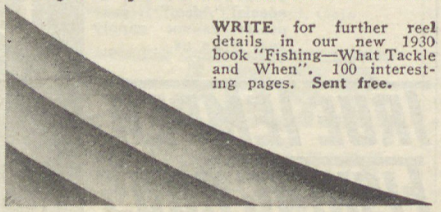


The reel which has brought bait-casting joy to thousands of beginners. A plain, substantial, popularly priced reel, with South Bend's two noted features.

Price refunded on any South Bend Reel which will not fulfill all we claim.

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.
1306 High St., South Bend, Ind.

SOUTH BEND
Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits

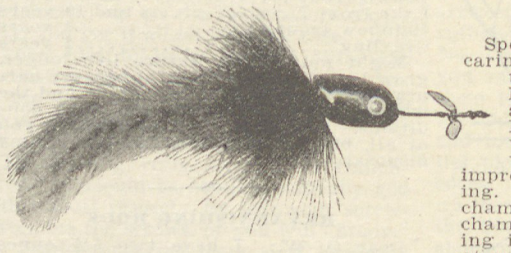


WRITE for further reel details in our new 1930 book "Fishing—What Tackle and When". 100 interesting pages. **Sent free.**

ANGLER'S CABINET

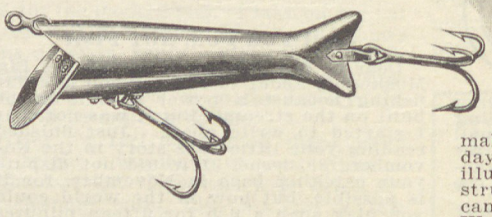
*(From time to time in this space, our angling editor will tell of the new tackle-ideas he has tried out. It will be understood, of course, that he is not recommending any particular wrinkle, merely giving his impression and findings. We think this will be of great interest and value to fishing fans. The address of the firms can be secured by writing "Outdoor America."—*EDITOR.*)*

A FLY-ROD LURE WORTH WHILE



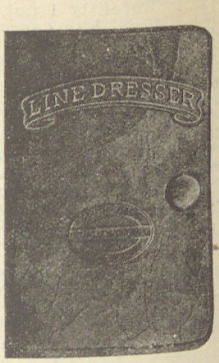
The first item in these suggestions is a rather large fly-rod lure, one that is large enough to attract the sly, shy old fellows but not so large as to make casting at all difficult. The hackles and feathers are tied full and in such a manner that when retrieved by a series of jerks, the streamers divide, then come together, riffling the water and simulating a struggling insect. The tiny spinner is loose and revolves freely. All in all it is an attractive lure. Comes in several colors.

AND A NEW PLUG



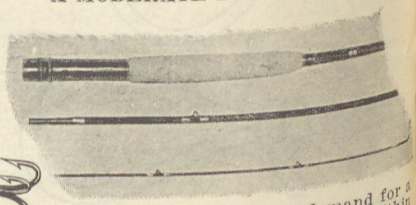
All casters are on the lookout for new lures, and here is one that looks good to me, though the proof of a lure is in its attracting powers, and I can't cast now, the ice is too thick. This all metal minnow is 3¼ inches long and is supplied in various durable finishes, so that the caster can gratify his own whims as to color. It is a floater, but when pulled through the water, goes down deeper than most wooden minnows, with a peculiarly fetching wiggle and wobble. No matter how deep it goes, it never loses its wiggle. Sure looks like a good one to us.

A LINE DRESSER



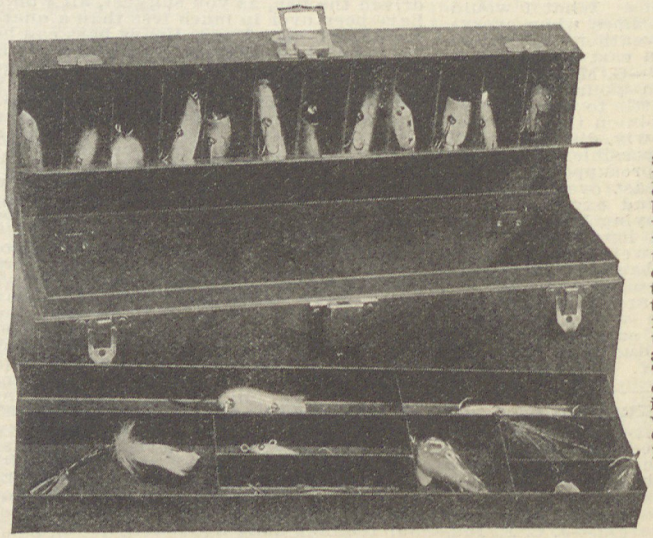
Speaking of fly-rods brings to mind caring for the line. Every one knows there is considerable wear on the line, even when "file proof" guides are used. Well, keep the line dressed. Here we have a leather covered book with snap fastener, one page of which is a heavy felt pad thoroughly impregnated with a famous line dressing. Greaseproof oilcloth separates the chamois from the pad, for there is a chamois leaf for rubbing after the dressing is applied. The pages are stitched at one side only, allowing the use of the whole surface without coming in contact with the sewing. Wonderful item for fly-men who appreciate the best.

A MODERATE PRICED FLY ROD



There is a continual demand for a moderate priced fly-rod, one within the reach of all anglers. Most rod-makers are putting out such rods these days, one of the latest being herewith illustrated. Brown color, six strip construction. The wood is butt-cut Tonkin cane, which you know is the best. Wrapped only at fittings, after the English method. Ferrules and reel-seat are 18 per cent nickel-silver and will not wear brassy. Ferrules are six point serrated, assuring greatest safety at those critical points. Hand-grip of solid cork and shaped to render holding easy and least tiring. File proof snake guides. Comes in various lengths and weights. Without extra tip, by all means which will cost another V. One wonders how so much real value can be offered for the money.

SOMETHING TO CARRY 'EM IN



Has been some time since we have had the privilege of looking over a new tackle box, but here we have one which originated in the mind of a dyed-in-the-wool angler. One outstanding feature of the new box is a partitioned bait compartment in the cover, taking up little room and out of the way. The box is sturdily constructed, well finished and a thoroughly workmanship job. Comes in two lengths, 14 and 20 inches.

What! No Record Breaker?

(Continued from page 21)

hair and untrustworthy hairpins)—all were nothing—a gleaming, silvery demon out there, an uncapturable dream, an invincible master, the one thing in the world one must conquer and possess to make life livable—such was that tarpon.

I, staidly and doubtfully making my way to Florida with the ambition in my heart to make another world's record, relived in slightly detached wonder the ecstasy and the appalling agony of that first battle and its defeat.

For I lost my first big tarpon. Eleven miles out in the Gulf I lost him. And I opine that when I feel the thread of life as slack as was my line after he made his final leap to freedom, I shall feel no whit the paroxysm of despair that then seized me.

The loss of a kingdom, a love, a life—even a job—is not comparable to the desolation of such a moment to the deep sea enthusiast.

I believe there is a certain personal element that particularly enters into fighting deep sea fish.

For instance the fish was larger than I so how could I feel only an impersonal sporting interest in pitting superior skill against him as in trout or bass fishing? He was a monster and I must kill him. He was an enemy, and I must defeat him. He was Fate and I must elude him. All absurd, but funnily true.

Monster, enemy or Fate, I lost him and to this day I hold gratefully the memory of the tactful sympathy of the big, rawboned Swede who was my guide. Not one word did he utter—the long arms dropped at his side from the grueling five hours' pull at the oars and as I gazed at him miserably, I saw three big tears drop on his blue overalled knees.

And here it occurs to me might be a fitting time to make a tribute I have long wanted to make to the old time guide.

He was an Open Sesame to the woods. He was literally guide, philosopher and friend. He was untiring, resourceful and wholly unselfish. He was profane, humorous and amusing—could one ask more of a human being?

From the Upper Mississippi to the Tampico in Old Mexico, I can see a line of strong-bodied, helpful, patient, outdoor adoring men. Big Bill who in those first fly casting years of mine cheerfully encouraged me as I ruinously splashed into every good dam point around Minneiska—the Indians, Jim and Ollie Catfish who in the Flambeau region, I have heard countless nights, puttering around my tent in moccasined feet, tightening guy ropes against an expected storm—a gentle eyed, smiling Mexican peon at Tampico who by his inspiring "mananos" spurred me on to further efforts each day—a guide in New Zealand who though reputed to have killed three men was as kindly a soul as I have ever known and who arose daily two hours earlier than necessary to cook me elaborate breakfasts. There were many more of these guides, and I hold them in a memory of unswerving friendship.

I have no less high a regard for many guides of today, but it must be remembered that the old timers rowed your boat ten hours a day (one fished early and late, and constantly in the good old days), cooked your meals, hewed your wood, drew your water, and felt themselves gen-

(Continued on page 58)

HEXI-SUPER-CANE

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Discovered by chance

A pencil to be sharpened. No pen knife. Here's a bamboo paper cutter. It cuts the pencil like a steel blade! Promise of a finer material for rods! Our agent in China is ordered to find that bamboo. Months of search. Then—*discovery!*

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THROUGH an age-old secret process, known to a certain Chinese family, bamboo was given far greater strength, hardness, and "springy" elasticity.... Today the Horrocks-Ibbotson Company owns this formula. By means of it, rods are made to give you far finer sporting qualities than have heretofore been possible from any other material.

Just get the "feel" of a Hexi-Super-Cane Rod! Bow it. Note its life-like action. Take one with you on your next trip. Never before a rod like it!

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Rich brown in color—clear *through*. All Hexi-Super-Cane Rods are dark brown, but not all dark brown rods are Hexi-Super-Cane.

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HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO.
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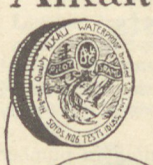

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7	14	$2.86
6	18	3.23
5	23	3.94
4	28	4.30

Postage 10c Extra

THE BEVIN WILCOX LINE CO.
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YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE ONE OR
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ADJUSTABLE
LIFTING ROD RELEASES IT FROM HOLDER

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1930 CALENDAR

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Best Fishing Days for 1930
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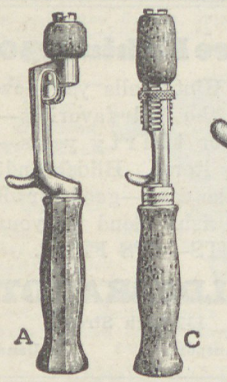
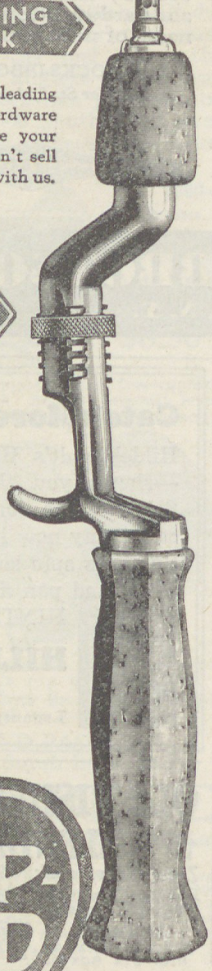
RING-TYPE REEL LOCK





GEP-ROD

Scientific Angling

Edited by *Frederick J. Lane*

OUTDOOR AMERICA is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine.

Southern States Tournament

THE annual Mid-winter Tournament called the Southern States Tournament, given by the Orlando Casting Club of Florida has grown to be quite a classic, attracting many of the prominent northern casters to a Tournament which has become in point of interest next to the National.

For some time casters have been practicing for the coming events and at a recent local gathering Charlie Edwards, bait caster of the Chicago Fly Casting Club scored one off, which in the new official method of scoring is 99%. Walter Willman and Edwards were tied for first in the ⅜ ounce Accuracy, the new event, while Lou Hurst won the distance event with the same weight and Al Foss won the ⅝ ounce distance. Al made the longest cast of the event, making 304 feet with a ⅜ weight.

The scores in each event are listed here (new scoring.)

⅜-oz. distance bait: Hurst, 255.6 feet average; Willman, 254.4 feet average; Willcox, 243.6 feet average; Foss, 173 feet average.

⅝-oz. distance: Foss, 289.2; Willcox, 189; Hurst, 140; Willman, 133.8.

⅜-oz. accuracy: Edwards, 95; Willman, 95; Willcox, 94; Barker, 93; Mrs. Hurst, 93; Willmot, 89; Peral, 88; Foss, 87; Mashburn, 85; Pettit, 85; Brown, 84; Johnson, 75; Hurst, 74; Woodberry, 65.

⅝-oz. accuracy bait: Edwards, 99; Hurst, 96; Flynn, 96; Mrs. Hurst, 96; Willman, 93; Willcox, 93; Barker, 92; Peral, 92; Foss, 90; Mashburn, 89; Brown, 89; Willmot, 88; Woodberry, 80; Pettit, 80; Johnson, 79.

Short Casts

THE National Secretary announces that he has placed the order for the new ⅜ ounce weight, and that he will be ready to fill orders soon.

As the first order is limited in number clubs who wish these new weights early should send their orders to him at once.

Rule books will be ready for distribution about April 20th. These books will contain the rules including all changes made at the last meeting of the Association.

Many clubs are including the ½ ounce Accuracy in their events at the new distances, 65, 70, 75, 80 and 85 feet.

The new rules provide for ten casts only in the Accuracy and Dry Fly events, the same as in the Dry Fly event at unknown distances.

Chicago Club Elects Officers

THE annual meeting of the Lincoln Park Casting Club, Chicago, Illinois, was held January 19, 1930, for the purpose of formulating new by-laws and electing new Board of Directors for the ensuing year.

The following is a list of the officers:

Dr. H. Seyl, President.
Mr. Dan Crumlish, First Vice-President.
Mr. F. Douglass, Second Vice-President.
Mr. Nystrom.
Mr. Charles Hank.
Mr. Sturgis.
Mr. A. Macdonald, Secretary and Treasurer, 2646 Ewing Ave., Evanston, Ill.

The Board of Directors appointed Mr. E. Lambert, Captain, and Mr. Miller, Recording Secretary of Castings events.

All-Around Champions

1909....	F. N. Peet.....	Chicago Fly
1910....	W. H. Ball.....	Illinois
1911....	No Tournament.	
1912....	L. E. DeGarmo....	Illinois
1913....	G. G. Chatt.....	Anglers
1914....	C. J. McCarthy.....	Illinois
1915....	Stanley Forbes.....	San Francisco
1916....	C. J. McCarthy.....	Illinois
1917....	No Tournament.	
1918....	Wm. Stanley.....	Illinois
1919....	Wm. Stanley.....	Illinois
1920....	Rodney Heetfield..	Illinois
1921....	C. J. McCarthy.....	Chicago Fly
1922....	G. G. Chatt.....	Illinois
1923....	Wm. Stanley.....	Illinois
1924....	Wm. Stanley.....	Illinois
1925....	Wm. Stanley.....	Illinois
1926....	G. G. Chatt.....	Illinois
1927....	Edw. Braddon.....	Cleveland
1928....	Edw. Braddon.....	Cleveland
1929....	G. G. Chatt.....	Illinois

MRS. E. L. THOMAS, *Woman Champion has not missed a National Tournament in five years. She made her first appearance at a National at Buffalo in 1924 and is probably the first woman caster to compete with men casters on equal terms. At this particular contest her first cast was perfect.*

N. A. S. A. C. Records

At the request of many casters, and in order to accustom the clubs to the new method of scoring, a list of the records in bait and fly casting recognized as official by the N. A. S. A. C. is herewith presented. The new scoring applies only to accuracy events:

Event	Record		Date
¼-oz. Accuracy.....	100		1926
⅛-oz. Accuracy.....	98		1923
⅛-oz. Accuracy.....	98		1921
Accuracy Fly.....	100		1923
Dry Fly.....	99		1926
Dry Fly (U. K.).....	97		1926
¼-oz. Distance.....	240	feet	1926
(L. C.)	258	feet	1926
½-oz. Distance.....	293	feet	1926
(L. C.)	305	feet	1927
⅛-oz. Distance.....	244.8	feet	1924
(L. C.)	250	feet	1924
Distance Fly.....	123	feet	1923
(L)	125	feet	1923
Salmon Fly.....	151	feet	1925
(L)	162	feet	1915

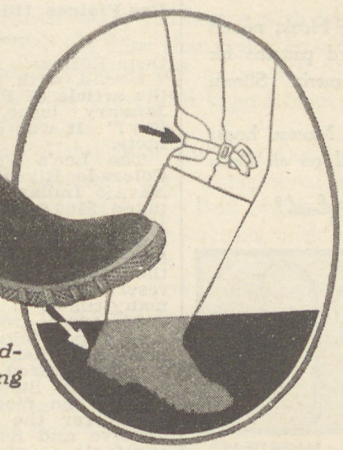
Holder	Club
F. Deane Reese	Columbus
Wm. Stanley	Illinois
E. A. McFarland	Portland
G. G. Chatt	Illinois
G. G. Chatt	Illinois
L. C. Morrison	Detroit
Fred Arbogast	Akron
Walter Newcomb	Buffalo
Walter Newcomb	Buffalo
Walter Newcomb	Buffalo
Fred Arbogast	Akron
Fred Arbogast	Akron
G. G. Chatt	Illinois
G. G. Chatt	Illinois
John S. Schwinn	Newark
Fred N. Peet	Chicago

‡ Tied by Trimble, Cleveland; Wm. G. Chatt, Illinois.
† Tied by Wm. Stanley, Illinois.

Among the names of record holders will be seen that of Walter R. Newcomb, of Buffalo, who first applied scientific principles to the art of Distance Bait Casting. He is by profession an attorney and by courtesy legal adviser to the Association. Although not shown here he holds his short rod in his right hand and his posture, that of a shot-putter, is taken to insure his balance.

This boot stays *on!*

If you've ever left an old fashioned boot sticking in the mud, while you put your unprotected foot down in ice cold water and oozy mud in order to rescue the mired boot, you know just exactly one of six big reasons why Rod and Reel boots are worn in preference to all others by thousands of sportsmen.



Showing handy adjusting strap holding boot in place.

These Six Big Reasons Are:

[1] Outside backstrap, easy to get at, keeps the bootleg always in place. Prevents deep mud "bootjacking" your boot off! Stops heel friction in muddy going!

[2] The sole is cleated, for sure footing on rocks, slippery grass, etc. It is heavy enough to protect tender feet, but light enough not to weigh down and tire them.

[3] The uppers are light in weight—more comfortable on your thighs—yet strong enough to stand plenty of wear and tear.

[4] Two snaps on top band prevent flopping and dragging on ground when boots are rolled down.

[5] Footshape last for solid comfort, prevents riding up and down at heel and eliminates the surest cause of blisters.

[6] The ribbed vamp prevents instep creases, wrinkles, and skin chafing. Prevents cuts and absorbs blows, and stands up under hard usage.

FLEXLITE

Lighter boots in neutral color. Roll up into small space for easy carrying. Extremely light weight. Write for catalog!

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"Right in shape, temper and finish"

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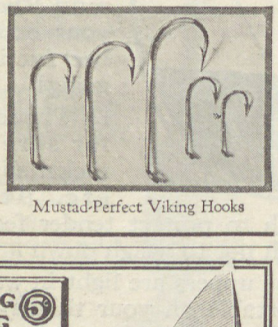

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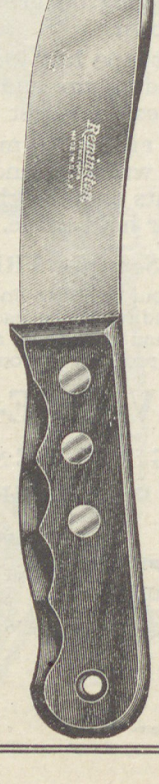


Let's Talk It Over

Letters

LO! THE POOR INDIAN!

Dear Editor:

After reading "Who Shall Pay?" by Frank Stokes, Jr., in your January issue, one wonders why, and to what advantage, certain Congressmen persist in putting the American Indian on the rack. It is about time that our country is seeing the Indians' side of some of these problems and instead of continuing to oppress them, to give them a helping hand as behooves a nation that stood by an oppressed people as it did in the Spanish-American War.

During the World War, I was privileged to have a number of Sioux Indians in my care and a finer bunch of men could not be found. These men enlisted and served with honor as well as Indians from other tribes. Yours for a square deal to the Indians.

Jos. Heinze.

Des Plaines, Illinois.

Dear Editor:

I read, with interest and satisfaction, the article of Frank Stokes, Jr., in your January issue, entitled "Who Shall Pay?" It was an effective statement of facts.

The Lee's Ferry Bridge, across the Colorado River, is of no benefit to the Navajo Indians, so why should they be taxed $100,000 toward its construction? It is a white man's proposition from start to finish. This is apparent to any fair-minded person who is familiar with the northwestern portion of the Navajo reservation,—and I have been over it many times.

Of course, any group that, figuratively speaking, "takes candy from babies," does not relish having that sort of conduct advertised to the world. The critics of Mr. Stokes' article now seek to justify the methods adopted to secure funds for the bridge by resorting to abusive and irrelevant statements; but the facts as given by Mr. Stokes are of indisputable record.

It is true that the $100,000 involved has not actually been taken from the Navajos—because their funds were not sufficient to justify it—but it is a charge against the tribe and will so remain unless Congress repeals the reimbursable feature of the original Act authorizing such a charge to be made toward the cost of the bridge construction.

Very truly yours,

M. K. Sniffen.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

I am in no respects a "Fan" such as are those good people who fly to the telephone to compliment a radio entertainer and I've never before written a "Fan letter."

But in your January issue I read an article by Frank Stokes, Jr., entitled "Who Shall Pay?" and I am now going to break my silence and qualify as a "Fan."

Though not in the true sense of the word a student of the Indian or his ways, nevertheless no subject in history or fiction has held so great an appeal for me and I have ever felt keenly the injustice and ill treatment which has been the Indian's lot.

I am grateful to Mr. Stokes for writing in their behalf and to you for giving his words publicity. More power to him and may more of his words appear in your magazine.

Walter C. Horton.

Chicago, Ill.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Dear Editor:

Any story by Edison Marshall is interesting reading for the readers of Outdoor America. He deals with red blooded, "he-men" types and even if it is fiction it may be more believable than some of the "fish stories" which appear at times. I consider it a very acceptable innovation.

S. C. Stearns.

Detroit, Mich.

In reply to a number of protests received at Edison Marshall's comments on rich game hogs, in the January issue, he sends us the following fuller explanation of his attitude.

EDITOR.

I am sorry if any good sportsmen have taken personally what I said about rich hogs grabbing game country. I am not opposed to the establishment of shooting clubs, or private game preserves. I do think, like every other good thing, it can be overdone.

I believe it *is* overdone, in certain districts. We have always been a hunting, fishing people. It is part of our heritage, an expression of our natural genius. I am speaking, of course, for Americans of the older stock. Yet the fact remains that it is becoming increasingly difficult, almost impossible for many of our growing boys to find a place to carry a gun or wet a line.

My Boy and I Contest

THIS contest will run until January 1, 1931. Three prizes will be given, 1st—$15.00, 2nd—$10.00, 3rd—$5.00.

Entrants must send outdoor photographs of themselves with their sons or daughters, accompanied by letters, not over 200 words in length recounting their experiences together in the outdoors.

The game belongs to the people, not to the land. We have always held this, and it is true. Yet some men are not content with sufficient acreage to give them good shooting; they must buy up or lease all the lands in the district, or along the river, with the deliberate intention of keeping the public not only off but away from their sacred domains. If there is any overflow from their preserves, they don't want anyone to get it. If a man feels and acts this way, I consider him a game hog.

If there is danger of all the good game country being gobbled up, we must take steps to prevent it. Fishing and shooting must not be made solely rich men's sport in the U. S. A.

Why do you and I and other conservationists desire to protect game? Not for humane reasons entirely. This is a false premise. We wish to protect it so that everyone, now and in the future, will have better hunting and fishing. If in our attempts to preserve it, we prevent the public from hunting and fishing, we have defeated our own purpose.

On the other hand, there is no reason why men should not own preserves of reasonable size, and belong to shooting clubs. Many of the best sportsmen in America do so. It all lies with the individual. He knows perfectly well whether he is buying himself and his friends legitimate sport, or whether he is deliberately trying to force out of the district and run off the range every common or garden variety of hunter or fisherman who comes nigh. I did not aim my attack at club members or preserve owners, but at rich game hogs, wherever they may be. No doubt there are many noble minded men who establish preserves really for the benefit of the public —to breed and protect game for the public to enjoy

ONLY 34 BELOW!

One of the most remarkable letters we have had recently came to us from Murdo Gibson up at his camp on Lake of the Woods. It was dated January 8, and in part read: "It was 34 degrees below zero here at 8 o'clock this morning. It is really enjoyable camping weather and a potent stimulant to outdoor activity. I wouldn't exchange one night of this climate for a week in the tropics. I love this weather more than any other and wish I could convince my readers of its unique charms and value. It would 'pep' them up a bit, believe me.

"Incidentally, dear Editor, you stated in the last issue that I was camped in the Superior Forest—this is an error in that Lake of the Woods is about 145 miles northeast of the Forest boundaries."

WORDS WE LIKE TO HEAR

Dear Editor:

I think the February issue of Outdoor America is about the nearest approach to my idea of what the average high type sportsman and conservationist expects an outdoor magazine to be than any other issue I have seen. It has the appeal and reader's interest of the other outdoor magazines without losing that virile thing which makes it characteristic of the great conservation organization for which it speaks, something the average sportsmen's magazine lacks.

Canton, Ohio. **Gregory Shott.**

AND MORE OF THEM

Dear Editor:

"The Tragedy of Currituck" in your February issue by Senator Simmons was an article of high merit and of great import. Outdoor America stands alone in the outdoor field with distinguished articles of this type.

Chicago, Ill. **A. T. Atwell.**

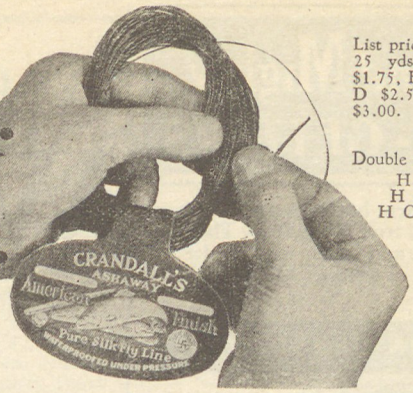
FROM ONE OF THE BOYS

Dear Editor:

I wish to say that I get a great deal of pleasure reading Judge Wood's articles in Outdoor America. I am one of the older boys—12 years of age—who enjoys taking Trips Afield with him. His articles make me feel that I am sitting around some camp fire in a flannel shirt smoking a pipe and listening to him talking. I hope I may have the pleasure of reading his articles in Outdoor America for many years.

Minneapolis, Minn. **Geo. W. Everitt.**

(Continued on page 55)



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List prices of level sizes, 25 yds.: H $1.50, G $1.75, F $2.00, E $2.25, D $2.50, C $2.75, B $3.00.

Double tapered, 30 yds.
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H D H $7.50
H C H $8.00

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YOU cast so much easier and better with an Ashaway Crandall's American Finish Fly Line that you take more big fish. Distance, accuracy and delicacy—you put more *skill* into your fishing. You get in return not only more and bigger trout, bass or salmon, but *enjoyment* of every cast.

Famous for its pliability or softness, fast-shooting smooth surface and exceptional weight, elasticity and durability. Best obtainable line silk, dressed under high vacuum with our original and exclusive finish.

Ask your dealer to show you one to suit your best fly rod. If offered something else, please write to us. Your copy of our catalog booklet, "More Fish Stories," FREE.

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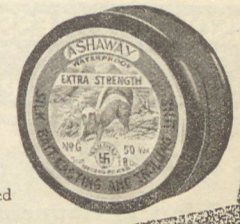
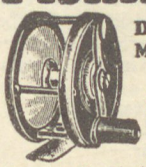
For bait casting and trolling, use the Ashaway Extra Strength—our most popular line. Hard-braided best Japan silk, soft water-proofed.

List prices, 50-yd. spool: Size I, $1.00; H, $1.35; G, $1.50; F, $1.75; E, $2.00; D, 2.50; C, $2.95.



Fishing Tackle



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Once broach the subject of tackle, and any angling enthusiast will hasten to tell you, that the finer the tackle the keener the fun. But it is astonishing how much tackle still proves unworthy when put to the practical test. Wherever the big 'uns run, on the tuna, tarpon and barracuda grounds, you will find the old-timers relying on Edw. Vom Hofe tackle. We believe that about the last thing any fishing devotee wants is shoddy tackle. Place your reliance in specialists who unhesitatingly guarantee every item of tackle they recommend.

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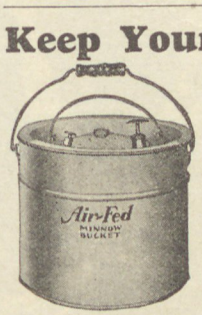

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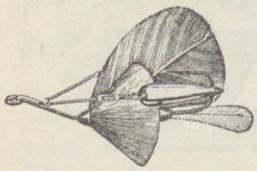
New and Mighty FISH-GETTERS

The two new lures shown below are tried and true fish-getters. They are original, and in no way border on the ideas of others. Do not fail to try them!

SHANNON PERSUADER



You'll find this lure almost superhuman in its effectiveness in attracting and hooking bass, pike, pickerel and muskies. Standard colors, feather or bucktail. *Price each 95c.*

SHANNON MAGNET

Here, fishermen, is another passport to fishing paradise. The only lure with the regular Hula-Hula on a tail strip. It is attached directly to the spinner. And Oh, Boy, what action! Standard colors, feather or bucktail. *Price each 95c.*

Handsome new 1930 Catalog gives complete information. Free on request.

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SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS

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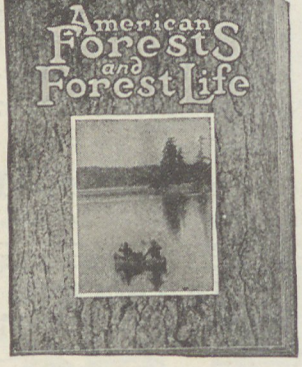
What Is Happening

In the World of Forest and Wildlife Conservation

By Reading

AMERICAN FORESTS AND FOREST LIFE



The most authoritative, up-to-the-minute, beautifully illustrated and printed magazine in the outdoor field. It opens the door to the outdoors. It entertains; it informs; it inspires. It conserves. Published monthly.

Write for a sample copy

American Forests and Forest Life

Lenox Bldg. Washington, D. C.

The 1930 Walton League *Convention*

INTERNATIONALLY famous conservationists, leaders of Waltonism, authors and outdoor lovers from every nook and corner of these United States will congregate at the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, April 24, 25 and 26, to attend the Eighth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America. The 1930 conclave will undoubtedly go down in history as one of the largest, most constructive, important and interesting meetings for the purpose of furthering conservation of America's natural resources and wild life ever held.

The Izaak Walton League is recognized as the dominant factor in conservation in America today and all eyes will be focussed towards the great gathering of this country's most respected and best known conservationists when they meet during late April.

During the past year many important conservation problems have been undertaken successfully by the Walton League and an extensive program has already been outlined for 1930. The annual convention always has an important bearing on each individual phase of conservation sponsored by the League, and this year's program will see many discussions of extreme interest to every state in the Union.

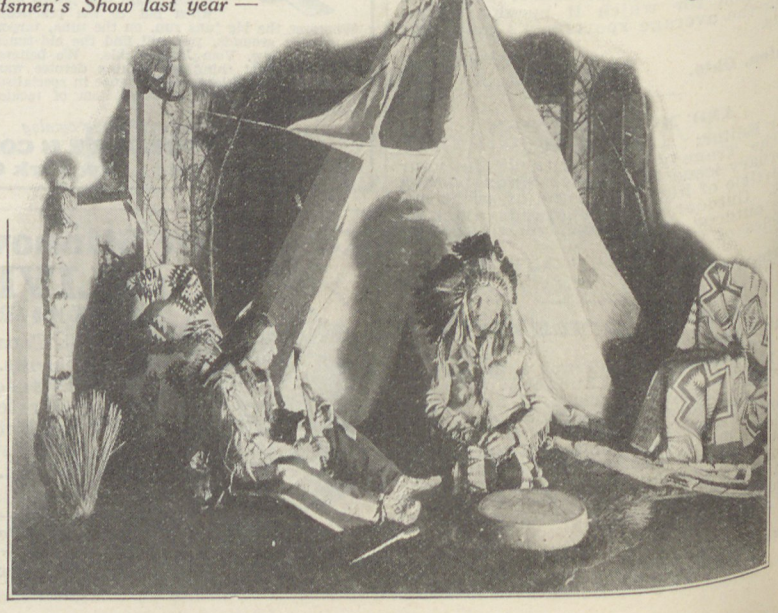
The federal government will send its bureau chiefs from Washington to relate before the convention gathering what official America is doing to save for posterity the outdoor resources of this great country. Such men as President Herbert Hoover, Ambassador Charles G. Dawes, William E. Borah, Finis Garrett, Stephen Mather, Senator Hawes, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, George E. Scott, Willoughby Walling and other men famed for their keen interest in conservation have attended past conventions of the Izaak Walton League of America, and their spirited advice has been a guiding hand in the success and recognition gained by the Walton League in its eight years of existence.

While it is a bit early to give a detailed outline of the program that will be followed at the Eighth Annual Convention, we can rest assured that several of America's most noted orators and speakers will address the various meetings held during the three-day conclave. Each individual branch of conservation will be treated accordingly and an outstanding authority will outline programs of constructive conservation learned only by many years of research work and study.

State Divisions will hold council with the national organization and their conservation problems will be aired. Each delegate will attend the hearings and meetings held in the main convention room, with plenty of opportunity for open discussion on their own views of the subject. This year's convention will offer more opportunity for open forum, a fact which will undoubtedly prove of great value to individual Walton divisions.

Plans are now under way to make the Sportsmen's Round-up and the annual banquet outstanding affairs. The former will be held the evening of April 24, while the banquet serves as the high point for the big convention on the evening of April

Here's one of the interesting exhibits seen at the Izaak Walton League's Sportsmen's Show last year — more surprises are in store for those who attend this year's Convention.



25. Recent reports received from the convention committee indicate that many surprises are in store for the Waltonians who attend these two evenings of entertainment. One of America's best known speakers will be featured at the banquet.

In addition to the regular Walton League convention, a gala Sportsmen's Show will open its doors in the spacious exhibition hall of the Stevens Hotel a day before the convention starts—April 23. The show will continue throughout the convention.

The Sportsmen's Show has always been one of the big features of the convention and this year's show will undoubtedly prove superior to any so far sponsored by the Izaak Walton League. Every type of sports equipment will be found on display. Fishing tackle, guns and ammunition, camping equipment, outboard motors and boats, archery equipment, special conservation displays, forestry exhibits and many other features will make the 1930 Show one not soon to be forgotten.

Many unique and interesting forms of entertainment covering the various phases of outdoor life will be sponsored daily. Motion pictures of thrilling outdoor recreation, archery exhibits, bait casting, fly casting, target shooting and other similar outdoor sports will be portrayed each afternoon and evening.

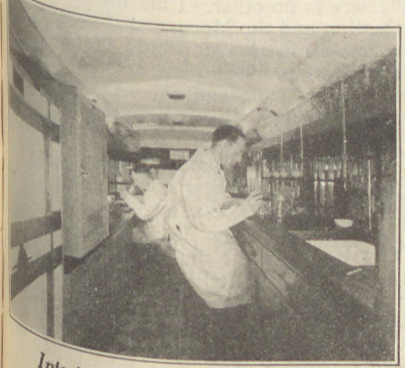
Delegates to the convention are urged to make their plans and reservations well in advance. There is no other occasion in America when so many noted conservationists, fish and game experts, writers and outdoor lovers gather in one body as during the Izaak Walton League Convention. Here will be found the most influential men and women in America, whose purpose is to establish a permanent means of protecting America's n.. ural resources and wild life.

What's Happening in Conservation

(Continued from page 32)

tailed study of the Fox River and its tributaries.

When the Illinois mobile laboratory visited the Urbana-Champaign Sanitary District, one of the best maintained sewage works in the country, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League, a resident of that district, commended the purchase of this new laboratory. "When Governor Emerson approved the bill providing for the creation of the Sanitary Water Board, which was actively supported by the Izaak Walton League," said Dr. Ward, "a great forward step was taken in stream conservation. The mobile water and sewage laboratory is the first expression from the state that it intends to fulfill the obligation thrust upon it by this act. It has great power for service, and all wish it the best success."



Interior view of mobile laboratory

Granger Rods

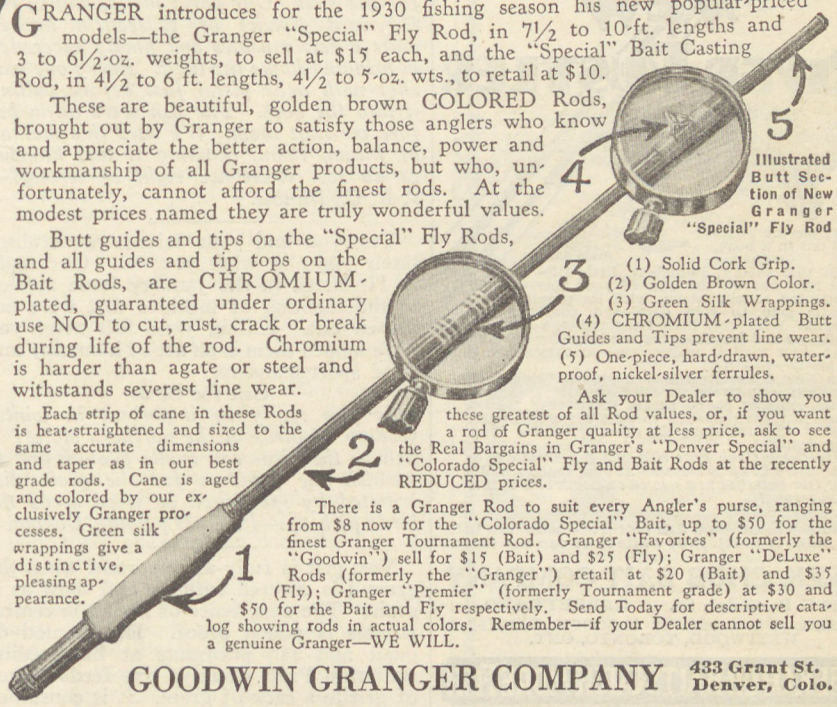
FOR FLY AND BAIT FISHING

GRANGER introduces for the 1930 fishing season his new popular-priced models—the Granger "Special" Fly Rod, in 7½ to 10-ft. lengths and 3 to 6½-oz. weights, to sell at $15 each, and the "Special" Bait Casting Rod, in 4½ to 6 ft. lengths, 4½ to 5-oz. wts., to retail at $10.

These are beautiful, golden brown COLORED Rods, brought out by Granger to satisfy those anglers who know and appreciate the better action, balance, power and workmanship of all Granger products, but who, unfortunately, cannot afford the finest rods. At the modest prices named they are truly wonderful values.

Butt guides and tips on the "Special" Fly Rods, and all guides and tip tops on the Bait Rods, are CHROMIUM-plated, guaranteed under ordinary use NOT to cut, rust, crack or break during life of the rod. Chromium is harder than agate or steel and withstands severest line wear.

Each strip of cane in these Rods is heat-straightened and sized to the same accurate dimensions and taper as in our best grade rods. Cane is aged and colored by our exclusively Granger processes. Green silk wrappings give a distinctive, pleasing appearance.



Illustrated Butt Section of New Granger "Special" Fly Rod

(1) Solid Cork Grip.
(2) Golden Brown Color.
(3) Green Silk Wrappings.
(4) CHROMIUM-plated Butt Guides and Tips prevent line wear.
(5) One-piece, hard-drawn, waterproof, nickel-silver ferrules.

Ask your Dealer to show you these greatest of all Rod values, or, if you want a rod of Granger quality at less price, ask to see the Real Bargains in Granger's "Denver Special" and "Colorado Special" Fly and Bait Rods at the recently REDUCED prices.

There is a Granger Rod to suit every Angler's purse, ranging from $8 now for the "Colorado Special" Bait, up to $50 for the finest Granger Tournament Rod. Granger "Favorites" (formerly the "Goodwin") sell for $15 (Bait) and $25 (Fly); Granger "DeLuxe" Rods (formerly the "Granger") retail at $20 (Bait) and $35 (Fly); Granger "Premier" (formerly Tournament grade) at $30 and $50 for the Bait and Fly respectively. Send Today for descriptive catalog showing rods in actual colors. Remember—if your Dealer cannot sell you a genuine Granger—WE WILL.

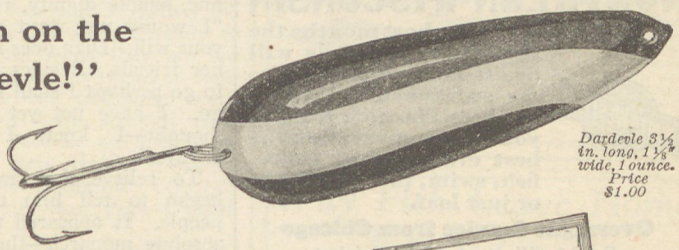
GOODWIN GRANGER COMPANY 433 Grant St. Denver, Colo.

AM sending you snapshot of our catch Sunday, June 23rd. We are mighty proud of our string and think you will be to know we used your "Dardevle" right through! 28 Pike and 1 large mouth Bass, at Bald Eagle Lake, 12 miles north of Pontiac, Mich.

THEO. A. LESSMAN
PAT J. McGOWAN
JOE SARVIS
Detroit, Mich.

All taken on the "Dardevle!"

ANGLERS start to "click" when they commence feeding 'em Dardevles!



Dardevle 3¼ in. long, 1⅛ wide, 1 ounce. Price $1.00

The Dardevles are tried and proven lures—pronounced fish getters by thousands of anglers who swear by them. They come in three sizes—Dardevle, 1 oz. weight, $1.00; Dardevlet, ⅜ oz. 90c; and Dardevle's Imp, ⅔ oz. 80c. See them and the new Mousidevle at your dealers. If he can't supply, sent direct. Use the coupon and receive our complete catalog and "Fisherman's Luck."

Lou J. Eppinger
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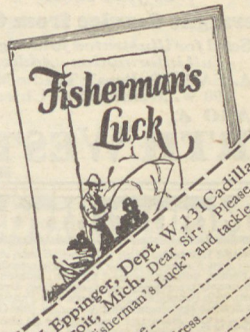
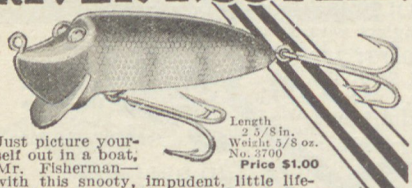


L. J. Eppinger, Dept. W, 131 Cadillac Square, Detroit, Mich. Dear Sir, Please send me "Fisherman's Luck" and tackle catalog.
Name
Address

YOU'LL LIKE IT-
THE FIRST TIME YOU CAST THE NEW
RIVER RUSTLER



Length 2 5/8 in. Weight 5/8 oz. No. 3700 Price $1.00

Just picture yourself out in a boat, Mr. Fisherman—with this snooty, impudent, little life-like lure out on the end of your line—swimming saucily along, with its peculiar erratic side to side dart—and continuous wiggle. With very little imagination, you can really see and feel those big fish lunge for it. And Man, how mad it makes 'em—so they strike it viciously—to kill it!
The New River Rustler is a proven "sure fire" fish getter—in rivers, as well as lakes! Its small, light, compact shape makes it an easy caster! Runs just deep enough to miss the weeds—and mighty effective along the shore! Ask for it at your dealer's!
Every Creek Chub Lure sold with a guarantee to be satisfactory in every respect—At your dealer's or direct! Our beautiful new colored catalogue sent FREE upon request!

If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

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Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT.

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Next Summer
Spend glorious days in
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Conservation Question Box

(Continued from preceding page)

More on Muskie Shooting

I notice what you said in the January Question Box in answer to inquiry from H. H. G., Illinois, with reference to shooting muskie. An honest confession is good for the soul. Our party last spring in the Hayward district of Wisconsin hooked quite a few muskies and finally succeeded in bringing home the limit. Every one was shot with a 22 pistol just before pulling it into the boat. The fish were all-in before we shot them. We used this method of killing them, thinking it was humane to do so. Were we right or wrong?—J. R. C., Illinois.

Yes, you and your friends were absolutely right in what you did. Our reply to H. H. G. in the January issue applied to the shooting of muskies that were not played out. Killing your fish after you have landed them is an act of humanity and good sportsmanship.

Grit for Birds

Is grit really so important in winter feeding of birds in the northern states? I believe the birds can rustle enough grit to furnish the grinders for the grain distributed by sportsmen or weed seeds the birds pick up.—R. L. M., South Dakota.

Yes, grit is fully as important when the ground is covered with ice and snow as is grain. The experience of a man in central Illinois is added proof. He counted 65 quail and 119 pheasants at his feeding station in Pratt County. He feeds a sack of grit to a sack of grain. It is consumed in almost this ratio.

Where grit is not distributed, the birds often go elsewhere. By all means supply grit.

European Hares

Is it wise to stock European hares in this country? Will western jack rabbits thrive in our state?—K. L., New York.

No, the European hare is not desirable for stocking purposes in the United States. In the few places where they have been tried those responsible for the stocking soon regretted their action. Certainly I would not recommend these hares for that part of your state where there are so many fine fruit tree nurseries. The European hare seems to take delight in going right down a row of young apple sprouts and nipping them off as easily as an ordinary cottontail nips off a blade of grass. Better stick to the native cottontails and the varying hare, commonly called snowshoe rabbit.

I am sorry to say that none of the western jack rabbits has ever produced results in the east. It is a waste of money to stock them unless you merely want to turn them out for the purpose of having an immediate chase.

Big Blue Hawks

In recent weeks we have seen quite a few large, fast, slaty-blue hawks in this locality. We have found a few dead ruffed grouse and ringneck pheasants which we believe have been killed by them. They are fearless, with a light stripe over the eye, breast mottled on some, finely streaked on others. What are they?—J. M. B., Michigan.

The birds you describe are undoubtedly goshawks. They nest to the north of your section, and come down during the winter time, especially if the supply of snowshoe rabbits is scarce. These hawks are killers, and should be checked in every way possible. Pennsylvania now pays a bounty of $5.00 each on them.

The Vanished People

(Continued from page 14)

them, messages cut in sticks, and gifts of pelts. We can live only here, behind the Ice. We would die too, if we tried to go beyond." She paused, smiling frankly. "So, if we are to talk together and be friends, you must stay here."

"If you want me to stay, as you say you do, why don't you just command me to? You are Dian?"

She turned to him so proudly, with such fine, simple dignity, that he felt ashamed. "I would not want you to stay against your will. Dian does not have to command her friends. Besides, when you are ready to go perhaps I shall be ready to have you go. I have not yet seen a man that I thought—I knew—I wanted to keep always."

To relieve the momentary strain, she began to tell him the customs of the people. It appeared that she was not an absolute monarch—the elders of the tribe possessed certain rights from time immemorial. Adam's truth-seeking mind found this of absorbing interest: here, perhaps, were the beginnings of the power-checks on which modern governments are based. The Antarcticans had learned, in the long centuries, that no hereditary monarch, even of divine ancestry, must be trusted too far. They must have means to overrule her, provided she oppressed them too heavily. In this case the checks on her power took a most novel form.

"I am the daughter of the Sun and the Moon," she said. "When either the Sun or the Moon is in the sky, no one may disobey me, or question my law. This means that for four months in the summer I am supreme, with only short occasional breaks in the spring and fall. In the winter, when the Sun sleeps, my mother the Moon rises and stands guard for many days at a time. We know her seasons, and even though the sky is full of cloud, and the blizzards lock us within the dwellings, we know she is there. In the days between, when she lies with my father within the House of the West, the hunters of the tribe may put aside my decrees."

"Have they power to put you aside, and raise another Dian in your place?"

She seemed bewildered by this question. "*I* am Dian," she told him solemnly. "There is no other. I am the daughter of the Sun and the Moon, and if they brought harm to me, the Ice would rise and cover the villages. But they can make me divorce my mate, and choose another."

"Why would they do that?"

"The man Dian chooses for her husband must be a strong man, skillful, and a brave fighter when the bear comes to bay in the cave. He must also be wise, to lead the men in their councils. He is the chief. If Dian does not choose such a man, but a coward and a teller of foolish lies, the hunters may require—some night when the moon is hidden—that Dian divorce that husband. This is a great shame. So Dian must think a long time before she decides."

"But you can choose again, can you not?"

"As many times as I like. I could choose a new mate every year, and put aside the old one, if it were for the good of the people. But they fare better if one chief holds power many years."

Adam reached for her hand, and held it between both his own. It was a strong hand, but well-formed, smooth, long-fingered, and not too large. "If you wanted to, could you choose me?"

"*If I wanted to,*" she echoed, smiling. "If I thought you would be acceptable to the people—as well as to me—I could choose you even for the little time that you are here. I have not yet chosen a mate. The hunters have petitioned me, and the old men have advised, because they say that youth is the time for mating, the time for bringing to life another Dian. One who is tall, who herself can be the mother of queens and hunters, who is fit to sit beside the First Fire in the temple in years to come."

What was behind the temple rites? Evidently a deep religious feeling. The Antarcticans worshiped God in His visible forms, particularly the sun whose bright face made the snow melt into silver rivers, revealing the good moss beneath, and the moon that lighted their pathway in the Long Dark of winter. Dian was the living symbol of these two sacred beings, the Sun and the Moon; their far removed offspring and hereditary priestess. As such, she was considered herself semi-divine. She also might be regarded as the earthly fountain of life, the mother of warriors.

Adam already knew that her people pursued physical perfection. She explained that this love of human symmetry and beauty was no mere tribal whim, but a national ideal that they followed literally to the death. It dominated their lives and was the central theme of their social organization. Like all great ideals, it was rooted in common sense. The Antarcticans lived in a hostile climate. For eight months a year their world was a horrible desert of ice and snow. Cold to freeze the eye-balls, blizzards raving across the darkened frozen seas, blinding clouds of snow-dust, and the gray wastes stretching forever in the weird gleam of the Southern Lights—this was their winter home. Even in summer they could raise no crops. Their only husbandry was the herding of an undersized buffalo, an unknown species resembling the Arctic musk-ox. Thus they were able to exist only by eternal war with the wilderness. To wage this war they must breed a race of giants.

They were not content to exist like Eskimos in a similar environment—on rotten whale blubber and seal oil in dark, foul huts. They wanted the best that their country afforded—a variegated diet, beautiful furs to wear and to decorate their houses, gold and silver ornaments, good tools of bronze. To win these prizes they must hunt far and wide, climb the mountains and battle the rivers, stalk the horned game on the tundra and fight the bear in his cave. There was no place in their tribe for weaklings. Every man must be sufficiently strong, skillful, and intelligent to do his full share of the work and contribute to the general welfare; every woman must be able to raise children.

To achieve this, they practiced a rough and ready eugenics. If a man grew up somewhat below the tribal standard, or differed too much in complexion and appearance from the accepted racial type, he was *Ug Paddrin*—an inferior caste which performed the menial work of the tribe. Men and women of this caste were permitted to marry each other, but not to perpetuate their weaknesses. Why there were no children in these homes Dian did not explain—the statement had a sinister sound that made Adam's blood run cold.

If a baby was born with any serious defect, it was taken to a sinister cavern known as *Maun ig Mere.* This custom was rigidly adhered to: more than once in the tribal history the queen's own daughter had thus mysteriously disappeared. Yet the practice, if barbarous, achieved striking results. The braves were the finest specimens of manhood Adam had ever seen—of superb uniform stature and muscular development, clean-cut, clear-eyed, and free from disease. In a more genial country, where life was not so hard, they could no doubt achieve a superior civilization. The women, although somewhat heavier built than European women, had a wild beauty which Adam felt keenly. They were full-throated, deep-bosomed, strong-thighed; their hair was uniformly gold, their eyes vividly blue, their teeth white and sound. Dian herself was the perfect flower grown by this ruthless weeding. The queens from which she sprang had mated with the pick of the tribe.

Not only infants went to *Maun ig Mere.* If a man were disabled by accident or disease, it was not long before he disappeared. And it was a startling and sinister fact that there were no people of extreme senility to be found in the village. If they were too old to work or to take their place in the councils, they did not remain.

Adam was horrified at this. "It may be necessary, but it certainly is merciless," he said. "Where old and disabled people are the victims, it's downright cruel."

Dian gazed at him in astonishment. "I've never known my people to do a cruel act to one of their number," she answered. "The old and sick people beg to be taken to the Cave."

"Then it's because they feel they are a burden to the tribe. They suffer just the same."

"They don't suffer at all. They go to sleep. And they want to go not because they are a burden to the people, but a burden to themselves. What man would stay here when he could no longer shoot the arrow and throw the spear, or paint the pictures in the caverns, or race his boat with the others in the river, or have sons? What woman would hang on, like a broken bird's nest on the cliff, when she can no longer go with her sisters to milk the buffalo, or listen to the stories in the temple in the long nights, or laugh with her friends while we wait for the hunters to return, or love her mate? Often old people ask to go before we are ready to let them. Sometimes when they are too blind to see the blue sky, too deaf to hear the geese honk overhead, and when every day seems a year of death, we still make them stay on—just because we love them, or perhaps because their wisdom is needed in the councils. *That* is the only cruelty."

"Then your people must regard death differently than we do."

"When we die, we go to the gods. There is good hunting—rich eating—warm weather. This life is good, but that is better. You see—we are not Christians."

"That doesn't entirely explain it. We also believe in a happy After-Life, but few people are in a hurry to get there. Well, what might seem wrong to us—under our conditions of life—may be all right for you."

As to this, Dian explained that the Antarcticans had no inflexible code of morals. Certain things were forbidden, but unlike most primitive people, they were not bound round with an intricate system

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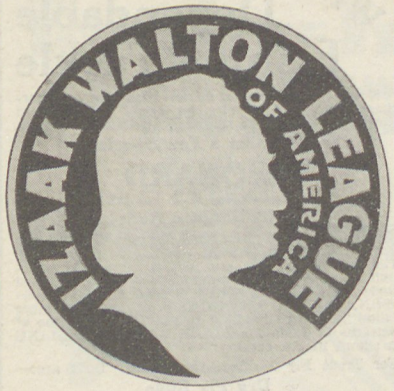

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of taboo, the meaning of which was lost in forgotten ages. What made for the welfare of the people was good; what hurt the tribe was bad. They practiced monogamy because it was a good economic arrangement, and permitted every man to have a mate. Stealing had been taboo for so many centuries that it had ceased to exist, and the word had disappeared from the language. Like the Arctic Eskimos, they simply did not know how to steal. Probably this was a law imposed by the Great Cold—a lesson of mutual protection learned from the harsh environment in which they lived. If a man stole from a fellow's cache, sometimes his own cache would be rifled, and there would come an hour, in the white silence and solitude, that he would pay the extreme penalty.

Gambling was forbidden. They knew, without knowing how they knew, that it was bad for the loser materially, worse for the winner psychologically, and was a loss of time that the tribe could not afford. If a man killed another, for any cause other than self-defense, he was sent to *Maun ig Mere*. But this was not punishment—curiously enough, there was no word for punishment in the Antarctic language—but merely a matter of the preservation of the tribe. From this law there was no appeal.

Apparently their ideals and codes of conduct were not borrowed from other peoples, but were based on experience ages long. Adam began to realize that they could not be a stray tribe from some contemporary race, but a race to themselves, unimaginably ancient.

Who were these wonderful people? Where had they come from, and how, and when? Perhaps their language would give some key to the truth. Adam thought of all the Antarctic words he knew—*ig* and *ug*, evidently prepositions; *paddrin, maun, mere, Dian, gort, chil. Ug Paddrin* seemed to mean, literally "forbidden of fatherhood." Now the Latin word for father is *pater*, and the English, French, and German forms are variations from this root. It was hardly possible that the Antarcticans had borrowed from the Latin. It seemed far more likely that the Romans and Greeks had themselves borrowed from a language already inconceivably ancient—the same language that Dian spoke in the temple.

Maun was the Antarctic word for cave. It was strikingly similar to *maw*, an ancient English word. *Mere*, the Antarctic word meaning death, was the root of the Latin *mort*, and meant literally a dead or waste place. *Dian* was the Greek goddess of the moon; it was also the Antarctic word for the Moon's legendary daughter. *Gort*, meaning big, was somewhat like the English word great, and almost identical with *gert*, a dialect word of the same meaning used in Devonshire. Finally, *chil* was similar to or identical with an ancient Scandinavian word meaning seal.

But this only deepened the mystery. The Antarcticans must have been exiled in the Cold South for literally thousands of years; how, then, could their language be related not to one European tongue, but to all? Plainly they were the last of a great people once distributed throughout the world. They had lived in Europe "when the reindeer roared where Paris roars tonight," and they had wandered to the Far South ages ago, when the Antarctic Continent was united with South Africa in the form of an immense horseshoe, and when it had a more favorable climate. And now Adam knew he was on the right track. Thunderstruck by the dawning truth, the short hairs stood up and prickled on the back of his neck.

"Dian, a few minutes ago you spoke about the men painting pictures in caves," he asked breathlessly. "When can I see some of these pictures?"

"Now, if you like—Dian will take you. Almost every cave is full of them, and the people who go to see come out with eyes round as milk-cups."

"Do all the men paint pictures?"

"No, just one caste—you would call it the artist caste—who are next to Dian in greatness and power. There are only five in all the villages, and when one dies, all the people mourn. Almost any woman can bear a hunter—a boatman—a fisherman. But only one woman in many hundreds can give us a picture-maker."

"And you've always had this artist caste?"

"Always. Even before the ice, when this land grew pointed trees with leaves green all year. Even then the artists painted pictures in caves, and the people went to marvel. Good meat is food for the mouth, but the pictures are food for the eyes, the heart."

Oblivious to the cold, and without the slightest ceremony, she took his hand and led him out of the igloo down the village street. Her people greeted her with a gesture wonderfully dignified and noble—a lifting of the right arm, hand open and raised, as if they would call down the blessing of heaven upon her head; this she answered by a smile and a nod. She led the way to a low rocky hill, just back of the beach, and into the black mouth of a cave.

An oil lamp, carved of ivory or bone, burned in a niche in the wall—always lighted, apparently, for sight-seers—Dian carried it into the black depth of the cavern. Adam would never forget this scene—the shadows rolling away in front, the flickering light dancing on the walls, the girl's yellow hair and white limbs and her gold bands showing red as blood. In an inner chamber she stopped and held the light high.

Adam's eyes, like the tribesmen's, were round as milk-cups. The walls and ceiling were alive and breathing with animal paintings. And this was no childish drawing such as most primitive people essay, but a superb art expressing a noble, high intelligence. The artists had caught the vigor and spirit and wild freedom of their animal neighbors. The draftsmanship was faulty, the mineral pigment an imperfect medium, yet the wolves looked as though they could raise their muzzles and howl; the buffaloes were moving, dark, majestic figures, across the lonely wastes; the bears were poised to charge. The scientific man that was Doctor Weismann revelled in the historical significance of the pictures—the link between the present and the immemorial past—but the youth, the hunter, the adventurer who was Adam thrilled to the pictures themselves with a boy's love.

There is only one race known to history that could paint pictures like these. Their mammoths, their wild horses, and their reindeer are still to be seen, undimmed by the centuries, in the caves of Dordogne, France, and in the Pyrenees. Who were these wonderful people, the Antarcticans? They were the last of the Cro-Magnons, aptly called the Greeks of the Old Stone Age, that wonderful race of artists and hunters whose natural gifts were as rich as any civilized race of today, who lived and had their being and painted their pictures two hundred centuries before the first Egyptian Pharaoh dreamed of a pyramid to hide his bones, and who disappeared from the world stage fifteen thousand years before Christ.

(To be continued next month)

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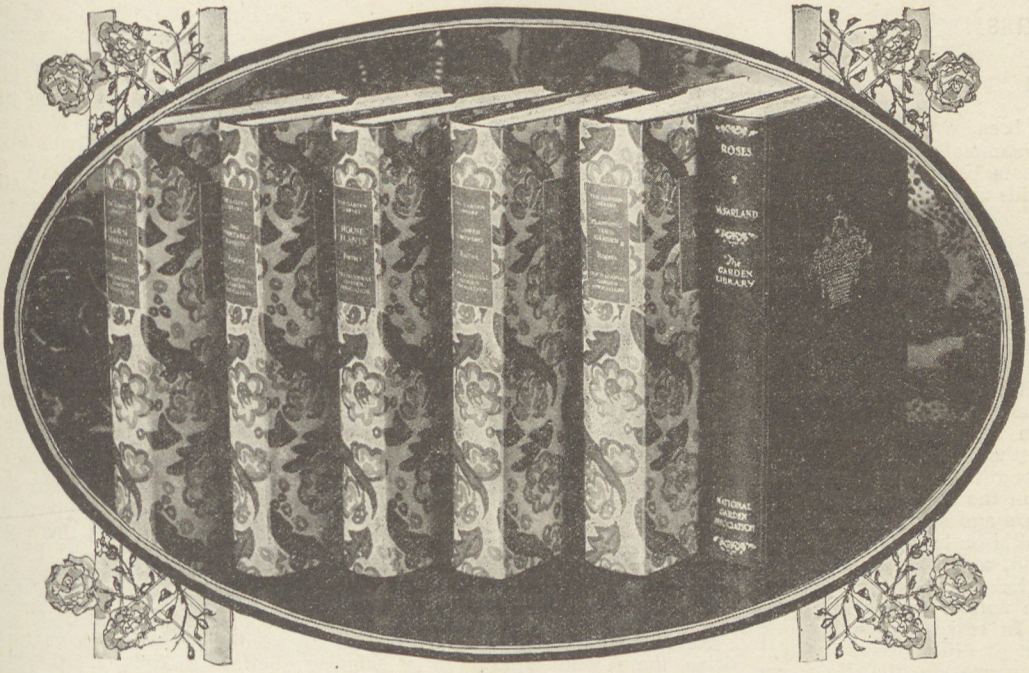

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Gun Rack and Game Fields

By Alec Mermod — *Gun Editor Outdoor America*

The Passing of the American Buffalo

MUCH has been written about this ruminant mammal, which according to the naturalists is misnamed; their claims are that this animal is *not* a buffalo, but a bison.

No doubt the naturalists are correct, but just the same the American bison is still called a buffalo, and will be so called till the end of time.

Our American bison is closely allied to the bison of Europe which was once found in great numbers in Germany and Belgium, and fossil remains have been discovered in England.

The European bison is mentioned by Caesar, stating that these animals were captured and brought to Rome where they were exhibited in the Amphitheaters.

Some few years ago mention was made of a herd of wild bison located in the Caucasus forests, but, at the present writing this herd is no longer in existence.

Our American animal differs from the ones in Europe in several ways, but one outstanding point of difference is the fact that the heavy mane on the European bison disappears in summer, while the American bison retains this mane throughout the entire year.

Another feature which is noticeable is that the withers on the American animal are higher than on the Old World bison, while the loin and hindquarters on the American bison are lower and weaker.

It is claimed that there were two distinct species of buffalo in North America, one being the inhabitant of the prairie, while the other was to be found in the forests, but from what I can learn from the old timers, there was no real difference, it being simply a matter of geographical location, as it is a well known fact that the immense herds moved with the seasons, and those found in Southern Texas during the winter months might be found on the Canadian border in July.

To substantiate this, I have the word of an old character who was cooking for Poncha Park Land and Cattle Co., back in the early '80's who had been a roving cowpuncher in his younger days.

This man went by the name of "Montana," when I knew him, but from the stories he told after having a few drinks, he answered to many others.

While many of his stories seemed overdrawn, some bordering on the impossible, I am inclined to believe them, for I had a chance to check up on several, and found that "Montana" had not drawn on his imagination.

The story about the buffalo was as follows:

He with three Texas cowboys signed a contract to capture five full grown buffalo for the famous Woodward's Garden, in San Francisco, the animals to be delivered alive and unhurt at some railroad.

When the contract was made Montana was quite confident he could make the capture, for he had made quite a study of the buffalo, knew their habits, and knew every foot of the country, but, as he put it, he was pretty well under the influence of poor whiskey, when he signed the contract, and failed to note that delivery was to be made to the nearest railroad point.

To shorten the story the four men ran a bunch of ten or a dozen buffalo into a blind cañon, and after the lower end was fenced, a trip to the nearest town, some 50 miles away was made, and the following wire was sent to the superintendent of the garden, "Ten buffalo penned in Diablo Cañon, come and get them."

The substance of the reply was to ship five head at once, shipment to be accompanied by two men. To this telegram Montana replied: "Cannot deliver to railroad come and get them or we will turn them loose."

The superintendent came back with the following: "Keep to terms of contract or deal is off." Montana dug up his copy and for the first time read the agreement, which called for delivery at railroad.

As it was impossible for four men to drive these wild buffalo to a shipping point, they rode back to the cañon to liberate their catch, each one blaming the others for not having brains enough to read a contract before signing it.

One of the men suggested that they brand one or more before turning them loose, so after considerable trouble and hard work they succeeded in roping and throwing a young bull, and with a running iron XT was burned on the animal's left hip.

Montana drifted North and finally landed a job riding for an English outfit close to the Canadian border.

Early that fall, one of the Englishmen who had been on an extended hunting trip returned with a story to the effect that a band of Indians had killed a number of buffalo, and that one of them seemed to have been branded.

Montana said, "That's my buffalo, and I am going to get the hide," so after getting a leave of absence he trailed that bunch of Indians nearly a hundred miles, just to see that hide and buy it, provided it showed the XT brand.

On examination the brand was found and Montana bought the hide for a few dollars, and for years it was part of his bed roll.

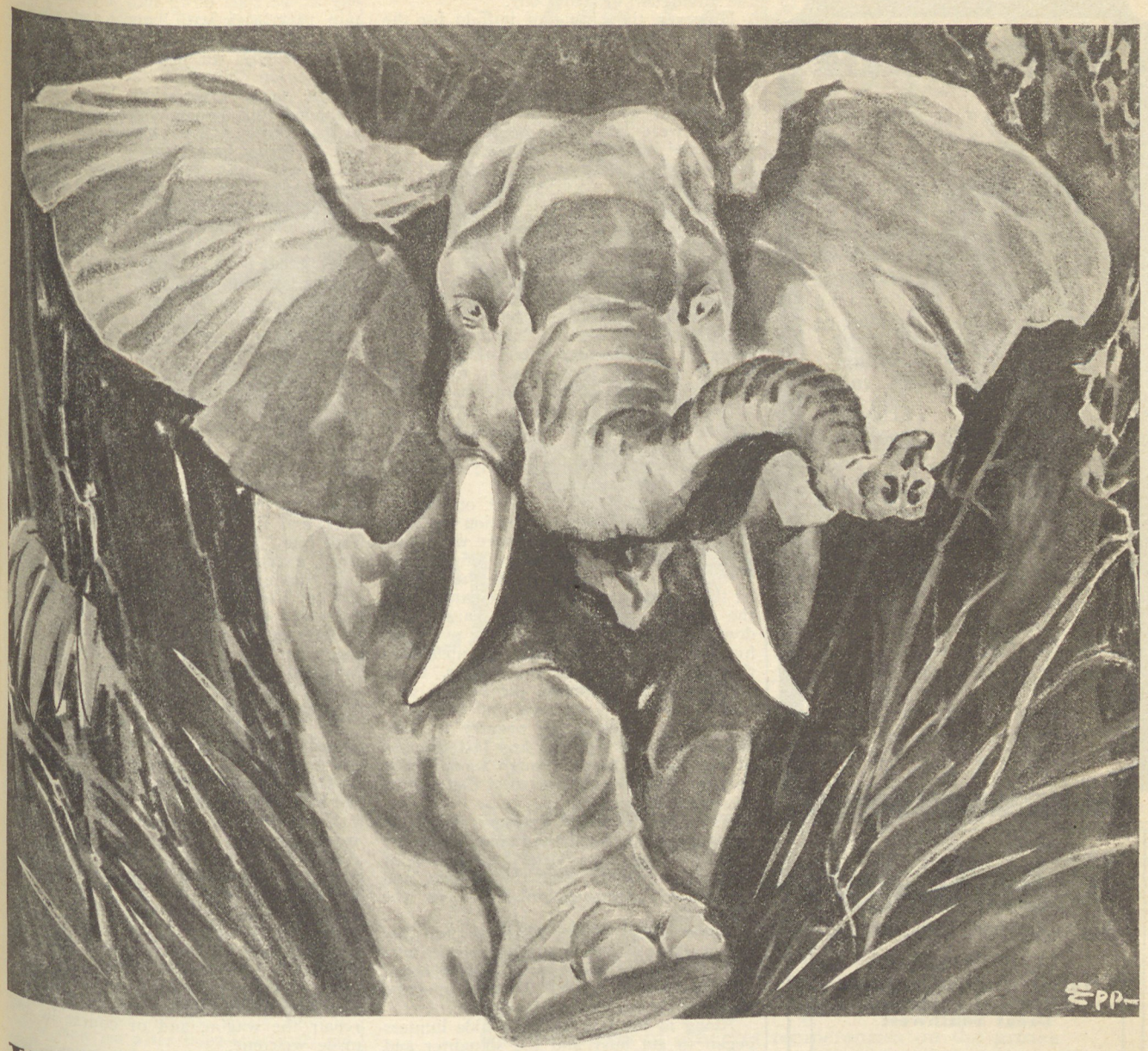
The present generation can hardly believe that the buffalo were once so numerous, and an expression of doubt appears when a statement is made to the effect that during the time of moving either South or North, the herds were so large that it would take more than a day for them to pass a given point.

Until about 1873 there was no apparent decrease in numbers, but from then on they diminished so rapidly that in ten years there were only a few hundred left in the United States. It seems almost incredible that in ten years the number of buffalo should be reduced from millions to hundreds.

When the railroad was being built through Kansas, the buffalo were killed by the thousands to furnish meat for the hundreds of men employed, and it is estimated that during the years between 1870 and 1875, over two million were killed annually.

The buffalo made Wm. Cody famous, and it is claimed that he killed more in a single year than any other hunter, but this is not correct for the hide hunters following the herds from South to North, and back again slaughtered thousands to

Buffalo Bull in Buffalo National Park. Photograph courtesy National Parks of Canada.



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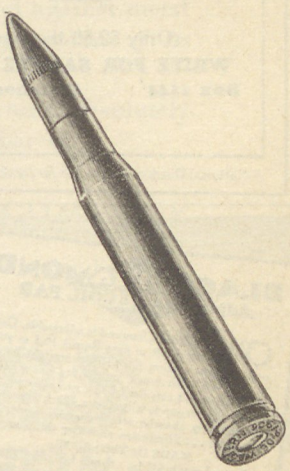

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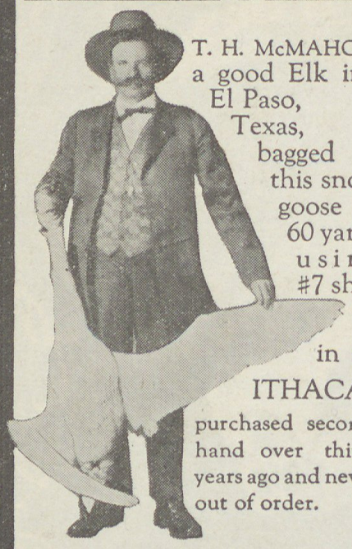

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the hundreds killed by Cody.

However, the killing of buffalo for the railroad laborers and soldiers was responsible for Cody's nickname of "Buffalo Bill."

Humanitarians raised their hands in holy horror when it was learned that the buffalo were being slaughtered for their hides, and it did seem a crime and a needless waste of God's creatures, but had not these animals been killed, they would have starved to death as the country became settled and fenced, for it would have been impossible for them to have followed the grass.

Some of the early fanatical conservationists contended that the buffalo could be handled like cattle, but these well meaning people did not know their subject, for the domestication of this wild animal would have been next to impossible, and even if this could have been accomplished, it would not have been profitable, for the buffalo was a mighty poor substitute for beef, both as to quality and quantity, being entirely too light in loin and hindquarters.

I have eaten buffalo meat on several occasions, but with one exception the meat was tough and did not compare with beef.

A few days ago I called on my old friend Jim Head, and when the subject of the buffalo came up, Jim remarked that the passing of the buffalo caused the downfall of the Indian, that for over two hundred years the Indians kept up a continuous warfare with the whites, being able to do this, because the buffalo furnished them food, clothing and tepees.

In 1875, I crossed the country to California and had my first and last glimpse of the moving herds, though I really saw only the stragglers, but even at that I must have seen thousands.

As a boy I recall the several buffalo robes we had around the house, which we used for rugs and sleigh robes, all of which came direct from the Indians, and had Indian drawings in colors on the flesh side.

These robes were obtained for my father through our man-of-all-work, who had spent some years in the Indian country, and was a "blood" brother of some chief.

Along in the late '70's the hide hunters began to get busy and the slaughter and waste was horrible, for the buffalo were killed for their hides alone, and only once in a while was any part of the carcass used for food.

I had a man working for me who had been one of this army of hide hunters, and he told me that he was paid ten cents per head, and horses and ammunition furnished, besides a four-horse mess wagon following, carrying the food, bedding and ammunition, for himself and six "skinners."

As the leather companies only wanted the hides from full-grown animals, the calves were not killed, but allowed to wander around till they starved to death or were destroyed by wolves and coyotes.

As stated before the buffalo were practically annihilated between the years 1875 and 1885, and all that are left in the country at the present time are in the several "zoos" or on private and government reservations.

The Canadian government, I believe, has the largest herd, which is increasing each year to the extent that many are sold annually.

I believe that I saw the last wild buffalo in Colorado in the fall of 1886. I had been out several days with the foreman of one of the big cattle companies looking for strays that might have been overlooked by the round-up, when one day as we rode down into a small mountain park, rich with bunch and gramma grass, we spied this old bull.

Fortunately we had used up all our ammunition shooting at coyotes and prairie dogs, or we might have killed or wounded this monarch of the plains, but at that Martin was not going to be cheated out of trying to get the bull, so he said: "Elic, we'll just rope this buffalo and tie him down till we can get help to haul him to Denver."

This man, Martin McRose, was one of the best riders and ropers on the range, and at that time I was just getting out of the tenderfoot class, and while I was a good horseman, I was not much with a rope, especially when it came to "fore-footing" a cow, still, I was willing to take a chance.

Luckily we had come out down wind from the bull, and he had not seen us, so we laid our plans to make the catch. Martin said, "Elic, you've got the best 'hoss' and I'm handier with a rope, so we'll trade 'hosses,' you ride on the up wind side, and I'll ride down wind, so when he smells you, he'll come out my way, and I'll mebby git a chance to fore-foot him." The plan worked out as outlined, except that Martin didn't fore-foot him worth a cent, for the horse, evidently, did not like the smell or sight of the buffalo, and did not appear to exert himself in getting very close. Martin *did* make one cast, but the loop fell short, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for I was a bit uneasy about what *I* was going to do if Martin succeeded in his efforts.

As far as I know this buffalo was not again seen, nor was his carcass ever located, though it was reported that a party of Denver hunters shot him a month after we had been through the park.

Some forty years ago an effort was made to cross the buffalo with polled Angus cattle, but the experiment was not a success, and this attempt at cross breeding was abandoned.

In the summer of 1895 an old man drove up to the "Stirrup" Ranch with a splendid team of horses hitched to a very dilapidated old wagon, which was about ready to fall apart. He asked if he might stop over a few days to rest his team and repair the wagon, and of course he was made welcome.

He was a very interesting old chap, and I thoroughly enjoyed listening to his description of the many Indian fights he had gone through in the early days.

He said that he believed that he knew every foot of ground East of the "Rockies" from the Canadian border to the gulf, and had hunted and shot nearly every species of four footed animal on the continent.

When I asked him if he had belonged to the hide hunters' army, he said, *"No;* I wasn't that low down, I've killed lots of buffalo in my time, but there was no waste, for the killing was done to supply meat to railroad laborers or to some army post."

With a great deal of pride he showed me his "buffalo" gun, which was a Sharp's 50 caliber, with a thirty-inch barrel, double set triggers, and weighed over ten pounds. I asked him if he had not used a repeating rifle at any time; he said that he had tried them when first introduced, but that he was not pleased with the results, as the ammunition was too light (he was referring to the old Henry rifle, 44 caliber rimfire). I was amused at his comparison of the repeater and the single shot Sharp's, which was as follows: "When I killed a buffalo with my Sharp's, he stayed dead, but when I killed one with that 'dang' new fangled contraption, more'n half the time he would get up and run away, and I'd have to kill him again."

About Our Contributors

(Continued from page 45)

Senator Harry B. Hawes, of Missouri, *Some of the Pleasant Things,* is well known to readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA, both for his writings and his magnificent fight against the sale of black bass. Mr. Hawes writes us, "I have at last succeeded in securing a favorable report on the Black Bass bill 'with teeth in it' strengthening the enforcement features, and providing for the employment of assistants for that purpose. If this bill passes there should be no further excuse for non-enforcement of the law prohibiting the commercial sale of black bass, so far as the Federal Government can regulate it. This is all a part of the general movement to conserve some of the big outdoors and its wild things."

Frederic F. Van de Water, *Rivers,* again contributes to OUTDOOR AMERICA, this time in a more serious vein than usual. Mr. Van de Water, writes us that he feels about rivers as does Henry van Dyke, "I never see a little river without wanting to fish in it," so that to find many rivers polluted is nothing short of heart breaking.

Edison Marshall, *The Vanished People,* writes us that he thinks his next adventure will be a trip to Upper Burmah to shoot tigers and then possibly on up the Amazon. Mr. Marshall has been on every ocean except the Antarctic—and here it occurs to us that apologies are in order for a typographical error in a remark we made about Edison Marshall in a recent issue. We spoke of his having been to Central America after lions—naturally we meant Central Africa.

We have had so many requests for more stories by **Cal Johnson,** *Wizards of the Brook,* that we shall try to induce him to write regularly for OUTDOOR AMERICA the coming year.

Wallace B. Grange, *The Future of the Prairie Chicken,* is Superintendent of Game, Wisconsin Conservation Commission, and is as ardent a sportsman as he is an earnest conservationist.

Marguerite Ives, *What! No Record Breaker?* apologizes for inflicting her reminiscences upon OUTDOOR AMERICA'S readers, but you know how a woman must get a word in somehow.

H. C. Thompson, *Fishing as a Fiesta,* belongs to the land of the speckled and the rainbow trout, being an Oregonian by birth and a Californian by adoption; he was educated at Stanford University, and became a newspaperman in San Francisco. His work as a press correspondent and writer has taken him many years abroad, with extensive travel in the Tropics; his present home is in Washington, D. C.

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Rivers

(Continued from page 9)

glamour and comforting sense of refuge never pall. Left to themselves, they are the same yesterday, today and forever.

Beside running water man, whatever his years, grows young again. I never rig a rod at any stream's edge with the calm and impersonal deftness which should be characteristic of an oft repeated chore. As soon as I begin, the Long Ago catches hold of me and makes me its own. My fingers tremble; I bungle, I hurry, as eager to begin the familiar yet thrilling ritual of casting as though I were twelve once more.

I have fished in many waters; I have caught my share. Yet, to this day, when the rise comes and the line grows stiff I am once more, by miracle, a small boy with his first trout. Years have taught me some restraint, and a modicum of skill. I handle myself more decorously than I did thirty years ago and yet, the throbbing in the throat, the breathlessness and the thrill that surges upward from heels to brain persist.

I shall continue, I am certain, to be afflicted with these symptoms of juvenility as long as I am able to limp rheumatically to the water's edge. Once there, I have no doubt that, whatever my age, I shall still be able to fish. Getting Grandpappy from the house to the stream and back again will be a chore for my children's children. While I am fishing, they need have no concern for me.

And it may be if I continue to strive, as I have all my days, to be a good fisherman, that I shall be permitted to find at last the stream that leads back to Eden; that prowling stiffly along some river bank I shall lift my eyes from the lash of my cast and see ahead the Angel of the Flaming Sword, no longer guarding but beckoning.

Such at all events is my hope. I continue to cling to it as the years pass and rivers die or are befouled.

Another Episode Between Father and Son

By Dr. Frank L. Bailey

OLD JERRY SHARPLEIGH was mad. The veteran president of Sellmore Motors wasn't angry—he was more than that—he was just plain MAD. "Fine son you are!" he barked, "up before the judge this morning for speeding, fined ten dollars and lost your driving license. What's the matter, drinking?" He knew better; there wasn't a cleaner boy in New York than young Dick, but the market hadn't gone right, and now this.

Dick winced, the words cut; finally he managed a yawn and pushed the cribbage board aside.

"Don't say a word," admonished Old Jerry, "I'm fed up on excuses. I had made up my mind to take you down to the office this morning and make you a little acquainted with the business. I waited here over an hour and you didn't show up. Then after I left my secretary called up and couldn't get me. We got caught in a jam and when I got there the market was off ten points. Fine state of affairs, you ought to have a nurse. Got anything to say?"

Dick picked up a cribbage peg and toyed with it for a moment.

"You know the Ring road that comes up by Big South?"

Old Sharpleigh refused answer.

"Well," continued Dick, "I was driving slowly by the big rock when I heard a soft whine, sounded almost human, then I stopped the car and listened. For a moment I couldn't locate it, then after a while I got out and went into the bushes. Over near the rock I found a little English beagle caught fast in a trap. He must have been there a week, he was awfully thin and feverish; he didn't look as though he would last an hour, and I was undecided what to do. His eyes were glazed and I thought of shooting him; and then you know how helpless a baby looks?"

"Hump," said the other. "Well?"

"And I just couldn't do it, so I took another look at him. You remember how old Don looked just before he died, how his eyes seemed to say, 'Oh, won't you please help me?'"

"I remember," replied the elder man, removing his "pince-nez," which suddenly seemed to have become blurred.

"Well, this little fellow had the same look old Don had, so I pried the trap apart and you should have seen the look of gratitude he gave me, and grit— I never saw anything like it. So I put him in the car beside me. I knew I could make Dr. Bradley's inside of an hour. I was going along fine when that officer stopped me. I told him why I was hurrying, and showed him the dog, but no use, I guess he didn't know much about dogs."

Old Sharpleigh grunted. "And then what?"

"Then after he'd taken my number and looked at my license and all that, he said: 'Tell it to Judge Quinn, he'll be glad to see you at nine-thirty at the court house.'"

"What about the dog?" Old Jerry asked.

"Oh," returned Dick, "Dr. Bradley said he would have to take off the left fore-leg, but outside of that everything would be all right in a couple of weeks. He's going to keep him until he's well, then give him to the Animal Rescue League."

"He'll do nothing of the kind!" snapped Old Jerry. "You're going to bring that little devil right home here where he'll have decent care, and if I can't find a wooden leg for him we'll have one made. What was that officer's number?" he demanded, rising.

"I didn't get it," replied Dick with a yawn. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," Old Jerry answered, but his eyes said a plenty.

"When the dog gets well enough I'll have you come down to the office and learn the ropes; and by the way, I'll see Quinn and get your license back in the morning. Good night."

The Boy Scouts 20th Anniversary

THE Boy Scouts of America, which celebrates its Twentieth Anniversary, February 7th to 13th, 1930, is an organization which teaches a boy those things that a boy likes to learn about. A Scout can make a fire without matches, tell time by the sun and find his way about in the woods without a compass. He can cook a meal over an open fire, handle boats and canoes efficiently and he learns methods of first aid and life saving. It is because the boy finds out how to do the things that he wants to do that Scouting has made such a great success in the United States and, indeed, around the world, where there are nearly 2,000,000 boys and men under

(Continued on page 63)

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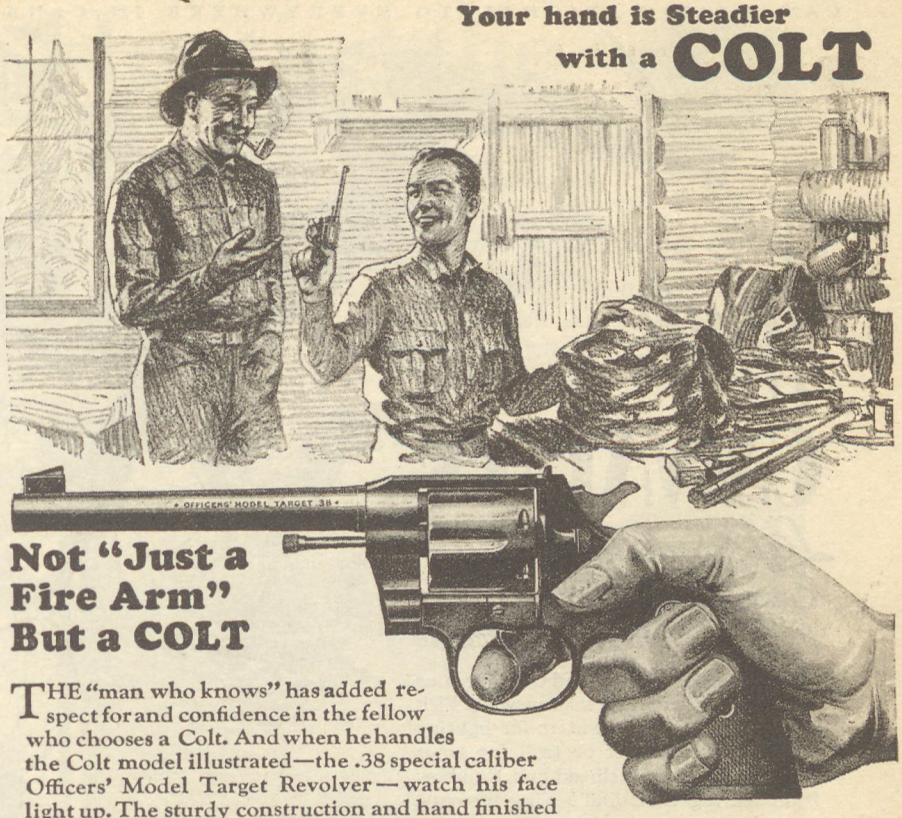

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What! No Record Breaker?

(Continued from page 41)

erally responsible for your welfare and your happiness—all for $5.00 a day.

Good camping places were more inaccessible—many a laborious trail was cut into lakes having no roads leading to them. The labor saving little outboard was unknown.

With all these reminiscences I arrived in Florida, and if I hadn't ruthlessly derided it in hundreds of other people's stories, I should say "the fight was on."

I went fishing—fishing for sailfish. Incidentally the cost of a fishing boat for two fishermen was $40.00 a day—oh yes, including lunch.

It was fun but some way I kept wishing I had my big, rawboned Swede at the oars of a rowboat—then we were just a little bobbing bark at the mercy of the sea, and of the dwellers in the sea. In the large, well equipped motor boat, one felt predestined to win—no master, enemy or Fate itself could combat one long.

Absurd again perhaps, but again funnily true.

We fished for four blissful days—blue of ocean sufficing for our happiness without silver of tarpon, or purple of marlin.

On the fifth day someone hooked a sailfish, and the gorgeous creature rose out of the water outlined against the horizon like something alien and sinister. You may come to hate a tarpon for your inability to beat him, but nothing as human and congenial as hate can assail you with a sailfish. He is mysterious, malign, unapproachable. He has none of the jolly devilry of a tarpon. The sailfish darts out of the water like a dangerous sword from a hilt; a tarpon bounces out like a merry villain with a bludgeon.

I retain two vivid pictures of deep sea fishing—a sparkling sun dappled one of a bright tarpon leaping joyously; the other a dark silhouette of a sailfish poised menacingly against the sky line. If one could compare them to characters, I should call the tarpon a Falstaff, and the sailfish a Machiavelli.

I did not catch a sailfish, world's record, or otherwise. I did catch barracuda, dolphin, yellow jack and other fascinating denizens of southern seas though neither were any of these in the record breaking class.

At the end of a 40-minute fight with a barracuda, successful too, thank Neptune, I decided with the modernists that everything is relative. Time must have exaggerated my estimate of the trials of a fight with a world record fish.

And to my surprise I found the fact that no world's record was involved detracted not a bit from the thrill of the fight, and my desperate determination to win. I had learned at last, whether from decreasing strength or increasing intelligence, I know not, that the size and prestige of one's opponent at the other end of the line makes little difference so long as he is game and the battle is fair.

I thought of the very great improvement in the sportsman's point of view in recent years. I remembered the great number of muskallonge I had seen years and years ago stacked up like cordwood on the bank of a northern lake.

And I blushed to think of the many tarpon I had killed and seen killed because it appeared each one might break the world's record by an ounce or an inch, and so must

be killed, taken to shore, weighed and measured.

Most of the tarpon hooked and successfully brought to the boat now are released.

The average sportsman nowadays is, I believe, a far better conservationist than those of the generation before him.

I resolved on my return home to tell all these conclusions at length to my children—to teach them the great lesson of joying in one's least endeavors as wholly as in one's largest—to point out to them indelibly that to play the smallest fish skillfully was of as great pleasure as to land leviathan himself.

All of which, indeed, I shall tell and teach them some day, but regrettably, at present, it doesn't seem to register very well.

Youth—high purpose—and high scores—I guess they go together—because instead of listening pleasurably and profitably to my conclusions, the children insist with one voice on hearing the old stories over again. So at the bed time story hours, I am still telling them with perhaps even a few added details the familiar stories of my ancient world records!

Fishing as a Fiesta

(Continued from page 25)

and listening to humming guitars and song.

It was now time to return, since we planned to be back by sunset. So we climbed from the sand into the launch, and the engineer and deckhand shoved her off.

In due course we swung near the fishermen in the whaleboat, who were drawing in the long net, supported by cork floats, so as to form a bag. And little wriggling fish, caught by the gills in the mesh, flashed like silver as they were disentangled, to end their wriggling in the bottom of the boat. The towline was again made fast.

"Have we had a successful catch?" I asked Don Luís.

He shrugged a shoulder.

"Not bad, and not good," he said, accepting his luck in good part.

The launch retraced her course, disturbing the same flocks of ducks to the groans of Don Manolo, merciless hunter and crack shot that he was. In the creek amid the mangroves the mud crabs seemed not to have stirred.

As we chuff-chuffed under the highway bridge before entering the snug little bay of San Juan, a jolly group of girls of the laboring class began to call to the fishers in the whaleboat, who threw out a quantity of fish, which were eagerly snapped up in a scramble with merry outcries and laughter.

As we drew into the boat-landing of San Juan, Don Luis looked the fish over, picked out some for dinner and generously gave the rest to the crew, who were grinningly profuse with their *muchas gracias*.

"It was a great party," I said.

"Yes," said Don Luís, "but the fish were not running well. The next time, we shall do better."

Such is a Spanish fishing party.

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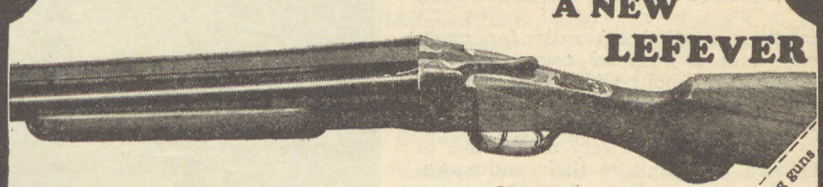

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By Paul Burress

Rudimentary Navigation

A RANK amateur can well appreciate the embarassment of the rankest of rank amateurs when he is called before the judge's stand in view and hearing of hundreds of spectators and the chief judge himself turns loose his years' accumulation of nautical terms to the bewilderment of the confused pilot who tries to interpret the megaphoned instructions. Every motor boater should know the points of a ship whether he uses on small Dot Lake or rubs gunwales with the big leaguers of the salt. To be a sailor, you should speak the sailor's language, and after a little practice you will be surprised at your smattering of salty lingo.

It is very much more impressive and proper, especially among boat club members and while around seasoned salts to remove yourself from the land lubber class by referring to the bow and stern instead of to the head and tail. The vernacular of the sea is beautiful and alluring and the game of finding one's way without road maps and sign posts is interesting and should be played and practiced regardless of where you cruise.

Navigation is simply the art of finding one's road from one place to another by water. As few of us are planning on crossing the ocean this season, we will continue our efforts to coastal and inland waters. This type of navigation is properly called piloting.

The small boat, manned by more or less amateur sailors, is limited in its travels to a small portion of the earth's surface, and that little in as safe waters as possible, rarely out of sight of land. So, a slight knowledge of charts, compass, buoys, lights and rules of the road should be sufficient to enable the novice navigator to attempt something in the nature of a cruise.

The U. S. Government has prepared and presents free of charge to every motor boat owner, or anyone else, just for the asking, a little book named "Pilot Rules." In this book the terms are all technical and it will be wise to start off by absorbing as much as possible of the general terms, names of various parts of the boat, etc.

Handling small boats calls for much practice and a heap of common sense. First learn all about your boat, find out how it will act under any and every condition. Don't attempt the impossible as boats and humans are very much alike in that there is a limit to their endurance. These lessons are not intended for the oldtimer, but for the chap who admits—to himself at least—that he knows too little about the sport. This is just a groundwork, a primary primer. If the boat bug bites hard enough the student can avail himself of technical handbooks and standard authorities to prepare himself by intensive study for extensive cruises.

First we will consider the deck plan of a boat. The pointed end of the boat is the bow, when looking towards it you are looking forward. Now turn around to the opposite direction; you are now looking towards the stern—looking aft. Turn again towards the bow, now glance over to your right—that is the starboard side; opposite, on your left is the port side. Parallel with the keel from bow to stern is the fore and aft line of the boat, the line at right angles to that is the beam line. Now between the beam line and the stern is the quarter on each side, named port and starboard quarters.

All motor boats carry lights after sundown. The smaller boats, including all outboards, carry only two lanterns—one forward, in front of the boat, a sort of divided light, red on the left side, port; and green on the right side, starboard. This is one lantern and has two lenses, called a combination light; then aft in the back part of the boat on a flag pole is a white light that must be seen all around the horizon.

On page 4 of the pilot rules, paragraphs (b) and (c), it says "Red"—"Green"—from right ahead to two points abaft the beam. Right ahead is easily understood; two points abaft the beam is a compass term. One point of the compass equals eleven degrees and fifteen minutes, therefore, two points must be twenty-two and a half degrees, on the stern side of your beam line.

The rules of the road as set forth in

A 30 m.p.h. fishing boat, a jug of water and plenty of big bass in the wilderness is paradise plenty. Walter Moorman of Orlando, Florida, on a New Year's Day fishing trip.

Walter Willman, nationally known tournament caster, is sounding the depth of a partially bridged freshet before continuing. He always carries his tippy tropical kayak atop the land schooner and only invites good swimmers to fish with him.

your Pilot Rules will make this perfectly clear, and if you will decipher these rules, you will have no difficulty in understanding exactly what your duty is under all circumstances. No one should attempt to run a boat, especially a fast one, unless he has a good working idea of the rules. The best method of learning is to whittle a few little flat models of boats, mark each one on the proper sides with red and green crayon to represent the lights carried on each side, take each problem of the rules and move your models around to work the problem. This is a good indoor pastime for you. It is a good way to master the problem thoroughly and pass away the late winter days.

A good By-law for every outboard club should require that every member breaking any of the rules of the road be fined a small amount and doubled for the second offense. Every member to be his own traffic cop. If worked in good fellowship every one will benefit by the healthy arguments that are sure to arise. Two unwritten laws are always in order: "Muffle your engine," and "Go slow near other boats and in a harbor."

RACE COURSE BUOYS

Malcomb Pope, one of the big-shots of outboard racing, again comes to the front with suggestions for better racing courses by recommending a practical, cheap and accurate method of marking a course. Sink a one inch pipe into the bottom of the lake or river so that it projects four feet above the surface. This can be done by working the pipe up and down and back and forth with the hands while standing in a boat, after the surveyor has sighted and finds the pipe in line. Then obtain a vegetable hamper, paint it white with black rings and put a long nail through the center of the bottom. On the day of the race, invert it and place it on the pipe. Afterwards the hampers can be stacked in a locker at the clubhouse. Another simple way to make buoys is to use oil barrels painted black and white, fastened to concrete blocks or pieces of iron for anchors. Flags on buoys are impractical because of the many angles at which they can not be seen.

OVERHEARD AT THE SHOW AND IT SOUNDS REASONABLE

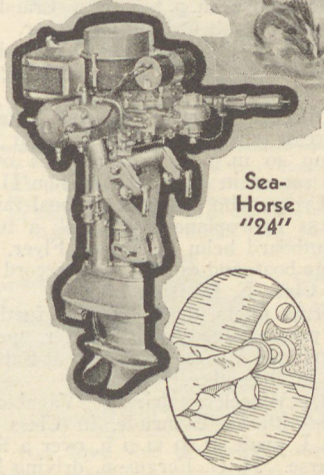
"I would much rather have an outboard cruiser with all facilities for sleeping and cooking than to have a permanent summer camp. I could then move from place to place as I desired or take it overland by trailer.

"Why should I bother to build a cottage on a lake with a big investment, taxes and repairs and all subsequent grief that goes with the ownership of such a place, when, for about $600 I can buy an outboard cruiser with berths, cooking equipment and everything necessary for a real vacation? If I own a shack it is necessary for me to stay close to that spot. Whereas, if I have an outboard cruiser I can simply put it on a truck and haul it to any lake in the country that I care to fish on and there is my permanent summer home with my bed and hot food just about fifty yards from my favorite fishing spot."

WHAT'S IN THE BAG FOR 1930?

Even more revolutionary and startling are the improvements in outboard motors for 1930; however, at this writing we must be satisfied with this interesting and appetizing statement. There has been one leak in the news that informs us that one

These Electric Starting Outboard Runabouts Open Even Shallow Waters to Navigation



Sea-Horse "24"

New Sea-Horses Electrically Started or Rope-started

Choice of electric starting with auxiliary rope-starting or rope-starting only—both with famous Johnson Release Charger in larger Sea-Horse motors. In smaller Sea-Horses new alternate firing produces smoothness and minimum vibration hitherto unknown in this class. Other features include Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust and Full Pivot Steering.

All dealers carry first-aid service parts. Stations for complete service in all parts of the country.

Tilting Propeller Lets You Cruise, Hunt, Fish, Race or Explore Regardless of Shoals or Obstructions

Johnson Sea-Horse Motors—world's speed champions—now appear with special hulls to match. They introduce seamless, waterproof Sealite construction—amazingly strong, lightweight and fast. These Matched Units all have automatically tilting propellers that ride safely over logs, rocks and other obstructions in deep water or shallow. Streams and shallow shores where more than half the joy and usefulness of water motoring is found are thus open to them.

Heading this group of motor boats are the Johnson Aquaflyer Runabouts, electrically started and lighted, steered by a wheel from the driving seat, with motors neatly concealed in a hatch in the stern. This new craft fulfills every desire for a trim, fast, comfortable runabout at a fraction of the cost of inboard motor boats.

Johnson Matched Units—$260 to $1065, f. o. b. factory

Other Johnson boats are powered by specified Sea-Horses, either electrically started or rope-started. The latter are priced as low as $260 complete and are sold on partial payment terms.

Write for color-illustrated catalog de luxe.

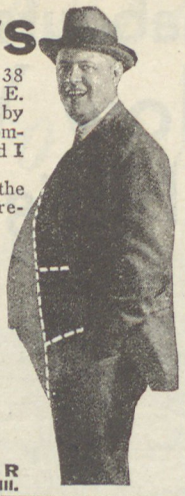
JOHNSON MOTOR CO., 1299 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. *In Canada:* Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Ont.

World's Only Manufacturer of Outboard Matched Units and Largest Maker of Outboard Motors. Originator of Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust and Release Charger

JOHNSON MATCHED UNITS

SEA-HORSES & BOATS

10 Inches Off Waistline In 35 Days



"I reduced from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

The Director Belt gets at the layer of fat and quickly removes it by its gentle, kneading, massaging action on the abdomen, which causes the fat to be dissolved and absorbed. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as the natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

Sent on Trial

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Address.....

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GUAR

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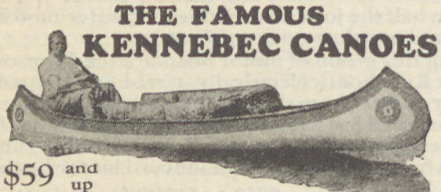

$59 and up
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IN WIDE VARIETY of styles, prices, and finishes. Canoes for sport, pleasure, camping, etc. Kennebec Canoes are favorites the country over. Send for catalog.
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509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

manufacturer has produced a successful twin-cylinder motor in which the cylinders fire alternately, one after the other, instead of simultaneously. Two impulses are produced per revolution instead of one as heretofore, producing a smoothness of power flow and a slow throttle speed without vibration.

We are as curious as a society matron to learn what styles and types the best will be driving this year and we will gather it all together for you in our next issue. Fish, dogs, guns and game are a pretty staple commodity to deal with compared with outboard motors and boats and to keep on the up and up reminds me of a New York street vendor's remark about progress: "A fellow has to run like hell to stand still."

We must admit that the outboard motor is the most amazing contrivance in the nautical world today and each year brings out new achievements and mechanical designs that seem impossible to improve upon. The variety of uses to which it is put staggers the imagination and puts a severe strain on the credulity of anyone familiar with boating in the past.

CALIFORNIA AGAIN CRASHES RECORDS

The National Outboard association racing commission have officially approved new mile trial records made at Balboa, California, in December.

Margaret Mullin in Class A, Division I, driving Blue Streak, an Elsinore hull powered with Lockwood, made 27.85 m. p. h. Church Hall, with the same type of equipment turned up 28.4 m. p. h., setting a Class A, Division II, record.

In Class B, Division II, Charles Holt, driving Crandall Comet, powered with a Johnson, did 43.94 m. p. h. Billy Lyon, in Class B, Division I, drove Baby Brontosaurus to 43.974 m. p. h., on a Crandall boat, powered with a Johnson motor.

Billy Lyon also set a Class D, Division I, record of 47.15 m. p. h., driving a Crandall Comet and Johnson 32.

H. G. Ferguson, with his well known Blue Streak powered with a Johnson 32, turned up 49 m. p. h., breaking his own previous record in Class D, Division II.

Dick Lyons, who has won national fame in the 151 hydroplane class, took a turn at the outboard helm of Fresno Flyer, an Ashbridge boat, and established a record of 33.78 in Class E, Division I.

California pilots, determined to further glorify passing 1929 with greater speed records, staged a successful meet at Salton Sea late in December.

B. A. Wheeler, driving Vagabond, powered with an Evinrude, in Class C, Division I, made 41.09 m. p. h. over a five mile course. H. G. Ferguson, driving his Evinrude powered Blue Streak in Class C, Division II, made 42.35 m. p. h. In Class D, Division II, Ferguson drove Blue Streak, powered with a Johnson, to 45.34 m. p. h.

A new 10 mile record was set up by Charles Holt in Class B, driving Crandall Comet powered with a Johnson, averaging 38.83 m. p. h.

Class D, Division II, record for 15 miles was broken by H. G. Ferguson in his Blue Streak, Johnson powered craft, when he averaged 44.92 miles per hour.

GOOD CHOWDER CHOW

Here is a good one to put into your galley cook book and it comes from one who travels the woodland and waterways of New Brunswick, Canada, in the summer time and ably directs the wealthy Palm Beachers to big outdoor returns on the Gulf stream in the winter. Captain James McAskill has tickled the palate of many of America's greatest outdoorsmen with the following dish. Try it at the first opportunity and be convinced. Portions for two healthy appetites require 1 pound of filet of any good fish, 1½ pounds of potatoes, ¼ pound of onions, about 2 ounces of bacon cubed and pepper and salt to taste. Place the ingredients in layers in a kettle and cover with water and keep it simmering until well cooked. If your stores permit and you like a richer dish, you may thicken the chowder when almost done by adding a mixture of ½ pint of milk, 1 egg and cracker crumbs all beaten together.

ENGLISH ENDURANCE RECORD

Here is a flock of outboard endurance miles to conjure. Jack Holroyd of Brude and Holroyd, Ltd., London, piloted his Sea Horse-powered Sea Bee II, around a six mile course for a total distance of 363.6 miles with only 18 minutes lost in four stops to refuel during the twelve hour grind.

The average speed for the run was 30.3 m. p. h., which is remarkable when it is considered that Holroyd drove a 16 foot passenger runabout, powered with a standard service type engine over a very choppy course. No trouble was experienced in the run which was sponsored by the Marine Motoring Association, the governing board of boat racing in England.

MIDWEST ASSOCIATION CHANGES NAME

The Mississippi Valley Outboard Association has changed the name of their organization to Midwest Outboard Association, due to a similarity of names of the old associations. This club, with headquarters in Davenport, Iowa, is boasting a fast growing membership and a completed racing schedule for the coming season which promises plenty of activity in their section, starting with a Decoration Day race at Clinton, Iowa, and ending with the big meet at Peoria, Illinois, on Labor Day.

RIDING SOUTHERN CIRCUIT

Dick Upsall, National Champion in Class D, and Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Milliken of outboard and aviation fame are headquartering in West Palm Beach, Florida, and at the present writing are grooming several likely looking prospects for a clean-up in Florida waters this winter.

HERBST AND DAVIS JOIN INDIAN

The Indian Motorcycle Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, manufacturers of a new outboard motor known as the Indian Silver Arrow, makes announcement that two nationally known outboard motor experts have been recently added to their staff. Julius T. Herbst, formerly manufacturer of record breaking boats and a racing driver of note and R. Ed. Davis, holder of various records and a prominent southern driver, will assist in popularizing the new line of Indian outboard motors.

QUESTIONS

from readers about

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

will be answered by

PAUL BURRESS

editor of this department.

The Boy Scouts 20th Anniversary

(Continued from page 57)

the banner of Scouting. Scouting uses the "gang" spirit and the competitive in a boy's make-up in promoting learning by doing. It makes available to a Scout a field of endeavor in ninety vocational subjects and urges a boy to "Scout" around among these subjects, in which he may win Merit Badges for proficiency, until he finds out that vocation for which he is best fitted.

Lord Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, in the early days of the Movement more than twenty years ago, impressed upon the world that "Scouting is a great game." The purpose of the Movement has been character building and citizenship training for boys through activities based upon the legends of knighthood, chivalry and the lore of the plainsman and of the Indian.

It is hard to find, for comparison, anything like the great corps of nearly 30,000 Scoutmasters who are leading and directing, without pay or compensation, except the satisfaction which comes of service rendered, the lads who comprise the Boy Scout membership. With these Scoutmasters, there are other volunteer groups, in all numbering more than 200,000 who are giving volunteer service to Scouting, most of them counting this service by weeks, not hours or minutes, in each year.

The Movement has developed activities for older boys, notably in its Sea Scout program for boys of fifteen years upward. In this division of its activities the boy learns of the life of the sea and notable progress in developing this activity has occurred in recent years. The deck crew of the John Borden-Field Museum expedition to the Arctic two years ago was entirely made up of Chicago Sea Scouts. Paul Siple, the Boy Scout who has made a splendid record in connection with the Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic is active in Sea Scouting at Erie, Pa.

Onward, March!

Courtesy of the Duluth Herald

Above is an extraordinary photograph of thousands of trout lying at the bottom of a stream in the Brule River, which is about forty miles from Duluth.

The unusual formation and the large number of fish in so small a space is unusual and interesting.

Is the trout's line of battle forming to march upon fishermen or that arch enemy of fish, pollution?

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ON YOUR SHOULDER

"Old Towns" are modeled after Indian birchbarks. That's why they're so fine for the paddle or portage. They quickly answer every dip of the blade . . . they're easily swung to the shoulder for carrying—and you can keep them there indefinitely.

Not only are "Old Towns" amazingly light, but they're sturdy, strong, well-built—perfectly balanced canoes. An "Old Town" goes for years without repairs because it's made *right*, in the beginning.

Send for free catalog. It shows many models—paddling, sailing, and square-stern canoes; rowboats; dinghies; outboard motor-boats, including big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood models for family use; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 133 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

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ALWAYS READY

Pioneer Metal Boats never dry out—do not leak—no upkeep, fuss or worry—always ready to use.

MOST COMPLETE LINE TO CHOOSE FROM

10 Models in 44 sizes

Runabouts—Outboard MotorBoats—Row Boats

Pioneer gives you better boats for less money

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Write for our 3-color catalogue today

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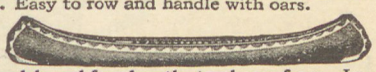
Outboard Motor Boats $60.00 and up

A complete line of real fast, safe and sea-worthy boats for family use. Also fastest racing models.

Rowboats $48.00 and up

Improved models. Safe and seaworthy. Strong and durable. Easy to row and handle with oars.



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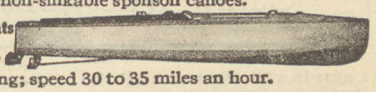
Three models and four lengths to choose from. Including non-sinkable sponson canoes.



Motor Boats Six passenger

20 ft. long; speed 30 to 35 miles an hour.

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Read what Minnesota offers you in the official Publication of the Game and Fish Department.

Two Years for One Dollar

Please address—

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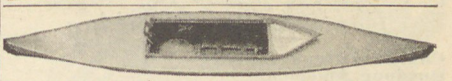

Portable Kayak Boat

The Klepper Kayak weighs only 50 lbs., packed for carrying. World-famous for safety, speed, convenience, on lake, stream, or ocean. Stays leak-proof, retains trim lines for years. Use paddles, sail, or motor. The favorite for hunting, fishing, cruising, sport.

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Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service.

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By return mail, please send me, without any obligation, full details of your Acme Folding Boats and Canoes.

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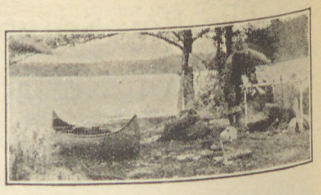
Camping

Where When How



This department belongs to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. *It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about* how *to camp, or about* when and where. *If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.*

Camp Questions

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

On a deer hunting trip this fall I took a compass with me, but found to my amazement when I came to use it, it did not do me any good. I got lost and couldn't find our camp. Please tell me what good a compass is if it doesn't give the direction your camp is in.

Charles Agnew.

Toledo, Ohio.

You are correct in presuming that the compass does you no good if you do not know in what direction your camp lies. It is rather difficult to try to find your bearings by suddenly looking at your compass after you have become lost. The proper way to use the compass is to use it frequently before you are lost, so you will have in mind the direction in which you are traveling. If you have not done this, it is necessary that you select some land mark such as a hill, mountain, stream or lake which you know to be in a certain direction from your camp. In your case, the only thing to do was to make for high ground and keep going until you came to or saw the land mark of this nature which you knew to be in a certain direction from your camp.

M. W. PETERSON.

Footwear for Climbing

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I plan on doing some mountain climbing next summer, and am already figuring on my outfit. I am in a quandary over proper footwear. Perhaps you can advise me.

Arthur Sheekman.

Chicago, Ill.

Of course you are bothered about the question of footwear. This is the hardest question the mountain climber has to answer, and even the professional cannot agree on proper equipment. First of all, you should eliminate the boot which extends up over the calf. The tall boot constitutes senseless binding of the muscles, and it has no compensating advantages. The shoe that I have in mind is best. It must be made of the very best materials and a perfect fit. The soles should be at least one-half inch thick and should be heavily covered with cone hobs. It is amazing the number of people who think that hob nails make the shoe slip easier on rock. As a matter of fact, hob nails are more necessary for rocks than for any other kind of footing. Inside of the shoes should be worn first some silk hose and over these a pair of very heavy all-wool socks that extend up nearly to the knee. The idea of the silk socks is to take up the friction, thus preventing the formation of blisters. The wool hose gives the necessary warmth and cushioning for the feet. If you contemplate walking on ice packs you should take with you some regular lumbermen calks for use on the occasion.

DUSTY WATERS.

Where to Camp

Try Alabama

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I am told there are places in the south where I can have good quail and dove shooting and some chances to outwit the elusive turkey gobbler, no easy trick, they tell me. I have a month to spend and while my preference is upland game, I would certainly like to participate in some of the south's famous night hunting for Br'ers Possum and Coon.

H. W. Harper.

Rock Island, Ill.

Alabama is very liberal in giving its sportsmen very long open seasons and while the following list is not complete it gives you the dates of the open season on game you might be interested in:

Squirrel....November 20 to February 20
Quail.....November 20 to February 20
Turkey.....December 1 to April 1
Doves.....November 20 to February 1
Duck.....November 1 to February 1
Deer.....November 1 to December 31

One of the best locations I know of is in the neighborhood of Citronelle, Alabama, about a 22-hour run from Chicago.

The country in this vicinity is very hilly and beautiful, having many creeks and streams, all of which are fed by springs. A sport that is enjoyed there is fox hunting. To many people this phase of outdoor recreation is the favorite.

In the event you care to break up your hunting trip for a bit of fishing, it is possible to motor from this point to the Gulf of Mexico—motor trip takes about one and one-half hours—and here you can battle a few denizens of the salty brine. There is also inland river fishing in this neighborhood, so I suggest you tote along fishing tackle as well as hunting equipment.

CAL JOHNSON.

Or Try Mexico

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

Perhaps you do not answer inquiries as to any camping, fishing or hunting places outside of the United States, but I am greatly interested in learning of some good hunting and fishing to be found in Mexico—if any. I must spend several months there, and without opportunity to indulge in my favorite sports, I shall be miserable.

John Mason.

Ironwood, Michigan.

The town of Los Mochis, Mexico, is located within half an hour's automobile ride of Topolobampo Bay off the Gulf of California, known to local fishermen as the "purse seine of the Pacific Ocean." This town is considered one of the greatest hunting and fishing spots in the world.

Every kind of fish abound there from whales down. I once landed with a 12 ounce rod a two hundred and fifty pound Robalo (a species of tarpon) in 2½ hours —so you can see there is some fishing.

There are first class accommodations at Los Mochis for fishermen, also tackle, boats, launches, etc.

The hunter also can find geese, duck, deer, alligator, etc., in abundance and bighorn sheep across the Gulf in Lower California.

MILLER JORDAN.

Where in Canada?

Camping Department,
Outdoor America.

I am planning a fishing and canoe trip in the Province of Ontario, Canada, for next August in a locality where we can photograph moose, deer and other wild animals.

Please advise me of such a district, and address of reliable guide and outfitter.

A. B. McCuen.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

A very fine canoe trip in Ontario where you can secure photographs of moose, deer, bear, partridge and waterfowl is from Morrison river, starting from the station of Shekak, and winding up at the little town of Tondern.

A circle route can be travelled by way of the Morrison river, Nagagamisis lake, Nagagamisis river, then north by way of the Nagagami river to Ameson—or you can take the south route by way of Nagagami river, Nagagami lake and Obakamiga river to Tondern.

Excellent brook trout, pickerel and pike fishing can be enjoyed enroute. If you wish to outfit in Canada, you can do so at Hornepayne, Ontario, at the Cockburn Mercantile, Limited. Guides, canoes, camp equipment, provisions, etc., can be secured there. This station is located close to Shekak, where your canoe trip would start.

The trip outlined would be approximately 65 miles. The time taken depending entirely upon your party. The waters are not too fast for safety and the country is ideal.

CAL JOHNSON.

Some of the Pleasant Things

(Continued from page 33)

Water sufficient for cooking the crawfish should then be put in a container, to which add about 25 cents worth of mixed spices including bay leaves, ¼-pound caraway seed, a small (10-cent) can of red pepper, four or five lemons, sliced through but not separated, about ½-pound of potatoes, treated in the same way as the lemons, ½-pound of small onions, peeled and added whole, and several tomatoes, if in season.

The water with this mixture should be boiling before the crawfish are put in. Not more than a five-minute period of boiling will be necessary to bring them to a vivid red, when they are ready to be taken out. If it is desired to give the crawfish a gloss, a quarter of a pound of butter may be added to the other ingredients just before they are removed.

A folding table occupies very little room in a boat and adds to one's comfort. Setting it up or arranging it for the meal will be a chore for some one while the guide or a companion attends to the cooking. For two fishermen and a guide, however, there is an ideal equipment. It is a metal box with two quart thermos bottles, one to contain tea, coffee, or lemonade, the other for soup, and between them a space for bread, sandwiches, etc. In my opinion it is very convenient for the day—easy to carry, everything all ready. And, finally: "My Lord, dinner is served!" Then, "Who in the hell upset the frying-pan?" We say of a man, "He is a poor fish," yet also, "fish is brain food." Lest we forget, we dedicate every Friday to the eating thereof!

On one occasion I purchased a very practical and expensive aluminum set for the cooking and serving of meals in camp. I had gone over it in detail, had studied it exhaustively. There were no useless pieces; everything was perfect so far as ingenuity and money could make it; and, when packed, the outfit occupied very little space.

We started on a trip by river. The plan was to camp each night, accordingly the man with the camping paraphernalia went ahead. The director of the party was an old and personal friend, a fine fisherman too, and free to take almost any liberty. My boat was the last of the three. We got to the camping site late; but the tents were up, fires were burning, and water was boiling. The water was being boiled in an old lard-can; the plates were of rather antique tin; the coffee-pot had come in with Daniel Boone and most of the cups were small jelly-jars.

I politely inquired, "What in Tophet has happened to my cooking outfit?" By way of explanation I was told it was too good to bring along; too fine to take into the woods; that it might fall overboard; and, anyhow, the outfit we were using was a "damned" good outfit, because it had been thoroughly tested for the last ten years. If I would only wait until the "grub" was ready, and then come and get it, I would be happy. The sequel showed this to be the truth! But I lost the pleasure of experimenting with a more compact equipment and a lighter load.

The story has gone the rounds, and the laugh that follows its recital, with embellishments, sometimes is at my expense and sometimes at my friend's.

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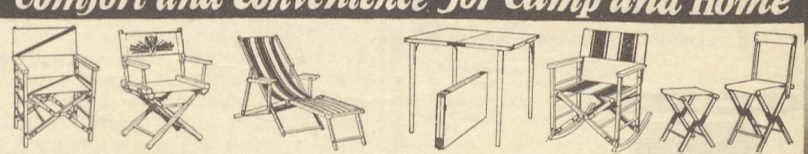

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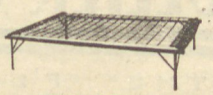
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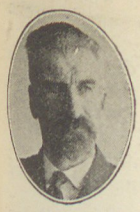

Murdo Gibson's Letter from the Wilderness

MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER
In camp, Lake of the Woods,
January 10th, 1930.

DEAR Waltonians:

Yesterday, at dawn, my new thermometer registered forty-five degrees below zero (Fahrenheit). After sunrise, however, it rose rapidly until at one o'clock it showed only twelve below. Then it sank again and, at dusk, it was back to thirty, and still going down.

That a tent dweller could be comfortable during such low temperatures many of my readers will seriously doubt. But, risking a long-standing and hard-won reputation for truthfulness, I solemnly affirm I suffered absolutely no discomfort, night or day, while the cold spell lasted. Each morning I awoke to find the tent comfortably warm, a deep bed of glowing coals in the stove and the water pails free from ice. Furthermore, I was out of doors the entire afternoon of the coldest day and enjoyed every moment of it.

And why not? The sky was cloudless, the sun shone brilliantly and there was no wind. Smoke from my stovepipe ascended vertically until it reached the tree tops, then drifted lazily toward the south. As my activities on that particular day were practically the same as on preceding ones, a detailed report of them might interest some steam-heated stay-at-homes and, possibly, convert a few yearning—but timid—wilderness lovers to make a personal test of winter camping. That, indeed, is the prime object of these letters.

When I arose—after eight hours of unbroken sleep—dawn was just apparent through my tiny celluloid window. My first actions were to open the damper, rake coals to the front, fill the stove with dry pine, half-dry aspen, and green birch, open the draught and "let her roar." At the back of the stove, against the pipe, I placed the coffee pail, and, at the front, a tin basin of clean water. When warmed, part of this water is used to thin the sourdough pancake batter; the remainder is left in the basin, covered with a plate and used to keep the bacon and cakes warm, not only while breakfast is being prepared, but also while it is being eaten. By this method, the last mouthful of deliciously greasy and syrupy flapjack is almost as warm as the first. Deer hunters take notice.

Reaching above my head I then took from its hooked stick the sourdough pail that hangs suspended from the ridge pole. With a wooden paddle I beat and stirred the swollen gaseous batter until I learned its real volume and density; after which I added to it one-half teaspoon of baking soda and nearly a cupful of warm water. This diluted the batter to pouring fluidity, and brisk stirring gave it proper smoothness.

When that was done, I cut and fried the bacon, placed the cooked slices on the water-heated plate, poured the hot dripping into my other frypan and, from there, into the sourdough, which was again stirred and beaten until the grease stains disappeared. By that time both pans were smoking hot, well lubricated and ready for quick action. Here, I am tempted to digress, lest any reader wonder why I did not save some of the bacon dripping to grease the pans for their second, and succeeding, cakes.

Unless the preceding one is badly scorched and roughens the pan, a single greasing is sufficient for several cakes. The satiny finish on hot cakes is obtained by baking a perfectly smooth batter—composed of proper ingredients—on a *dry*, glossy surface. Sugar, molasses or syrup gives cakes a rich-brown color and dry-powdered milk gives them an attractive sheen.

The somewhat blotched complexions of the first two cakes do not detract from their desirability: they are always reserved for my pets, which have no finicky fancies concerning the mere unsightliness of otherwise agreeable food.

By the time the last cake was baked I was perspiring freely, so a thorough washing of face and hands was a refreshing luxury, instead of a Spartan duty. Meanwhile, my two chickadees, three Canada jays and three red squirrels were clamoring impatiently and querulously at the tent door; so I distributed among them—as judiciously as possible—bits of pancake, inch-long strips of bacon rind and a few crumbs of cheese. Also, I scattered a small handful of raw oatmeal, to keep them interested while I ate my own breakfast.

When the breakfast dishes were washed and the apartment tidied, I wrote a thousand-word letter to a long-neglected friend. This required a determined effort of will, besides more than three hours of precious daylight. I had to fight against frequent and—I confess, welcome—distractions in various guises, such as squirrel fights, a blue jay stealing food from the Canada jays, a deer whistling from the hill top, stove stoking, cooking pails boiling over, etc., etc., and every time I looked through the window I was tempted to linger there and feast my eyes on the spotless loveliness of my winter estate.

At one o'clock the allurement of the sunlit open became irresistible, so for a brief respite from writing—as I told my conscience—I donned rubbers and mittens and chopped a large, new water hole through more than a foot of crystal-clear ice. When that was done and the water pails filled, I felt less inclined than before to continue my writing; so I felled a number of trees, dragged them to the "chip yard" and chopped them into stove lengths. It was four o'clock when I had the last of these sticks piled inside the tent; and still I was unwilling to remain indoors.

Having some letters ready for mailing, I used them as an excuse for skiing over to French Narrows Camps. There I learned that radio announcements predicted continued cold; also, that many points in central and western Canada were having temperatures considerably lower than ours.

Returning to camp, I faced the finest sunset I have seen this winter. The central core was a huge, incandescent ball of flaming orange and the outer edge of the illuminated area was a pale green of the utmost clearness. Between these extremes the tints merged so gradually and so uniformly one could not distinguish any def-

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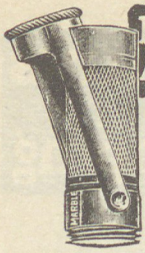

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inite boundaries between the different colors.

The sheer beauty of the evening made me extremely reluctant to go into the tent, but my apparel, though perfectly suitable for even leisurely activity was not adequate for motionless star gazing. As I am frequently questioned about my winter clothing, the following complete inventory of the clothes I wore on this exceptionally cold day may be of interest: (More digression.)

One suit rather heavy woolen underwear; one pair thin denim overalls; one heavy woolen "Stag" shirt; two pairs knitted wool stockings; one pair leather-topped rubber pacs; one pair woolen mitts under a pair of moosehide gauntlets; one knitted wool toque (i. e. my night cap).

It will be noted that I dispensed with several garments generally worn by town dwellers, namely: trousers, overshirt, vest, jacket and overcoat; yet I was perfectly comfortable and any additional raiment would have been a superfluous burden of no benefit.

Zounds, already I fear I have used more than my allotted space, without getting so far as my second meal, or even mentioning my flying squirrels. Well, perhaps I can tell you the rest some other time.

TRIPS Afield with Boys

Conducted by Judge George W. Wood

ONE of my friends sent me a picture of himself with his new gun and his dog. The gun was very like the one I started hunting with and is just the thing for a boy to begin with, provided, of course, he has some one to teach him how to use and handle it. My father thought I was a bit too young to have a shotgun, though I wanted one more than anything in the world. I was taken very ill and became delirious and would not take the medicine. They tried everything until finally as a last resort I was promised a gun. My desire for one was so strong that the promise dominated my fever-clouded brain and I took the medicine and began to mend.

Fortunately my father knew how important it was to teach me how to handle a gun carefully and his instructions so impressed me that I have never had an accident with one. I think that boys of today do not have quite the enjoyment out of their hunting that I used to since I loaded all of my own shells. We youngsters who hunted together haunted the shooting matches to gather up the discarded shells. With a wad cutter we cut out of old felt boots the felt wads and out of tough cardboard the top wads. As I look back I recall making mistakes as to shot and powder loads, but all that was unimportant since the loading kept us busy at night and the hunting during the day.

I think every boy who hunts should have some experience with a muzzle-loading gun. My first hunting experience was with one. I was at my uncle's ranch in western Kansas during haying time. In cutting the hay a flock of prairie-chickens was scared up and I was delighted at the skill with which my uncle brought them down on the wing. He could pour a charge of powder and shot into the gun and ram it down with the hickory rod in an incredibly short time. After shooting the prairie chickens we saw a coyote run into a bit of grass. My uncle had the gun loaded with bird shot which he thought too small for the coyote, so without taking the bird shot out he put in a charge of heavier shot and rammed that down. He was not able to scare the coyote out, and giving me the gun he unhitched one of the horses and rode to the house to get the dogs, telling me if the coyote stuck his nose out "to let him have it."

Small as I was I had had some experience with guns and knew how to aim so I rested the heavy gun across my knees and pictured to myself what I would do if a coyote appeared. I overestimated the fierceness of the animal and the amount of shot necessary to kill it. Suddenly I saw him quietly stick his nose out of the grass. I had previously cocked both hammers, and fearful lest it should escape fired both at once. For a time there was some question whether the gun had done more execution in front or behind, for I was a badly shocked and dazed boy with a bloody nose. The double charge of shot had torn the coyote to bits.

A little later I was allowed to take the old muzzle-loading rifle to hunt squirrels in the timber. It was so heavy that one boy carried the muzzle and the other came trailing along holding the stock. When we found a squirrel he was in no danger unless we could find something solid to rest the rifle on. We did not do a great deal of execution since it took a long time to properly ram the powder load in solidly; then the bullet surrounded with the greased patch of woolen cloth was seated on the powder charge. What fun we used to have melting the lead and running the bullets, carefully cutting off the neck so that the bullet was perfectly round and smooth. I cannot remember who it was told me the proper wadding for the powder was the parchment out of which wasps make their nests, yet I was so impressed with the efficacy of this as a proper loading medium that I suffered serious stings to get the proper thing. I still wonder whether it is so much better than newspaper.

The frontiersmen became expert in loading these primitive weapons. It is told that Simon Kenton, the border scout, was able to load his rifle as he ran. On one of his expeditions he came suddenly upon three Indians. He killed one with the

My friend, his dog and his new gun.

first shot and started to run with the other two in pursuit. In a short time he had again loaded his rifle on the run and turning killed the second Indian. The third, believing that surely his gun was now empty, kept on only to meet his death also, for the scout had again loaded his rifle as he ran.

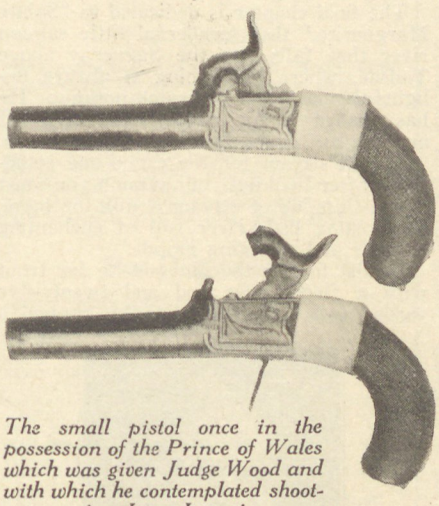
The old rifle known as the Kentucky type used by the frontiersmen had a long heavy barrel and when carefully loaded was a very accurate weapon. I understand that this type of rifle is still used to some extent in the southern mountains. If you have access to such a gun I would hardly advise hunting with it, much as I used to enjoy doing so, but you can have real sport in target practice with it and the moulding of bullets is great fun.

Among the guns that we have about the house is an old Sharps rifle. It is not here because of the regard that I have for that type of gun arising from the stories my father told of his using one on the plains many years ago or the thrilling tale he told me of how he as a very small boy had lain in the grass at the battle of Osawatomie, Kansas, with John Brown's Free State Army and heard the sing of the bullets from the Sharps rifle. It came into our collection because it was within the purchasing power of my sons' bank account a number of years ago and was indeed the only gun in the collection of ancient weapons advertised in a catalog over which he spent many hours.

This catalog contains a wonderful fund of information about arms and military equipment. I have yet to find a boy who does not enjoy it, and when I suggested to one of my young friends that he send for this catalog he complained that when it came Dad wanted it all the time. If the movie directors would spend more time with such a catalog they would not put into the hands of revolutionary soldiers the Springfield 45-70 rifle that was not issued to our soldiers until about 1870.

One reason for the owning of such a gun is the necessity of a fitting and proper celebration of our nation's birthday. This old Sharps rifle is the immediate forerunner of the breech-loading rifle. A block controlled by a lever drops down exposing the breech of the gun and into this a cartridge made of paper wrapped about the powder and ball is thrust. Upon pulling the lever back into place the block comes up and cuts off the rear end of the cartridge. It is then fired with a cap just as the old muzzle-loading musket is fired. The explosion is loud enough to satisfy the soul of any patriot on July fourth. The heavy bullet has just the shattering power which makes it so much fun to use on tin cans and stray bottles. The only difficulty is that of being able to purchase the black powder, formerly kept in every hardware store, now so seldom used that it is difficult to find.

Another gun in my limited collection which I prize very highly is a small muzzle-loading pocket pistol of about .38 caliber. It was given to me many years ago when I was a lad by a friend of my father who had been a border scout and hunter. He had been one to accompany the Prince of Wales who later became King Edward of England when he came west to do some hunting, and this pistol belonged to one of the party. It has a hammer in the middle of the stock. The trigger folds into a slot in the under side of the barrel. When the hammer is raised the trigger springs out into firing position. The little pistol is silver mounted and covered with engraving and on the under side is a coat of arms with the letters H. R. H. The handle is of the finest wood with very delicate checking. In the butt is a little trap door opening into a compartment to hold caps for the gun. When it was given to me I had to try it. My father loaded



The small pistol once in the possession of the Prince of Wales which was given Judge Wood and with which he contemplated shooting Jesse James!

it with powder and a goodly supply of newspaper wadding but no bullet. I was taken into the back yard of my grandfather's house where the family cat was taking a nap on top of a stump. At the explosion the cat jumped and scampered off across the yard at great speed with its hair all on end. I was delighted with my marksmanship. I was fully as pleased as I would have been to have seen the cat's nine lives all blown out by the one discharge. I had great faith in the little gun, and insisted on having it with me all of the time. Later going to visit my grandfather we were nearing the station of Bonner Springs, Kansas, when the train stopped with a terrific crash.

The day before the same train had been held up at a small station a few miles away by some ties laid on the rails by Jesse James and his gang and robbed. The passengers commenced to shout "Jesse James." Upon hearing the name of that famous bandit who was then at the height of his career and whom I had seen pass in the crowd some time before when he robbed the gatekeeper of the Kansas City Exposition, I called loudly for my gun. My father went out and found that it was not bandits but a freight train that had failed to get into the sidetrack properly that was the cause of our trouble. I felt that it was very unfortunate for Jesse James that he robbed the train a day earlier, for it would have been much better for him to have fallen in open and honorable combat with a worthy foe than to have been killed as he was by a bullet in the back fired by a traitor in his own camp.

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed By
Thomas Ambrose

Assistant Reviewer
Ralph Cheyney

THE TRAVEL DIARY OF AN ANGLER, *by Henry van Dyke, illustrated, 8 vo., 144 pp., paper covered boards with pasted label. Edition limited to 750 copies. The Derrydale Press, New York, 1929. $15.00.*

THE author explains that this diary is a broken record of pleasant times, a random jumble of notes by the way, printed only for those old masters who refuse to let the years make them aged and those young disciples who have the secret of being eager without being fierce, for those gentle readers who know how to make allowances and to read between the lines.

No explanation or apology is required for anything Dr. van Dyke writes, and he must at least admit that his new book has a very pretty cover!

He has caught and sometimes lost fish in England, Scotland, Ireland, Norway, Germany, Luxemburg, France, Switzerland, Austria, Palestine, Japan, New Zealand, and Chili, and if he has omitted any state in our own land, "it was not by prejudice, but by chance or short funds."

"Where Jordan rolls" he took fishes (of a kind) on the fly, not exactly in Jordan but in tributary streams.

When upon "An Angling Furlough in Norway," in 1916, he was given the freedom of a fine river leased by an Englishman and took many salmon of from twenty to thirty pounds and "finally on the other side of the swirl, we found the biggest fish of all. He leaped on the fly like a tiger; he darted across the pool like an express train, he rose high above the water like a silvery air-ship; and there, by Ebisu,—he got away! Peace be with him. May he live to beget millions of samlets for my unknown English friend, who now angles, I hope, at Evanger, and brings home his silvery spoil in the clear midnight too bright for stars."

In "Rivers, Ranches, and Reservations" and in "A Ride Along the Ridge Pole," he took grayling, as well as the fighting "Cut-throat," from the Madison and makes a strong plea for the protection of the latter during his spring spawning season, as well as for the extension of Yellowstone Park to include the Jackson Hole Country and the Teton group. Dr. van Dyke proposes that the "Cut-throat" be re-christened "Redthroat," and that a fine of one dollar be imposed hereafter upon anyone who wilfully insults this fine fish by calling him Cut-throat; the fine to be paid to the nearest chapter of the Izaak Walton League.

"A Little River of Japan" is advertised by the enterprising hotel man as a stream from which "an inexperienced angler can get, *we can guarantee*, about 100 trouts a day quite easily." This hope, if it were a hope, was not realized but the roaring, tumbling little river was well worth the journey, to say nothing of the hospitable treatment the angler and his daughters received everywhere from "the politest people in the world."

In 1925

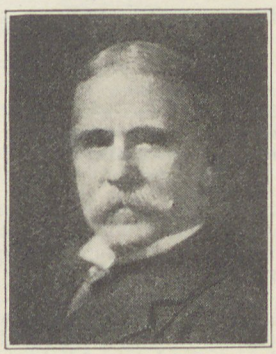
He took a daughter in each hand
And sailed away to New Zealand,

where he more than realized his ambition to take a rainbow of fifteen pounds, for Lake Taupo yielded one of 16½ pounds that leaped five times before being brought to the gaff. One day the score ran 9 pounds, 9½, 10, 11½, 12½, sufficient to satisfy the heart of any angler. But the fishing is not what it once was.

The final chapter is dedicated to "Sainte Marguerite," that wonderful little salmon river that falls into the Saguenay above Tadsac, where the fishing is always delightful even when you catch nothing. He has "fished it for twenty-five years, off and on, and loves every mile of it."

It is a stream for the canoe and sometimes after hooking your salmon you must follow him down stream a mile or more, "a sporting little river full of enchanting hazards and changing moods."

Whilst fishing the Marguerite for trout with a four ounce rod and twenty-five yards of a last year's line he hooked a



Henry van Dyke, author of "The Travel Diary of an Angler."

14 pound salmon and by rare good luck landed him. That was the last day of the season and a fine fish with which to top the basket.

The publishers' advertisement very truly states that Dr. van Dyke cannot write on any single subject without imbuing it with an interest which reaches far beyond the subject itself.

In this age of hectic haste it is consoling to discover one who harks back to the Father of Angling, and like him, regards his chosen avocation as "the *contemplative* man's recreation." Evidence of this is found in numerous "thoughts" that came to him whilst angling, or after the day's work was done, nuggets of wisdom, lightly scattered along the Pactolian stream of the stories, from which I have panned the following:

No river is born bad, and no child is born wicked.

Even among the semi-civilized the customs of the beauty-parlor fail to increase beauty. Lip-stick or blue tattoo—it's merely a difference of bad taste.

It is not always in the most picturesque pool that the angler has his best luck.

If you want to enjoy sport, give the game a fair chance.

I have sometimes seen an imperfectly educated fisherman betray impatience in listening to another man's fish stories. This is an ill thing to do; for the time is surely coming when the undisciplined one will want a patient listener to his own fish tales.

A herring is a great fish among the sardines.

The best kind of a girl is one who can be romantically in love and yet play the part of a good pal to an old angler.

Good manners are as charming in a hut as in a palace.

You must have a hopeful heart when you go a-angling; pessimists are unlucky.

Conservation is futile unless it is based on observation and intelligence.

Of angling, as of many other things, uncertainty is the secret charm.

Never give up your fish until you are sure he is gone.

The publishers have done their utmost to make this a really sumptuous volume. It is beautifully printed on fine pure rag paper in large size Granjon type, and tastefully bound. There are four photographs reproduced in tinted photogravure, and a dry-point plate, "At the Riffle," specially prepared for this edition, each being signed by the artist, Ralph L. Boyer.

T. A.

THE POCONOS, *by Carroll B. Tyson—Innes & Sons, Phila., 1929—212 pages—24 full page photographs and a map of the region—$3.00.*

RHODODENDRON and incredible masses of mountain laurel, Baltimore orioles and indigo-buntings like bits of blue sky fluttered down to green earth, waterfalls like liquid lace and one rattlesnake are revealed in my memories of the Poconos as I read this book that tells of all these but the snake and gives a rich fund of facts about the other flower, bird and animal folk of this popular but not populous region.

Close to New York and Philadelphia in miles but ever so far over the hills and away in moods, the Poconos are a region of pleasant playgrounds—inns, camps and colonies. With rather more accuracy than charm this beautifully printed and illustrated study of the region tells of its original inhabitants, first settlers, early lumbering and tanning days, legends, flora and fauna, several chapters being contributed by other authorities. Among the figures who pass through the pages are Chief Tamanend of the Lenni-Lenapes, the original "Tammany," and John Jacob Astor. One wonders what they would think were they to revisit the scene and then commute back to New York!

R. C.

PLAN OF WORK FOR LOYAL LEGION OF NATURE GUARDIANS, *An Organization of Georgia Boys and Girls, Sponsored by the State Board of Game and Fish of Georgia—15 pages—Georgia Baptist Publishers, Hopeville, Ga.*

THIS brochure in which Mrs. C. C. Bagg and Miss Mary K. Jerome collaborated will repay study by all who are interested in nature study on the part of the young of *homo sapiens.*

R. C.

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor Outdoor America*

Improving the Bird Dog

THOUGH most every imaginable kind of suggestion is offered for improving of the bird dog—both setters and pointers—very little has been said about improving the judgment of men associated with the field trial sport and the many little incidentals that obviously crop out when the subject comes up for discussion and salutary, intimate treatment. Despite the reputed charges that the breeds are not up to the standards of years agone, the writer intrudes with his personal opinion that there is just as good material as there ever was, but the wrong exists in the people selling, handling, trading or whatever you care to call it in connection with the game, and the conducting of the highest exploitation of the bird dog in the field trials.

In almost every state this fall where bird dogs are used to hunt game, I have found the quality of material, however badly it was handled, just as good as it ever was, and, in some localities, much better.

If everybody starts howling at once that bird dogs in all sorts of ways are on the down grade and this point of view is persisted in without the slightest qualification, rest assured the dogs will react in that way. You can not build up or improve or hold any kind of an animal up to a certain standard unless you are determined to do it and believe fully that it can be done.

If my personal opinion is worth anything, here it is, to be derided, or analyzed or flippantly considered, as well as read over without having a second of constructive thought given it. Admittedly, the standard of bird dog performance of the highest quality ought to reign supreme in the field trials for the reason that ultimately all bird dog future is regulated by them, since the most desirable progeny for shooting purposes comes from this capable strain. Every man, when he comes into possession of a liberal amount of grey hairs, fancies he sees many things which elude the younger generation, and perhaps that is the reason for the writer putting what follows on paper.

The biggest detriment today in improving the bird dog is the way field trials are conducted, and, strange to say, professional handlers are unable to avoid conditions influencing them, or they do not try, and the reports which come to the public of many events show a vast amount of knowledge of the superficial, but very little of the deep, necessary intimacies. The driven dog is a menace to bird dog performance, however much some of the public may want it. The selection of certain field trial courses shows an alarming amount of ignorance on the subject of the habits of birds. More tribute is paid to hitting the high spots along the sky line and racing desperately over barren territory than opportunities for regular performance of high quality on game. And the poor bird dog suffers in the end. The made-to-order level courses take away all tendencies to developing real stamina, and bird finding even of the highest class becomes merely an incident.

I visited the Southwest recently and wondered considerably why a certain grounds was selected for running a great classic when birds ought to be considered the prime factor of class bird dog questing. The grounds was chosen for the purpose of seeing dogs run rather than to perform on game. Any young farmer boy could have told those who chose many such sites that the instant fall set in and grass became closely cropped by cattle, and frost took off the concealing leaves from weeds, as well as when a scarcity of water was in evidence, birds would immediately move to more congenial surroundings.

The driven dog is a menace, because it is a handler's art and does not actually prove that natural range exists. Lots of dogs are made handler-shy through it, become lost and want to stay out of sight of their handler, because they have been taught consistently that his whistle or voice demands this, though it so often forces him away from territory where his instinct, which is more reliable than man's, tells him game ought to be.

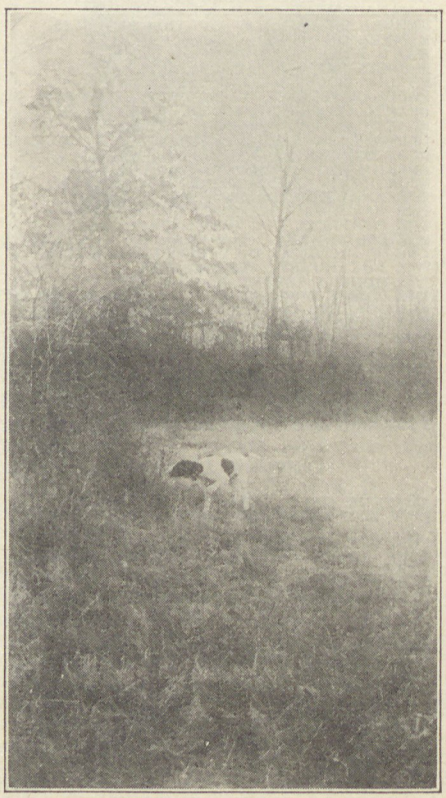
The driven dog is often either an active, or secretly potential blinker, due to the method of his education. The dogs that blink far off along the sky line from their handlers are legion, though strangely it is left unnoticed continually by the press. Some dogs, by their big going and speed, lure men into overlooking their blinking, whereas dogs, with natural big going and speed, suffer in comparison because the act is not spectacular.

If we want to cure the evil of the driven dog, let us do it sensibly, penalize the handler, amateur or pro, the instant he indulges in it, by forcing him to dismount and walk until the end of the heat. Watch the results and at once you will see not half of the dogs getting off the course, more real classy bird work, and speed and real, not forced, range will be observable for judgment. Just as soon as such a penalty is placed on offenders, the public and the judges will have no difficulty in determining whether the handler or the dog is ranging.

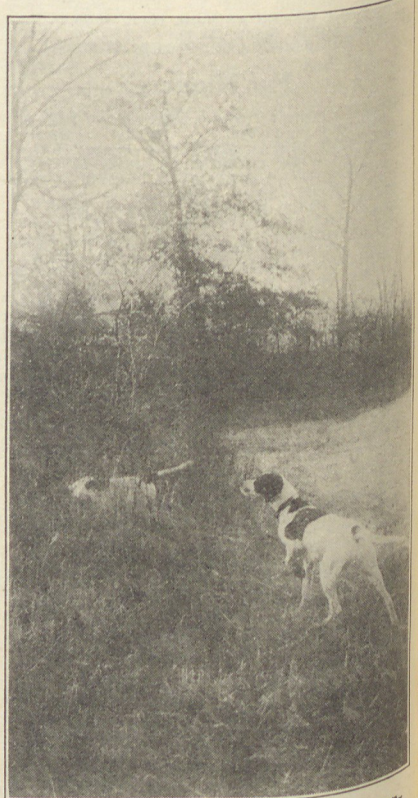
The driven dog is bad enough in the southern trials, but the prairie trials sure bring out the affliction to its very worst point. Let some of the poor, continually driven dogs get into a patch of thicket or high sedge and they are completely at a loss what to do. The go-hell-bent whistle puzzles them more than ever, particularly when their speeding energies have been promoted entirely in the open.

The average bird dog man is often in complete puzzlement over what actually is high class bird work in a field trial from the news he gets about them after he has witnessed his first few.

An incident of this sort is inescapably in my mind, when, a few years ago, I saw, as a silent spectator, one of the big circuit trials in the company of a man who owned big going, high class shooting dogs that did real classy bird work. The dog in question was a noted rogue of the Manitoba Rap family, which loved to steal points, though this dog had the redeeming quality of always going out after them.



Two 8 months old pups belonging to E. J. Hawbaker, Monticello, Illinois. The dog above is Lad on point. The quail moved and he went in further for them.



Lady followed him and just to start a controversy among hunters and those with knowledge of bird dog tactics we ask, "Is the rear dog backing or pointing to scent?"

Peg—"Copiah Miss" F. D. S. B 147241. Property of R. W. Leche, New Orleans, La.

in spite of carrying his head a little low. On this day he came to point for the fraction of a second, then suddenly ran trail, like a hound, finally stopping on point on the birds about eighty feet away from where he had first drawn on them. It was a slovenly way for the most mediocre of dubs to handle the occasion, especially for a field trial dog of the reputation he had. A plug shooting dog of experience, of the cheapest kind, would have been severely condemned for the act. The shooting dog man immediately voiced his opinion that it was an extremely sloppy piece of bird work. He was greatly amused when a reporter covering the event praised and excused the awful performance by the fact that the offending pointer had found the birds and pointed them!

The handling of birds of a winning field trial dog ought not have a flaw in it. There is no occasion for praising the weak act of a winner, because the public pays its good money to breed to reputation, depending upon what the press says as being more than twenty-four carat reliable. The public gets a slump in dogs when they buy and breed to certain field trial strains on their press reputation for a performance which is undeserved. The future of dogs rests in field trial dogs. Great bird work must be great bird work to reproduce great bird work, if any tangible honors of breeding are worthy of consideration, and they can not be prolonged in a strain unless they are actual.

That most noticeable human quality of erring is witnessed continually in the field trial game and ultimately has a baleful effect on the novice who spends his good money for likely material. Unfortunately, the beginner has to depend for advice or the possible right route for selection on the reports of the doings of dogs. And here is the instance where the human quality of erring sets his well-advised plans agog without his knowing the true cause. Individuals become bound up in a certain dog and will neither admit his faults nor tell its faults when they show up. They are so obsessed by one dog that they can not see another dog that is gradually excelling it in competition and these obsessed enthusiasts become really dangerous to the young fellow who wants to go right in the dog game. While the judges will unintentionally err, they are not so inclined to do it as enthusiasts who become blind to the good qualities of all dogs except one.

A great dog without a reputation evokes no interest with the bird dog public. The bird dog public seemingly will not analyze a performance and will persistently breed to dogs of reputation without delving into their winnings or seeking counsel of unprejudiced spectators who really know dogs and are intimately aware of how and under what conditions winnings were made. They will pay a hundred dollars stud fee to a winning dog or pay a hundred dollars for his get at ten weeks of age, whether he reproduces or not or whether or not the bitch has any field merit. Place an unknown dog of quality at seventy-five dollars stud fee and he will not get to first base in the public esteem, though he will out-find a field trial champion in an eight-hour day, out-run him and out-range him, and out-endure him. And still they wonder why it is difficult to get a real shooting dog prospect with natural range, great speed, unquestionable natural stamina and bird brains. Too many of the public allow the deplorable idea of the sale of pups from winning strains to influence them.

In the quest for maintaining the standard of breeds or improving them, the field trial can play a salutary, or the reverse, part. A big item enters into the matter when that thing of a cold-blooded dog's winning occurs. The wrong principle is followed to the limit. Instead of the public getting the real facts, as they should have them, those who ought to know better and act better for the interest of dogdom in general exert all their influence to conceal the fact of the taint.

One dog's career brought on a decadence in a certain number of setters not so long ago when the public bred to him for his reputation rather than any great inborn qualities on his part. He made some show in field trials, and his owner soon parted with him to a field trial enthusiast for a really large sum. Being very intimate with the first owner, while hunting with him two weeks ago, naturally this red dog became a topic of conversation. He corroborated my estimate of the dog, after I had frankly told it to him. He said, without modification, that he had parted with the dog because he had no natural bird brain. The dog had abounding style, great range and a lot of speed, pointed staunchly when on birds and in the most desirable manner; yet the dog did this only when by chance he came upon birds, and had no bird brain whatever. This dog for a while won consistently with luck following him, and still not once showing the slightest bird brain in his work. The press extolled him highly. The public had a regular debacle of breeding to him and never could understand the reason that he failed with all his reputation to improve the breed.

The amateur trials ought to help in improving the breeds and certainly do in an unmistakable way when conducted properly. One can not say too much in praise of them and the majority of those who are their leading exponents or promoters.

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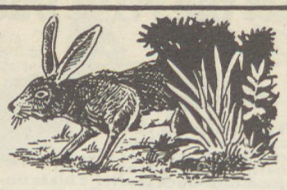

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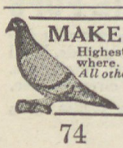

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Even the most cynical professional must give them their due or discover the amazing opportunities which come with them to improve the bird dog, if certain flies in the ointment were eliminated. But the worst fly in the amateur sport is the commercializing or striving of individuals to adopt unfair practices. The unscrupulous commercializer of amateur field trials is the one who, through shrewd advertising and exploitation, causes a gullible public of novices to accept his own estimate of dogs. He is out to sell puppies and stud fees of his dogs by enhancing their money value in words that are not corroborated by real field trial winning merits. There is a lot of this done, and those who have participated in it, instead of improving a breed, have kept it just where it was.

The fundamental point in the success of amateur field trials lies in that one single word, sportsmanship. Yet some, who wear out their brains thinking of amateur field trials, promoting them, who ought to do the most for them, try their best to prostitute them by failing to observe the principles of sportsmanship. The biggest, and most contemptible sinner of all, is the fellow who prides himself on sportsmanship and yet will take every possible advantage of the other entrants by training his dogs on the courses where the events are to be run, simply because he has the opportunity and can do it without helping his competitors obtain the same privilege.

You can detect these guys mighty quickly by the way they ride out with their dogs to the places where they know birds are, while their sportsmanlike competitors have never let their high-type minds yield at any time to the thought of taking such an early advantage of a fellow trialer. The man who runs dogs in amateur trials and slips slyly into the sacred precincts of the course ought to be put to shame by the companionship of men who come from elsewhere imbued with the spirit only of having high class sport with high class sportsmen and their dogs.

The two greatest pointer and setter dogs that I know are not field trial winners. They have not been run in competition. They have the speed and range of any of the present day big winners, plus the guts, which will carry them all day over the hardest going without suffering. Their body-scenting bird work, coupled with bird brains, is seldom equalled at the trials. This produces a thought which ought not to escape amateurs.

When they see pedigreed dogs of such stamina and bird brains, with speed and range at their command, they should breed to them instead of to a field trial winner whose winnings they know nothing about, how they were actually accomplished, or whether breeding to these winners will enhance the desirable qualities of their favorite breed.

Editor's Note: In the December issue, the writer was made to say that he did not feel that bird dogs of the present are equal to those of the past. This was an error. The opposite was what he intended to have in print.

Ask Ozark Ripley He Knows

BIRD SHY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I am a great admirer of your articles on bird dogs in Outdoor America, and venture to ask for some advice. I have a registered English bitch, eleven months

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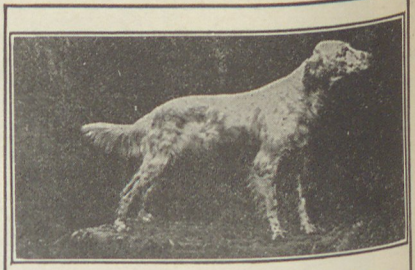

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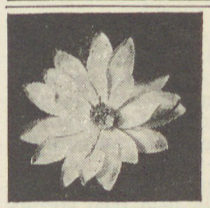

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old, very nervous and high strung, a good prospect, lots of sense and retrieves well, but she is bird shy. After she finds and points first covey, she will not range out far enough to find any more. She still hunts from 25 to 50 yards out and acts as though she were afraid she might be called on to point. I have owned and raised some good dogs for my own use, but this is the first experience I have had with a bird shy dog.

Would you kindly advise me if it is worth while to try and break her, and if this trait is liable to be passed on to her puppies.

H. B. VISSCHER,
Rochelle, Ga.

Dear Mr. Visscher:

Bird shyness is one of the most difficult things to cure, though I do not think it invariably transmitted to the offspring. Often it comes from trying to crowd a high strung animal into pointing before its pointing instinct has arrived. Unless your material at hand shows promise of being out of the ordinary in quality, and you have a great deal of time at your disposal, don't fool with her. She has youth, however, in her favor, and ought to be hunted for at least a season without paying the least attention to her, yet keeping her on game all the time, but never forcing her, or trying to coax her into birds.

Many cases have come out all right for me through this method. Another is hunting alternate days, the dog on a lead making it back another dog, and having it in on all the points, but not with a dog that you have to talk to much. She is so young I think you will cure her, if she is otherwise a good prospect. In your work with her take her each time to a different locality, so that she will not anticipate an opportunity of having an occasion to blink. My advice is if she possesses class let her hunt as she pleases, and make no attempt to check her in any way until next fall.

OZARK RIPLEY.

COON AND CAT SCENT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please tell me whether coon scent and house cat scent has any resemblance at all? This has been a question of long standing. The best coon dog will run those cats.

M. E. GROSSE,
Tecumseh, Nebr.

Dear Mr. Grosse:

I doubt whether there is any likeness of cat scent to coon scent. When a dog follows a cat scent he merely gives vent to his fondness for trailing animals. Some hounds exhibit the same tendency in following dog scent when they run across a trail.

OZARK RIPLEY.

BREAKING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Some time ago I wrote you regarding an English setter pup I have. At that time you advised me to secure a training collar, which I did. I worked a couple of months before the hunting season opened, with the pup, using the training collar but he would continue to break when the birds took wing. I had fine luck with him on his pointing and retrieving, but he still continued to break when the birds took wing. I am at a loss to know how to break him of this. I lost him in the brush for nearly an hour this fall, and when I found him he was still on a point. Could you suggest any way to correct him of his bad habit, or will he eventually get over it by himself as he grows older? He is now eighteen months old.

A. F. COONRADT,
Pullman, Wash.

Dear Mr. Coonradt:

Try this: Get right up to your dog the instant he is on point. Step lightly on his paw, and as he starts to break exert more pressure until it pains him slightly. Do this regularly, always coming in toward the face of the dog instead of toward his back when he is on point. This will cure him.

Another thing often helps, which is as soon as the dog breaks, run out and catch him, and bring him back with lead to the place from which he has flushed the birds—mind, nowhere else will do—switch him across the front legs, then tie him there for a while. This often effects a cure rapidly. Wishing you luck.

OZARK RIPLEY.

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Taxidermy

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, fox fur farms, rabbit fur farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoy ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian beads (sample card) 25c. Guaranteed wire fur stretchers for all fur animals. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-3)

MOUNTED specimens and fur rugs for sale. Also complete line of Taxidermist's supplies and glass eyes. Send stamp for list. We buy horns, scalps, skins, etc., for mounting. Beverly Taxidermy Studio, 2301 West 91st Street, Chicago, Illinois. (3-4)

FREE catalog glass eyes—taxidermy books. Write "Get-Acquainted Offer H." Schoepfer, 16 West 36 Street, New York. (3-3)

TAXIDERMIST, Mounting fish, game-heads, birds, animals, tanning, rugs, ladies furs made. J. L. Larson, Iola, Wis. (6-7)

Wanted

A little of your time in return for generous remuneration. Earn extra money easily and pleasantly and at the same time serve the high ideals to which Outdoor America and the Izaak Walton League of America are dedicated. Write Circulation Department, Outdoor America, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill., and ask for our special Make-More-Money Proposition. (3-3)

WANTED: Position as headkeeper on game estate. Life experience planning and directing farms and clubs where thousands of pheasants and ducks have been raised. A-1 references. Apply 6332 Harper Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-5)

WANTED to hear from owner having good farm for sale. Cash price, particulars. John Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. (2-4)

CASH paid for Butterflies, insects. See Sinclair's advertisement on page 74. (7-7)

Wearing Apparel

REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stating shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

you get most results for least money when you advertise in OUTDOOR AMERICA

January 24, 1930

Dear Editor:

My recent advertisement in your publication has brought many inquiries, and has resulted in a number of sales. I have found the majority of those who answered my advertisement were not merely curiously interested, but meant business.

Respectfully,
(Name on request)

Yours has them all outclassed as a selling medium.

Fifty inquiries. Sixty answers.

Very good results.

You, too, will get splendid results when you advertise in the favorite magazine of whole families of outdoor enthusiasts.

LARGEST CIRCULATION
AT LOWEST COST PER THOUSAND

At 15c a word for one insertion—At 10c a word per insertion for 3 consecutive insertions—THREE consecutive insertions for the price of TWO! Payment in advance.

Write Your Classified Advertisement Here!

OUTDOOR AMERICA,
549 West Randolph St.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $.....for the following classified advertisement to run .....times in *OUTDOOR AMERICA,* starting in the..... issue.

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.....

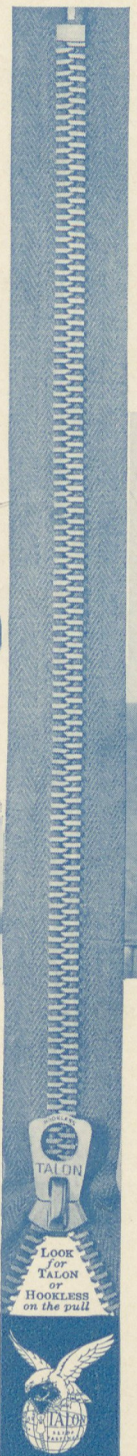
Ad must reach us by February 20th, to appear in the April issue, in circulation March 10th.

DO IT NOW

Canny sportsmen buy their new duds with this fastener on!

A 1930 GOLF BAG, with plenty of non-rusting Talon Fasteners. Those on the pockets keep balls safe, yet handy; the one down the side changes it into a duffle bag. Carryall fastens with Talon, too.

EASY TO DUFFLE! With this Talon-fastened duffle bag just pile the odds and ends in, zip the fastener, and you're ready to hit the trail.



WHEN you get your next sport clothes and trappings, don't pass up this one sure bet for comfort. Be *sure* they boast a Talon Slide Fastener. It's unquestionably the easiest way of fastening yet devised. One lightning swish slips it tight shut or lays it wide open. And, being a *Talon,* it will never jam . . . gape . . . or stick . . . and laundering actually improves it.

The newest of new things, aviation garments, airplanes themselves, luggage, windbreakers, golf carry-all bags, are equipped with Talon Slide Fasteners. Look sharp for the name Talon or Hookless when you buy.

ONE SWISH, and this handy rainproof jacket locks bad weather out. That's because it comes with a Talon Slide Fastener, the easiest way of fastening sports wear. Being rustproof, Talons never mind a bucket or two of weather.

SEE THAT SHIRT FRONT? There's a Talon Slide Fastener cleverly concealed in it. The shirt goes on . . . the slider whizzes shut, and the manly bosom gets full protection from winds and weather.

TALON

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE ORIGINAL SLIDE FASTENER

Made by the HOOKLESS FASTENER CO.
628 Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa.

TO MANUFACTURERS: Talons can restyle your merchandise, increase your sales and profits. Write for samples and complete details.

SPORTSMEN! Talon Fasteners are the newest, most comfortable way of fastening sport clothes in a dog's age. They're being used on everything from game pockets to sleeping bags. Mail coupon at right for free illustrated 32-page catalog which shows these many new uses.

Coupon brings free illustrated catalog

Hookless Fastener Company
628 Chestnut St., Meadville, Pa.

Please send me your illustrated 32-page Talon catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Sportsmen,
Come to Chicago
April 23, 24, 25, 26—1930

SEE
Outdoor America's
GREATEST
SPORTSMEN'S SHOW
IN THE
BIG EXHIBITION HALL
The Stevens Chicago

HERE you will see a great collection of exhibits by America's leading manufacturers of fishing tackle, boats, outboard motors, tents, camping outfits, swimming and beach accessories, cameras, summer home furnishings, baseball, archery, tennis and golf goods, guns, rifles, pistols, ammunition, sports clothing and footwear—everything for outdoor enthusiasts.

Here you will meet the men who make and sell the world's finest sports equipment.

Here you will meet many nationally known sportsmen and members of the Izaak Walton League from all over America.

THIS GREAT SPORTSMEN'S SHOW
WILL BE HELD IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE
EIGHTH NATIONAL CONVENTION OF
The Izaak Walton League of America